

THE  
UNIVERSAL  
SPECTATOR.

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By HENRY STONECASTLE, of  
*Northumberland, Esq;*

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V O L. IV.

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———— Pectus præceptis format amicis,  
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ ;  
Recte facta refert ; orientia tempora notis  
Instruit exemplis : inopem solatur et ægrum.

Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. 1.

———— *He with the Words of Truth  
Corrects the Passions, and the Pride of Youth.  
Th' illustrious Dead who fill his sacred Page,  
Shine forth Examples to each rising Age :  
The languid Hour of Poverty he bears,  
And the sick Wretch his Voice of Comfort hears.*

Francis.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for D. BROWNE, R. NUTT, R. BALDWIN,  
A. MILLAR, and J. WARD.

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M D C C L V I.

UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE





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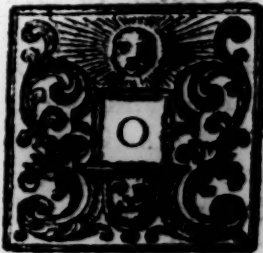
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V O L. IV.

———Procul absit gloria vulgi.  
———*What the Vulgar most admire*  
*I don't envy nor desire.*

*Tibullus.*

*From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.*



NE of the greatest Wits of the present Age has fix'd the *Universal Passion* of Mankind to be the *Love of Fame*; for whether from the generous Spring of *Virtue*, or the depreciated ones of *Folly*, *Ambition* may take its *Source*, it is that which in Fact is the chief Government of our Actions; it is from this Passion that the Desire of becoming *remarkable* and *particular* so generally prevails, for most People covet the *Notice* and *Admiration* of others, imagining that thereby they in Reality become wonderful and extraordinary. Tho' all

Men are in some Degree actuated by this Principle, yet it appears differently in each, according to the Temper and Inclination of the Person whom it acts upon; when it meets with bold enterprizing Spirits, it makes them *Heroes*; when with covetous Dispositions, *Misers*; Country 'Squires it converts into *Huntsmen* and *Jockeys*, and our *London Petit Maitres* into *Fops* and *Coxcombs*.

I N this Paper I shall not undertake to comment on all the Effects which the *Love of Fame* has on Mankind in general; but shall confine my Observations on how strangely it operates on the last Species of Persons I mention'd, our *London Beaux Esprits*. The young Fellows of this Metropolis, who have an Ambition to be *remarkable*, without any one good or amiable Quality to make them so, immediately have Recourse to *Dress*; an *Oddness* and *Particularity* in this Respect makes them distinguish'd, and draws the Eyes of the World upon them; but though it should be with the utmost Contempt, they attribute it to another Cause, as either the *Genteelness* of their *Persons*, the *Je ne sçai quoi* of their *Address*, or the Elegance of their *Taste*. I look upon the *Dress* to be an Indication of the *Mind*; nor do I think, from the Observations I have made, that I am deceiv'd in my Opinion: When I see a Man clean and genteely plain, dress'd in the Manufacture of *Great-Britain*, whose Appearance shews more a Study for Decency than Finery; I scruple not to judge that Person a Man of Sense, a useful Subject, and an honest *Englishman*: On the other Hand, when I behold a Fop, dress'd up in a tawdry Finery, or a Coxcomb descending in his Habit to the Imitation of the lowest Class, I venture safely to give them the Character of vain-conceited, empty, insignificant Wretches: But however insignificant they may appear, we have at present a reigning Ambition among our *young Gentlemen*, of degrading themselves to the Class of the *Servants* they keep. It may at first seem very extraordinary that these Sparks should act thus to gain Admiration: But from what other Cause can it be that my Lord *Jehu* wears a Plush Frock, a little narrow-edg'd Laced Hat, a colour'd Handkerchief; and in this Habit drives a Motley Set of Horses, and a Coach of his own, built by his own Directions, in humble Imitation of those

those which carry Passengers on the Road ; it is the Knowledge of his own Abilities which dictates this Conduct : How pleasing is the Reflection to him, that when he goes through a Country Town, sitting with becoming Grace on his Box, he hears the People say, *There goes my Lord Jehu.* — His great Abilities in Driving, his Exactness of Similitude in Dress, and his Affability to his Brethren of the Whip, must give his Lordship a sensible Satisfaction, that this *Particularity* makes him as well known in most Roads throughout *England*, as the honest Fellows themselves who drive the Stages. I will not undertake to say, whether it is in Imitation of his Lordship, or whether the Product of their own fertile Genius's, but I have lately observed a great Number of smart young Fellows, dress'd in the Manner of my Lord ; a narrow edg'd Hat, flapp'd down, a plain Shirt, Buckskin Breeches, and an India Handkerchief round the Neck, seem to constitute the Character of a pretty Fellow. There are another Set of Sparks who chuse rather to appear as Jockeys, and it is seldom or ever they are to be seen without Boots, Whips in their Hands, and Black Caps instead of Hats. Another Class of these Gentry disguise themselves in Rug and Duffel Coats, which it seems are politely term'd *Wrap Rascals* ; and, in short dark Wigs, and dirty Linnen, chuse rather to appear like *Pickpockets* than *Gentlemen*. My Country Readers may wonder that I should instance these Persons as Examples of Ambition ; but they will allow them to be Candidates for publick Notice, when I inform them that in these Habits they appear with a Kind of Pride in all the publick Places about Town : They have at last carried it so far, that in those Dresses they come into the Boxes at the *Theatres* ; and where one would expect to see a genteel polite Circle, we view Ladies of the first Quality and Distinction, surrounded by a Parcel of Men who look like Stage-Coachmen, Jockeys and Pick-pockets.

AS this Manner of Dress is accompanied with as rude a Manner of Behaviour, I advise these young Sparks not to have so great a Desire of being distinguish'd for the Oddity of their Appearance ; but instead of that ardent Emulation they shew to imitate the inferior Class of Mankind, they would exert their rational Faculties, and

endeavour to seem, as well by their Habit as Conversation, Men of common Sense and common Good-Manners.

THERE is another Class of pretty Fellows, whom the *Love* of Fame strangely affects, and whose Conduct the following Correspondent very justly complains of. I shall insert the Lady's Letter here, but shall more particularly consider her Complaint in some future Lucubration.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

**A**S your Paper is in some Measure calculated for the Benefit and Advantage of the Fair Sex, I hope, among the many Enormities which you take Notice of, you will not entirely overlook this, which I would just make bold to mention to you, as a Thing that has contributed to the Disturbance of many of your Fair Readers.

TO be short, Sir, the Thing is this: There are a Company of young Sparks about Town, who make it their chief Business to ramble up and down, from one Beauty to another, in order if possible to gain the good Graces of young Ladies, (if I may use the Expression) with no other Intent than to bring Distress and Vexation on them.

THIS they lay a Foundation for by all the Symptoms of Flames, Tortures, Racks and Burnings, and a thousand such Expressions, which a wandering Genius (together with a long Experience) has richly furnish'd them with.

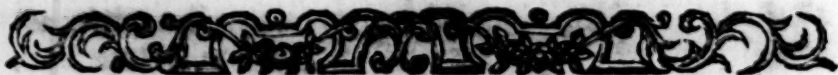
WHEN they first approach the Fair, it is with all the Cant of a languishing Adorer, utter'd in a continual Round of Flatteries, and a Repetition of the same Things; which Complaints, perhaps, have engaged the Attention of most of the reigning Toasts, one Time or other. By this Means these wandering Lovers have got a peculiar Knack of ingratiating themselves into the Favour of the Female World; and besides such Expressions as are above-mention'd, they endeavour to win upon the Affections of the Creature they hope to betray, by telling her she  
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is the Perfection of all Felicity ; that in her Person alone all the lovely Attractives of Beauty, as well as the most conspicuous Marks of Greatness, are assembled together ; that Nature form'd her to be the Object of Thoughts, the Adamant of all Loves, and the Center of celestial Beauty ; in fine, that Heaven is in her Smiles, and Despair in her Frowns.

THUS, by Degrees, the Heart of the fair Creature is melted to Pity and Compassion, and by this Means ten Thousand Distractions immediately enter, through the Falseness and Perjury of these Admirers ; for no sooner have they gained their Point, but this pretended Flame is extinguished, and they are engag'd in displaying their Love to another, in order to enslave her Heart also ; and so the poor Creature is left in the utmost Perplexity to rescue herself out of it the best Way she is capable ; though, perhaps, it is attended with many heavy Sighs and gloomy Reflections of Love, Jealousy, Anger and Sorrow, 'till the whole Soul is drench'd in a Sea of Sorrow.

DEAR Mr. *Spectator*, if you have any Regard for our Sex, don't fail of exposing these Sort of People to the World, (in your next Paper if possible) that those of our Sex, who may not be apprized of them, may by that Means escape the Poyson of their Darts ; by which you will oblige many of your constant Readers and Admirers, and particularly

SOPHIA.



Optimum genus vitæ eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum.

Cicero.

*Chuse the most virtuous Kind of Life, which when it becomes habitual, will also be the most pleasant.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**I**F you think this Letter will not be unacceptable to your Readers, it is at the Service of your Paper. The Subject, though a common one, is of great Consequence to be rightly consider'd, and the Thoughts here suggested upon it, may give your Readers an Opportunity of improving them to their Advantage, by their own farther Reflections.

**T H E** Empire of *Custom* is that, of all others, not only the firmest and most immoveable, but the most extensive and universal: It influences all Ages, People and Nations; sways alike the Learned and the most Illiterate, and has in its Chains the greatest Potentate and the meanest Slave; reigning as despotically over Tyrants themselves, as those whom they govern in the most lawless and imperious Manner.

**T H E** Force of it is so great, that it alters almost the Qualities and Properties of Things, with regard to our Sensation of them: It makes the worst Climate as agreeable as the best, and the most barren Region as pleasing as the most fruitful; it makes extream Cold not to pinch under the Poles, nor extream Heat to scorch under the *Æquator*; Ice and Snow it makes as delightful to the Inhabitants of *Greenland*, as the most odoriferous flowery Scents to those of *Arabia Felix*; it gives an Elegance of Feature to a thick Lip or a flat Nose, and Delicacy of Complexion to the most tawny Skin; it makes the most salutiferous Things do us no Good, and the most noxious no Harm; it destroys the Effects of the most whole-  
some

some Physick, and makes Poison itself not only harmless, but nutritious.

IT makes a low Station in Life as agreeable as a high one ; a Cottage as pleasant as a Palace ; Plainness and Simplicity as entertaining as Pomp and Pageantry ; and a mean ordinary Diet as relishing and grateful as the richest and most luxurious. It makes all the Grandeur and Pride of Life often less satisfactory than Lowness and Meanness of Circumstances. It wonderfully abates the Splendors of human Glory ; and what other Eyes, not used to them, behold with Admiration and Rapture, it makes our own look upon with very little Pleasure, and almost a total Indifference.

THE Power of Custom is so great, that it makes those Things delightful to us, which at the first were the most difficult to practise ; and those which at first were the most easy to be attained, it makes the most difficult to be relinquished ; it turns Aversions into Inclinations, Indifference into Esteem, and Hatred into Fondness.

MY Lord *Bacon* observes, upon the Reign or Tyranny of Custom, ‘ That the *Indians*, the Sect of their ‘ wise Men, lay themselves quietly upon a Stack of ‘ Wood, and so sacrifice themselves by Fire ; and that ‘ the Wife strive to be buried by the Corpses of their ‘ Husbands.’ Though these Things may be done by them, in a great Measure, out of a mistaken religious Principle, yet it is Custom, no doubt, which contributes mightily to reconcile their Thoughts to them.

THEY who have been accusom’d to bear with frequent Calamities and Misfortunes, bear them in a quite different Manner from those who have *not* been so accusom’d ; the Weight of them is comparatively light upon his Shoulders who has been loaded with them ; the longer he has carried the Burthen, the less he feels it, and the more able, consequently, is he to bear it. A Man is harden’d by the Exercise of Endurance and Long-Suffering, the Mind in this respect being like the Body, which the more it is exercis’d with hard Labour, the more able it is to undergo it ; not being weaken’d, but strengthened by it.

IT has such a Power over us, that it makes some of the Organs of Sense transmit the usual Operations of external Objects, without our Perception of them, it makes Noise as sedate as Silence, and Motion as still as Rest.

IT makes us regardless of Harmony, and not displeas'd with Discord; it makes us neither value our Health, nor murmur at Sickness; it makes us in many Cases both insensible of our Happiness, and forgetful of our Misery; it makes some Wives very little delighted with the best of Husbands, and others very little disturb'd with the worst. I have read of a certain People in the World, 'That it is a common Rule among them, if the Woman be not beaten by her Husband with a Whip once a Week, she will not be good, and therefore they look for it orderly.' And the Women say, 'That if their Husbands did not beat them, they should not love them.' What is it but *Custom* that can make Husbands so brutish as to discipline their Wives in such a Manner, or the Wives so weak as to think this Discipline of the Whip necessary to teach them to love their Husbands.

WHEN *Alcibiades* wonder'd how *Socrates* had so much Patience, that he could bear at Home the Noise of his brawling Wife, *Xantippe*, that compos'd Philosopher answer'd him, 'I have been so long accustomed to it, that I regard it no more than if I was to hear the Noise of a Wheel that draws Water out of a Well.' Though such a Noise as that is very disagreeable to those that are not us'd to it; yet he who is near it every Day, is so far from finding it disagreeable to him, that he is not so much as conscious that he hears it.

AS many Things are liked for no other Reason, but because we have been used to them, so many Things are disliked only because we have not been used to them. I have heard a Man say, that he is now almost as sick, if he has not a Pipe of Tobacco, as he was when he try'd to smoke his first Pipe.

ALL our Virtues, to arrive at any Degrees of Perfection, must be confirm'd and establish'd by Custom; either Virtue or Vice, when become habitual, is proceeding apace to its Maturity; and the farther it has gone,  
the

the speedier Advances is it making; the longer it has been in the Course, the more rapid its Progress.

*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*

CUSTOM is weak, and but small at its Beginning; but if either encourag'd, or suffer'd to go on, it grows amazingly strong, and attains an immense Stature: In its Infancy it is in our Power to check and destroy it at Pleasure; but it is one of the most arduous and difficult Things in the World to be conquer'd, when it is established by Age.

LET a Man give over any Way of Life he has been long employed in, and the Want of Employment will be as troublesome to him as Labour itself to one brought up in Laziness and Indolence.

CUSTOM gives such a Turn and Bent to the Mind, that it must be a long Time after we have given it over, before we can recover the Mind to its first Straitness; and then some Time is requir'd again before we can bend it any other Way.

IT may be affirm'd of those, whose Lives are constantly changing from one Object to another, that they are as much under the Power of Custom as any other People; because, though they are not accustomed to any particular Action or Business, they are, which is the same Thing, accusom'd to act upon one and the same Principle, a Principle of Levity and Inconstancy, to which they are equally enslav'd with those over whom Custom exercises its Dominion another Way.

I HAVE just given you my Thoughts, Sir, in the Order they offer'd themselves, and hope you will excuse my not having methodiz'd them. I should not, I believe, have engag'd myself this Way, if a remarkable Occurrence in the Place where I am had not been the Occasion of it: As it is *really* a true one, perhaps it may not be amiss to relate it to you.

THE Lady of a very large corpulent Gentleman being lately indispos'd, thought proper to have a Bed to herself, that she might repose the better by lying alone: But she was quite mistaken in her Notion; for instead of sleeping better without her Husband, she could not sleep  
at

at all; and the Reason of it, which may seem a very odd one, was this; that she found she wanted her Husband, who was a loud *Snorer*, to snore her asleep; her *not* hearing this Noise being as great a Hindrance to her Rest, as the hearing it would have been to one not used to it.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your humble Servant.*



Chamelion maximum habet pulmonem, et nihil aliud intus; ita quidem præter ostentationem et ventosam jactantiam nihil habent.

*Plin. Nat. Hist. l. ii. c. 32.*

*As the Camelon is said to have very large Lungs, and no other Intestines, so there are some People who have nothing to buoy them up but the Wind of Ostentation and Self-Conceit.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**T**HERE is no Species of Affectation that has been more expos'd and ridicul'd than Fopperies in Dress, Speech and Behaviour; Plays, Satires, Essays, abound with Instances and Characters serv'd up for the publick Entertainment, for being distinguished only by Absurdities of that Class: But among all the different Kinds of Coxcombs that are the Growth of our fertile Soil, and which have been successively made the Load of Wit and Humour, to the best of my Remembrance, the learned Coxcomb has hitherto escap'd. I don't mean the dry, formal, arrogant, presuming, over-bearing Pedant; he has had Justice done him already very handsomely and effectually by several Authors; and, out of his own Element, the University, is seldom or ever to be met with; nor that it was ever known, that a Reformation was wrought on a Creature so warp'd by Prejudice, ill-digested Learning and Self-Conceit; but rather the Strain is almost worn out, and the Coxcomb reigns in his Stead.

THE Coxcomb, I mean the learned one, is a Thing that is as vain of the little Knowledge he has, as a Fop  
of

of a new-fashion'd Suit of Clothes, and wears it, like him, not for Use, but Ostentation.—All that he reads, or hears, or thinks, he centers in one Point, that of qualifying himself to lead the Company, and engross three Parts in four of the Conversation. Hence it is, that let him be where he will, he begins the Dialogue, changes the Subject to what he pleases, and as often as he pleases; elevates his Voice the loudest, decides with the most Sufficiency, is in Pain if all he says is not applauded, and raves like a Lunatick when contradicted. — In Book-sellers Shops he determines the Fate of a Book, as soon as he has read the Title Page, ranks the Precedency of Authors, proportions the Merit of every living Genius from *Pope* down to\*\*\*\*\*, points out the Strength and Weakness of each, and modestly insinuates, there is a certain Intimate of his, that, if he could be prevail'd upon to write, would infinitely surpass them all.

IN Coffee-Houses he gives the Law, and admits of no Appeal; Politicks, News, Scandal, are all his Province alike; and so liberal is he of his Knowledge, that scarce a Man enters, or goes out, but he has the Goodness to oblige with some valuable Hint, or to correct in some popular Error: As no one, if you will believe him, has so good, or so early Intelligence of what's doing in the great World as himself, so no Man communicates it more freely: What he was intrusted with, as a Secret of the utmost Importance, even on his own Evidence, he divulges to all that will give him but the hearing; if any Man, of less Assurance than himself, should presume to controvert the minutest Particular, he immediately quotes the most illustrious Authorities by Name, as his Bosom Friends, and confounds those with his Impudence, that he could not convince with his Arguments.

AT the Opera or Play-House, one would think no Body had a Right to acquit or condemn but he; before the Curtain draws up, he gathers a little Circle about him to hear his Skill in Criticism, his long Acquaintance with the Stage, and a short History of the numberless Pieces, that, like the Ghosts in the *What-d'ye-call-it*, owe their Deaths to him; talks of *Handel* as his Right-Hand Man, calls *Pope* by his Christian Name, and speaks

of

of *Shakespear* as a pretty good Writer, considering the Times he liv'd in. — After the Performance is begun, he draws the Eyes of the whole Circle upon him, by his obstreperous Outcries and self-sufficient Behaviour; if the Actors displease him, he has no Mercy on the Poet; if the Poet, he is as inexorable to the Actors; and if the Audience don't take their Cues wholly and solely from him, he damns them all.

TO Court he never comes, complaining Merit is there jostled aside by worthless Titles, and Learning eclipsed by well-bred Impertinence; and, not content with absenting himself, rails at all that do not the same: According to him, every Man is either Knave or Fool, or both, that is seen there, and every Woman no better than she should be: From Generals, he descends to Particulars; arraigns this Lady, that Lord; this Character, that Person; pardonable in no one Particular, but that he attacks all Sexes, Degrees and Parties alike; and that what would be Malice in another, is in him but the Vanity of being thought a Wit.

IN private Families he behaves with the Air of a Cenfor, rather than a Visitor; plays the Critick on the Furniture, the Disposition of the Pictures, the Fashion of the Plate, the Equipage of the Tea-Table, and even the Bill of Fare. — Neither does he stop here, but gives the Lady his Advice in the Colour of her Clothes, the setting of her Jewels, and the Lining of her Chair; then turns him about to the Gentleman, with whom he makes as free in the Choice and Arrangement of his Books, the Merits of his Servants, and the Education of his Children: Nay, if a Family Hint happens to be dropt, he seriously presses both Parties to lay the whole Affair before him, offers his Advice and his Services, and takes upon himself to answer for the Event: Or, should they be on their Guard against his officious Impertinence, and let nothing escape of that Nature, he sets his Head to Work to recollect every Thing he has heard of their Affairs, and if any Circumstance arises to his Purpose, blurts it out, and blesses himself that they have an Opportunity of putting his Abilities to a Trial.

THIS

THIS is the Miniature of an accomplish'd Coxcomb, to draw him as large as the Life, would be to write his Story ; and, I think, no one is so worthy of that Task as himself. — Some People, perhaps, may think such a Character the Creature of Imagination only ; but many more, I am persuaded, will trace out his Resemblance among their Acquaintance. — This, however, is obvious, that the Man of Mode and Dress is but a mere Innocent in Comparison to him : He is satisfy'd with thinking himself a pretty Fellow ; but the other insists on your acknowledging his Superiority as the wiser Man : Give the first a fine Coat and a Glat, and he entertains himself in Soliloquy, without so much as throwing away a Wish or Thought on all the World beside ; but the last, tho', to the Full, as much a Self-Lover, does not know his own Image when he sees it, and is fond of the Society of others, only that their Follies and Mistakes may serve as Foils to his own supposed Excellencies.

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

**M**OST People, ally'd to great Families, are extremely apt to value themselves upon it, as a sort of hereditary Precedency over the rest of the World ; and none display this vain-glorious Weakness more than those who receive least Advantage from the very Thing they boast of so much ; I mean the remote, or declining Branches of these illustrious Stocks, who are, generally speaking, so far from being countenanced by their Principals, that they are consider'd and treated even with more Pride, Distance and Contempt, than Strangers in as bad or worse Circumstances than themselves. — Nay, the very Services they apply for as Relations, they are refused for that very Reason ; and my Lord, or Lady, reddens at their Names, as if their Misfortunes rather merited Reproach, than Pity or Assistance. Hence they are chac'd from their Tables and Levees, their Letters are order'd to be refused, and, if they petition even to be their Ser-

vants,

vants, that very Blood which they plead in their Recommendation, is still an insurmountable Bar : Hence, if they complain ever so pathetically to others, or make ever so strong an Interest to be provided for elsewhere, 'tis look'd upon as a sufficient Answer, that such, or such Noble Families are your Relations ; and if they have no Bowels for your Distresses, why should I ? And hence, entirely abandon'd to their Calamities, they become, partly from their Pride, and partly from their Inability to serve themselves, the most genuine Objects of Compassion on the Face of the Globe.

THIS, Sir, if not convinc'd by your own Observations, you will make no Scruple to believe, when I assure you, that, within these ten Months, a Widow Lady, descended from and ally'd to the greatest Families in *North-Britain*, was reduc'd to such deplorable Circumstances, as to want the common Necessaries of Life ; and when extreme Misery, getting the better of her Modesty, oblig'd her to solicit those of her Blood for Daily Bread, was refused even that, cruelly refused, tho' she implor'd it in all the Agonies of Want and Despair ; on her bare Knees implor'd it of those who are possessed of Thousands and Thousands more than their Luxuries could want, or than they have Spirit to use, or have any Title to deserve. — The melancholy Result of which was, the desponding Creature, Heart-broken with insupportable Misery, withdrew to her wretched Lodgings, where she lock'd herself up, conceal'd her Wants, stifled her Complaints, and, at four Days End, was found starv'd to Death. — Judge, Sir, how much Reason we have to boast of our Descent, or depend on merciless, unsympathizing Relations, however great, rich, or noble !

*I am, S I R,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

RUSTICUS.

Quicquid

Quicquid dicunt, laudo : id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque negat quis, nego : Ait, aio. Postremo imperavi egomet mihi omnia assentari. Is questus nunc est multo uberrimus. *Terent. Eunuch.*

*Whatever they say I commend ; if they contradict it, I commend that too : Does any of them deny any Thing ? I deny it. Does he affirm any Thing ? I affirm it. In short, I have such a Command over myself as to humour them in every Thing. This is by much the most profitable Profession now.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**T**HO' I am no Friend to the Follies or Vices of the Great, I am no Enemy to their Persons ; and if I do not court them on one Hand, neither do I avoid them on the other : Tho' my own Fortune is very moderate, I can look on their Affluence without Envy : and if their Understandings are not equal to their Births, I neither flatter their Vanity, nor insult them with Reproof, or Advice. Hence it is that I visit them without Aversion, and they receive me without Jealousy, or Coldness : While I stay, they abate something of their usual Levity in Compliment to me, and I some of my Philosophick Gravity to make myself grateful to them. I might, perhaps, be allow'd to say, that this Sort of mutual Complacency is the very Soul of good Manners ; and that, were it made the common Rule of Conversation, the most indifferent Company might pass for tolerable ; what is barely tolerable would become desirable ; and the desirable would acquire even a higher Relish than ever we experienced before. — Some Men have such a natural Flexibility of Soul, as one may call it, that, they not only forego their own Sentiments, and Characters for the Time being, but assume those of the Company they are in ; become, like Cameleons, of the Colour of the nearest Object ; and, like Echos, but return what others have said with the Addition of their own Applause. — I have my Eye on one who was formerly of this Complexion ; and who, by adopting, occasionally, all Sentiments, Opinions, Humours, and Fashions,

shions, had, really and truly, none left of his own. It was a Pleasure to me to trace him through this odd Round of uniform, and yet contradictory Complaisance : In one Morning I have found him Whig, Tory, Jacobite, Republican and Leveller ; with Rakes, a Libertine ; with the Studious, a Philosopher ; with Citizens, frugal ; with Courtiers, profuse ; grave with the Reserved, and frolick with the Gay ; with the Bigotted all Zeal ; with the Free-Thinker, all Licence ; with the Fox-Hunter, drunk and noisy ; with the Beaux, detesting Wine and Tobacco.— At the Toilet, all Address and Gallantry ; in the Night-House, all Rudeness and Extravagance.— Nor was this temporising Humour confin'd to Persons, but extended to Places too. — Thus, in *Wapping* or *Rotherhithe*, he pull'd off his Hat to every Seaman he met, and call'd them the Honour and Defence of the Nation. At the *Custom-House*, again, he was a Stickler for the Revenue, and wonder'd any Man should be so unreasonable as to declaim against Pensions and Places. Round about the *Exchange*, he was zealous for the Interest of Trade ; protested the Merchants were the most useful Members of Society ; and exclaim'd, *What would become of this poor Nation, if we should lose our Navigation, and the Sovereignty of the Seas ?* Near *St. Paul's*, he was a staunch Advocate for the Divine Right of Tythes, declaim'd learnedly on the growing Contempt for the Clergy ; and, if there was Opportunity, was very florid on Pluralities and Commendams. In or about the *Inns of Court*, he had a profound Veneration for the Laws, admir'd even their Number and Intricacy ; insinuated the absolute Necessity of mercenary Pleaders, and affirm'd roundly, that they could not be feed too frequently or too largely. At the *Tilt-Yard*, he was a strenuous Champion for the Army, stood Buff for the Expediency of Reviews, and call'd the Officers the Saviours of the Nation.— In a Word, whatever Country or Climate he was in, was, for the Time being, the best in the Universe, and the Manners of the People he conversed with, were invariably the Standard of his own.— Hence, all Men of all Countries and Denominations, were fond of him ; he was receiv'd every where with an apparent Pleasure, and parted with, with as much Regret, and the

the Reason is very obvious; he held a Glass to the Vanity of all Mankind, and, with him, no one had Need, or hardly Opportunity to praise himself: By flattering all, he pleased all, and the Satisfaction he gave to others, reflected back again upon himself: Neither did this frequent Change of Habit, Humour or Opinion, put him to any Trouble: By long Use, to shift was to him as natural as to breathe, and he did it with almost as little Trouble; nor, for many Years, did I ever know him in the least Perplexity, in accommodating himself to the Disposition of his Friends, but when two Antagonists have made him their Umpire; and then, being willing to oblige both, he has only puzzled the Cause, and unluckily offended each Party, by siding with neither. — I am not often guilty of entertaining myself with the Absurdities of my Fellow Creatures; but the extreme Oddness of this Man's Character, once put me on a small Trial of Skill, which, as it was premeditated, may, in some Degree, be call'd Malice prepense; but, as it was likewise meant for his Reformation, may merit Excuse. — I happen'd to know another Gentleman, who was strictly and genuinely the Counterpart of this: One who, by having a reasonable Share of University Learning, thought himself wise, and who mistook the Overflowings of his Gall for the Abundance of his Wit; who call'd Rudeness, Sincerity and Plain-Dealing; and Brutality, Courage and Resolution. — Who affronted his best Friends, that he might not be thought to flatter, and opposed every Thing that was advanced on any Topic whatever, under the Pretence of finding out Truth; so ridiculously exact, he would not tell you what o'Clock it was, without correcting the Barbarism of the Phrase; and yet so captious, he would almost quarrel with his own Shadow for taking the Wall of him. In a Word, so much a Sceptick, that he would not submit to *Socrates* or *Confucius*, without Demonstration: and yet so rigid a Dogmatist, that he insisted more on his *Ipse dixit*, than *Alma Mater* used to do on *Aristotle's*.

THESE Men, thus opposite in all Things, I introduced to each other, desiring, that, as I had the Honour of being intimate with them both, they would from thenceforward be Friends for my Sake: Mr. *Weathercock*  
imme-

immediately, like another *Pylades*, press'd his new *Orestes* in his Arms, overwhelm'd him with Compliments, and made me a Thousand Acknowledgments for doing him so unmerited an Honour. — *Surly*, on the other Hand, disengaged himself a little roughly from his Embraces, and told him, bluntly, he desir'd no such Familiarity. — *Weathercock*, a little abash'd, begg'd Pardon for his Freedom, and began to add, by Way of Excuse, that Gentlemen who had travell'd — Travell'd! — interrupts the other fiercely, do you think an *English* Blockhead is a Jot the more improv'd for being metamorphos'd into a *French* Coxcomb? Here I endeavour'd to moderate, by saying, that, to avoid being a Fopling, there was no Necessity to be a *Diogenes*. — *Weathercock* took Heart again at this, and declar'd, that, for his Part, there was not a Creature living who had more Ambition to be thought a Plain-Dealer than himself. That is to say, replies the other, you would impose on Mankind, and pass for what you are not. — Here I interposed again, by telling him he was abundantly too severe. — Not at all, says he: I am barely just; and your Friend is either a Hypocrite, or wants Spirit to give his Virtues fair Play. — *Weathercock*, reddening at this, half angry, and yet still unwilling to disoblige, answered with a constrained Civility, that he was sorry such a Misunderstanding should happen at the very Threshold of their Acquaintance. — Acquaintance! rejoins *Surly*, 'tis impossible to be acquainted with a Man, who disguises his Soul as Highwaymen and Assassins do their Faces: And not very prudent, adds *Weathercock*, beginning to be nettled, to desire the Acquaintance of such who wear an Aspect of Defiance to all they meet; and who, rather than not cavil, will cavil with Complaisance itself. — Complaisance, replies *Surly*, I hate the very Term, and all who use it: 'Tis but another Word for Dissimulation; and I had rather appear what I am, tho' a Bear or a Wolf, than wear the Mask of Virtues that do not belong to me, or palliate the Vices of others, that were my Abhorrence. — Let me tell you, Sir, says *Weathercock*, having lost all Patience, Bears and Wolves are very bad Company; and, as to the Sincerity you cry up so much, there is no Man living

living who has more Need to be afraid of it in others, than yourself, ——— What Mr. *Stonecastle*, cries *Surly*, did you imtroduce me to this Creature to be affronted? ——— Here I burst out into a loud Laugh, to think that the very Man who insulted all Mankind, should be the first to complain of what he was pleased to call an Insult to himself. ——— On which he left us quite choaked with Rage and Passion, and *Weathercock* perceiving, for the first Time, the Folly of a blind Submission to the Humours of others, wisely resolv'd, from thenceforward, to have a proper Deference paid to his own.

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TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

**A**LL Men that love their Country, love to hear it prais'd, and are chagrin'd at any Circumstance that renders it obnoxious to Reproach or Ridicule: 'Tis possible this Sympathy may be owing to our own Pride; we may think both the Disgrace and the Honour come home, in some Degree, to ourselves; consequently publick Spirit and well regulated Self-Interest, or as Mr. *Pope* has it, *Self Love and Social are the same*.

I introduce my Sentiments thus formally, Sir, to convince you that what follows is deliver'd with Regret, not to flatter my own Spleen or Ill-Nature; and that when I drop any Reflection to the Disadvantage of *Great Britain*, I feel myself affected, as if the Arrow was levell'd at my own Bosom.

TO do our Country Justice, no Nation under the Sun enters more cheerfully, zealously, or benevolently, into great, good, or elegant Designs, than they; but, surely, if we were all Women and Children, and every Thing of this Nature was but a new Toy for the Amusement of the Day, we could not be weary of them sooner: Witness our publick Buildings voted, and then forgot, begun, and left unfinish'd; our Musick one Day in Vogue, in Disgrace the next; our most exalted Charities debated of for Years, and never likely to take Effect at all.

BUT,

BUT, not to wander too far from my immediate Subject; the very last Year, nothing was more generally talk'd of, or seem'd to be more passionately wish'd, than a Sepulchral Monument in Honour of the inimitable and immortal *Shakespear*, to be erected in *Westminster-Abbey*. For this End the Theatre (of which he was the Father, and is still the principal Support) was made the Vehicle of conveying the Contributions of the People; accordingly certain Sums were acknowledg'd to be rais'd by this Means, which Sums were lodg'd in a Banker's Hands, and certain great Men were nam'd for directing them to be laid out with such Propriety and Elegance, as might be worthy the Esteem witnessed by the Publick, in Favour of the exalted Genius they so much admire and love.

I F, therefore, these Sums are equal to so laudable a Design, why have we not the Pleasure of seeing it executed? If they are not, may not we be allowed to ask, why some farther Expedient is not thought of to make good the Deficiency? I am thoroughly convinced there is not a Person in *England*, who frequents the Theatres, or reads *Shakespear* in his Closet, that would not gladly subscribe, according to his Ability, that this may be effected. Without doing any Violence, then, to these celebrated Personages, who have condescended to patronise this noble Undertaking, we may presume to call upon them to set some such Expedient afoot, that they themselves may have the Pleasure of seeing their own generous Cares compleated, and that this first Instance of national Gratitude and Acknowledgement, may be its own Monument, as well as *Shakespear's*, to all future Ages.

*I am, S I R, your's, &c.*

DRAMATICUS.

Dum



Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt,

*Hor. l. 1. sat. 3.*

*Fools are ever vicious in Extremes.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**T**HERE are some Men who either have, or affect to have such an obstinate Aversion to every absurd, odd, or conceited Character, that they make themselves almost as ridiculous, by their excessive Delicacy, as they represent those very Humorists to be, whom they so cordially despise, and so industriously avoid.——Invite them to a Party of Pleasure abroad, or an Evening's Entertainment at home, they enquire as scrupulously into your Company, as a bigotted Catholic would into your Bill of Fare in Lent; and if any one of these impertinent Ingredients should be found in it, however unexceptionable the rest, like Garlick, it poisons the whole House; and they would no more be prevail'd on to visit you, than if you had the Plague, or they were sure to catch the very same Follies or Stupidities they reprehended so severely in others.——Hence, if by Accident they stumble into strange Company, they sit as uneasy as a Miser among Thieves; and, as soon as ever Decency will give Leave, hurry off with as much Joy and Precipitation as *Francis* the First, when he was set free from the Captivity of his most implacable Enemy, *Charles* the Fifth. Hence, when entertain'd by those they love best, and esteem most, when in the highest Spirits, and in a Manner overflowing with Cheerfulness and good Humour, at the very first Appearance of a new Face, all is dampt at once; they become, instantly, dumb as the antient Oracles, and not only look on the Stranger as an Intruder, but an Enemy.——Thus they grow as suspicious as old Tyrants, as hard to be pleas'd, expect to be humour'd as much, bring the Curse of every Man's Folly they encounter upon themselves,

themselves, and put it in the Power of Fortune to rob them of all the Pleasures of free and friendly Conversation.

THERE is another Species of Men, in every Respect, the direct Opposite to this ; who consider Life as an irregular Farce, and who make it their Business to laugh at every Actor that appears, and every Scene that passes. To these, Folly, Affectation, and Absurdity of all sorts, are the whole Salt of Society ; and, unless both their Meals and Computations are zested with their darling Ridicule, neither has its due Relish. Coxcombs of all sorts are but so many Buffoons and Merry-Andrews to make them Sport, and their extravagant Actions but so many extempore Interludes, which, as rising from pure Nature, afford, say they, more exquisite Pleasure, than the more masterly Imitations of the greatest Genius in the World. — I once knew a Gentleman who was perfectly infatuated with Pursuits of this Nature ; inso-much that he did not content himself with lying in wait for Fools, but made it his whole Business to hunt them out ; being more pleas'd with starting fresh Game, and running them down, as he call'd it, to oblige his Friends, than with all the other Enjoyments that flatter the Ambition, Luxury, or Vanity of Mankind. — He that gave him the first Hint of an absurd Fellow, was receiv'd with such extravagant Acknowledgements, as if he had brought him News of the highest Happiness that could possibly befall him : From that Moment his whole Thoughts were employ'd in setting out this new Delicacy to the best Advantage : He made Interest to be acquainted with him ; he desir'd to have the Honour of being number'd among his Friends ; and when he was become thoroughly Master of his blind Side, he made a magnificent Entertainment, complimented the Fool of the Play as the principal Guest, and, with the greatest Gravity imaginable, set him up for the Butt and Laughing-Stock of the whole Table — This was his Element ; here he was in his Kingdom ; and, 'till the Humour was quite exhausted, or a new Vein interfered, no Consideration could prevail with him to give it over, tho' his Character, Health, or even his Life, lay at Stake. — But tho' he had such an admirable Talent in discovering and exposing

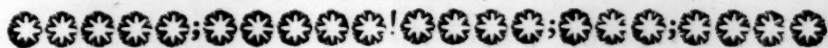
exposing the Ridiculous in others, he had not the least Apprehension that all this while he was, to the full, as ridiculous himself : If he laugh'd at the Expence of another Man's Understanding, 'twas likewise to the irreparable Ruin of his own Estate : If the Butt was serv'd up as the principal Dish at the Feast, he paid dearly for the Sauce ; and, for my own Part, I have often concluded both equally resembled the two Loggerheads on the Sign ; and that he who call'd such intemperate Frolicks Wit, would be justly intitled to the uncouth Rhymes generally wrote beneath them.

BUT this is not the only Character which offends by Experiments of this Nature : There is another much more dangerous, as 'tis either blended with Malice, or administers Satire so exquisitely dissembled, that you mistake it for Advice ; and by making a Compliment to the Judgment of your pretended Friend, sink, unawares, into the most fatal Absurdities : This belongs to him who gravely affects to discover Talents and Abilities in you, that you never presum'd to flatter yourself with before ; who asserts you are too modest, too diffident, that Nobody better deserves, or would so well become, or can so easily procure Preferment ; that your Friends wonder you do not apply, and rather condemn you as one above being obliged, than applaud you for not being troublesome.——If the Bait takes, and, by your unguarded Transports at all these fine Things, 'tis manifest, you wait but for a little more Encouragement ; he clenches all, by pointing out what to ask, and who will be proud of being your Pxtron ; takes Care to put you on a wrong Scent in both ; refers you to that very Creature who will treat you worst, and persuades you to solicit the only Thing you are most unfit for ; and, when you are become ridiculous to his Heart's Content, not only joins the Laugh, but begins it all over the Town.

THERE are, however, laudable Uses to be made of this ironical Vein ; for Example, when it is employ'd with an honest Intention to cure the Foibles of a Friend, without assuming the self-sufficient Character of a formal Adviser ; or when 'tis extorted by Way of Self-Defence ; that is, when Impertinence becomes troublesome, and you have no Way to make yourself Amends, but by turning

it into Entertainment.——This was the Case of a Friend of mine, who had invited me to dine with him at his Lodgings some Years ago : He was a Batchelor, not an old one, tolerably handsome, and in easy Circumstances. His Landlady, a gay Widow, tho' upwards of forty, and her Niece a Coquet of full half that Age, were our Company at Table ; where we had not been set many Minutes, before I discover'd a manifest Rivalship between the two Ladies for my Friend's Heart ; the amorous Dowager overwhelming him with Civilities and Compliments, while her Niece, touch'd to the Quick that he did not repulse her too forward Advances, pertly upbraided him with Want of Taste and Discernment, and appealed to me if Love and Gallantry were not preposterous on the wrong Side of Fifty. At this provoking Affront the Aunt redden'd ; I was at a Loss which Side to take, and Miss put on Airs of Triumph, as if she was sure of her Cause ; when my Friend, with an infinite deal of Humour, took Occasion to say so many handsome Things of his Landlady, and with such a Face of Sincerity, as not only re-assur'd her, but enabled her to turn the Tables so effectually upon her Niece, that she rose from her Dinner abruptly, quitted the Room without taking Leave, and shut the Door after her with such Violence, as shook the House. Elate with this Victory, the good Dowager grew so ridiculously vain, that she entertain'd us by the Hour with the whole Character and Adventures of her Niece ; display'd all her Faults, Levities, and Miscarriages to the best Advantage, and totally forgot the Relation to expose the Rival : *In short, Gentlemen,* says she, *very seriously, by Way of finishing Stroke, for all she is so pert, she never had a Lover in her Life who did not desert her the very Instant they had an Opportunity of making their Addresses to me : 'Tis true, her Fortune is dependent, and mine, such as it is, my own : But I have been assured over and over again, that was no Part of the Consideration.*——Here the good Lady toasted my Friend's Health in a Bumper ; and he, on the other Hand, carried on the Scene with so much Address, and play'd her off with such a Profusion of artful Flatteries, that I began to fear she would forget there was a third Person in Company, and indulge her Raptures at some little Expence of Decorum.

Decorum. — But my Apprehensions were soon remov'd ; for my Friend (not being aware of the Situation of a large Looking-Glass, which was plac'd so unluckily, as to give her a full Sight of his Face, when her own seem'd to be turn'd a different Way) just at this Moment tip'd the Wink on me, with so arch a Look, as explain'd the whole Farce at once ; on which the Lady fell into a Confusion not to be express'd, fiddled a Moment or two with her Lappets and Apron-strings, then flung out of the Room as her Niece had done before her ; and immediately sent in a Servant to desire my Friend to provide himself with Lodgings and Fools elsewhere.



*Not he of Wealth immense possest,  
Tasteless who piles his massy Gold ;  
Among the Number of the Blest  
Should have his glorious Name inroll'd :  
He better claims the glorious Name, who knows  
With Wisdom to enjoy what Heav'n bestows :  
Who knows the Wrongs of Want to bear,  
Ew'n in its lowest last Extreme.*

Francis.

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**A**S many Things are to be learn'd of the lowest of Mankind, I sometimes mingle with the Crowd in the Upper Gallery of the Playhouse, or wherever else one may have an Opportunity of hearing their Sentiments, utter'd from their Hearts, freely and without Disguise. — On these Occasions Nature appears what it really is : Men speak what they really think, and Custom, Habit, and Ceremony, that profess'd Enemy to Truth, have no Share in the Conversation. — Hence when a fine Equipage has roll'd by, or a shining Figure appear'd, ostentatiously adorn'd with Embroidery, Lace, and Jewels, have I heard the most pathetick Exclamations, that Eortune should so unequally proportion the Lots of Life ; that one Man should be enabled to squander so profusely, and others be denied the Decencies, Con-

veniences, or, perhaps, Necessaries of Being.—This sudden Start of Envy, again, (for Envy it is, however unwilling we may be to own it) I have seen as suddenly appear'd, by the Recollection, that Grandeur was no Indication of Happiness; and that it was probable the gay Thing that flutter'd before them was as much a Wretch within, as the most wretched Spectator, who was then dazzled with his pompous Outside.—But this Calm has scarce lasted a Moment, before it has been unluckily started, that though the present Possessors are miserable in the Midst of their Abundance, yet are they persuaded it would be impossible for them to be so in the like Circumstances. In short, as Want is their principal Calamity, they could not conceive but that Plenty would remove it: Whence, though they might be convinced the Great were not much happier, upon the Whole, than themselves; yet, as they had it in their Power to be so, their first Uneasiness return'd; and, by having a faint Image of a more eligible Life than their own, which was not within their Reach, it was no Consolation to them, that those, who were in Possession of what they pin'd after, found little or no Benefit from it.

FROM these artless Sallies of the Vulgar it appears, that though Ease, Content, or Happiness, are the grand Pursuits of Life, few or none, let their Circumstances be what they will, have the Sagacity to attain them. Without Appetites, Wants and Passions, to stimulate us into Action, we should be little better than Vegetables; where we were first planted, we should take Root; equally insensible of Pleasure or Pain: On the other Hand, if our Passions are too vehement, if our Wants are too clamorous, and our Appetites too keen, we are like Ships in a perpetual Storm, under no Government; and though always in Motion, never directed to any certain Port, as the End of our Voyage.

AS therefore it would be both an impertinent and impossible Task to root out these necessary Motives and Springs of Action, and infinitely prejudicial to our Repose, not to lay them under any Restraints or Regulations at all, ought we not to begin the Science of Life first at Home? that is to say, by learning to know ourselves; what these Appetites, Wants and Passions of ours really are;

are ; which is predominant ; which Way they are most likely to endanger us, and how they may be most effectually employ'd to make our Days pleasant to ourselves, and harmless, if not useful to others.——'Tis at present almost the general Curse for Men to begin directly at the wrong End, and make it the Business of Life to gratify the Cravings of Sense, before they have enquir'd into their own Breasts, how far they are absolutely reasonable and necessary.——We rather cast our Eyes abroad, and observe the Pursuits, Pleasures and Pains of others, than endeavour to be acquainted with those that are peculiarly and genuinely our own : Hence we rather copy what we see, than suit our Manners and Conduct to what we feel ; we covet Ten Thousand Things, because another possesses them ; we immerse ourselves in as many Follies and Luxuries for the same Reason, and ridiculously add all the Desires of all our Fellow Creatures to our own.

WHEN a Man of this extravagant Cast, looking with Envy and Admiration on the Wealth, Pomp and Luxury of some State *Dives* of Antiquity, passionately wish'd to be once in his Life as rich, great, and happy as he ; a Philosopher, who was in Hearing, undertook to render him so in Half an Hour : *Learn only*, says he, *not to want any Thing that is out of your Power, and the Business is done.*

'TIS most certain, that there is nothing in human Life more absurd than our spending so much Time in the Pursuit of Wealth, as the only Guide to Happiness, since it conducts us through the worst Road ; a Road full of Snares and Dangers, incumber'd with Briars and Thorns, much the farthest Way about, and which, instead of the House of Felicity, much oftner leads us to the House of Sorrow : Would it not be much better to take the Advice of the Philosopher, and learn to reduce our Wants, to humble our Desires, and be contented with the little we may command, than, by multiplying our Appetites, and inflaming our Passions, to multiply and inflame our Disappointments, and consequently our Misfortunes ? Every Disappointment is, in its own Essence, a Misfortune ; and he that leaves his Wishes and Desires at large, to be as troublesome and importunate as they please, let his For-

tunes be ever so affluent, may yet be miserable : His Ambition may be thwarted, and his Sensuality mortified ; Jealousy may prey upon him, and Envy torture him. Like *Mahomet* then, if the Mountain will not come to us, let us go to the Mountain : Don't let us affront the Divine Being, in imagining him so cruel and capricious, as to light up an *Ignis fatuus*, which we were fated to pursue, and never overtake ; or enamour us with the Image of a Goddess, which was in Fact a Cloud. — No, No ; Happiness is a Reality, and may be enjoy'd ; I mean such Happiness as is consistent with our present Frame, and the Nature of the Elements that surround us. The very Fabrick and Materials of our Constitution imply Pain as well as Pleasure, Desire as well as Gratification, Motion as well as Rest : They are incorporated, as one may say, and cannot exist one without the other : Temperance is the grand Medium to reconcile them, to make Uneasiness slight and transient, Enjoyments lasting and serene. — Should we ask wherein Enjoyment consists ? The rude *Indian* will inform us better than the modish *Epicure* ; not in Excess of Wine or Women, profuse Banquets, or sumptuous Array, Crouds of Pimps and Flatterers, or any Species of brutal Prodigality : Nature is here surfeited with Excess, sits down without Appetite, and rises without Entertainment ; 'till, at length, she loaths the Food she covets, and, in the Midst of Abundance, pines for Want, ' Happiness, on the other Hand, consists in that Health of Body, which is founded on Temperance, Exercise, and a Tranquility of Mind, that results from Innocence and Virtue ; it requires just so much of the Goods of Life as will satisfy its own natural Wants, and some little to spare for the Relief of others ; just as much Pleasure as will keep the Heart chearful, and the Eye serene ; and as much Knowledge or Learning, as will fill up the Intervals of Society with sweet, and not too anxious, too abstruse Contemplations.

WITHIN so narrow a Bound has bountiful Providence placed the Sum of rational Life, and so easy it is attainable, if we could give ourselves or each other leave. — But we have solicitously overlooked this Golden Mean, and suffer'd our foolish Imaginations to seduce us  
far

far beyond it : According to the sacred Writer, *God made Man upright ; but he has sought out many Inventions.*— We have placed Happiness in Expence, as we have fix'd Infamy on Poverty ; by which Means we tread, mechanically, in the Steps of our Fathers, and aim at nothing but to avoid the one, and compass the other.— Thus, in our ridiculous Wishes, when we covet to be as rich and great as those we envy, What is it for ? Not to be more disinterestedly virtuous, more extensively beneficent ; not to correct the Mistakes of Fortune, or the Barbarity of Custom, but to be just as profuse, riotous, and ostentatious, as they are ; not considering, that, while we are wasting the precious Sands of Life in such absurd and self-tormenting Fancies, we stand stupidly insensible of more exalted Pleasures, than is in the Power of all their Wealth to purchase ; the Lustre of the Heavens, the Verdure of the Earth, Woods, Waters, Plants, and Flowers, Nature in all her Variety of Charms, addressing herself with all her Eloquence to every Sense ; courting us to lengthen Life by innocent Enjoyments ; Enjoyments which she freely offers to all, without Money, though above Price !



— irrumpit venæ pejoris in ævum  
Omne nefas : fugere pudor, verumq; fidesq;  
In quirum subiere locum fraudesq; doliq;  
Insidiæq; et vis et amor sceleratus habendi.

*Ov. Met. 1.*

— *Hard Steel succeeded then,  
And stubborn as the Metal were the Men :  
Truth, Modesty and Shame the World forsook ;  
Fraud, Avarice and Force their Places took.*

*Dryden.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**A**S *Ovid*, almost two thousand Years ago, took it into his Head to divide the Duration of the World into four successive Ages, distinguish'd by the Names of *Gold, Silver, Brass* and *Iron*, the Learned seem to have taken his Poetical Flights for Gos-

pel, and fondly presume that the Age of *Iron* has lasted ever since.

BUT, were we to leave the Fable at School, where we found it, and examine the Matter of Fact, I fancy we should soon discover Reason to alter our Opinions, and conclude that Time has undergone as remarkable Changes since the Days of that Poet, as ever it had done before: Even he himself, had he had his Wits about him, might have perceiv'd that an Age of *Flint* began to take Place from the first Disputes about the *Agrarian* Law; that, almost, all Sense of Humanity was lost in the Civil Wars of *Marius* and *Sylla*; that before it was possible for Mens Hearts to soften again, the great Contest between *Pompey* and *Cæsar* broke out; which, with very little Intermillion, was continued down to the Death of *Arthemy*; and, however tender he might find the Breast of *Julia*, he had abundant Reason to be convinced that *Augustus*, her Father, was a true Son of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*; or, as *Shakespear* has it, a very *Pebble*, that neither *Tully's* irresistible Oratory, nor his own enchanting Numbers could mollify.

N O B O D Y, I presume, will venture to assert, that Mankind had less of the *Quarry* in their Composition, during the Reigns of those most sacred and excellent Princes, the Successors of *Octavius*, down to *Constantine*; or that, even then, the *Christian Religion* had taken away their *Hearts of Stone*, as the Scripture expresses it, and given them a *Heart of Flesh*. Witness the long and bloody Wars between the *Orthodox* and *Arians*, and the innumerable Persecutions and Massacres that attended Victory on either Side; witness the expensive and destructive, though ridiculous, Expeditions to the *Holy Land*; and witness the astonishing Quarrels between the Emperors and Popes for the Right of *Investitures*; in which so many Millions perish'd, that the Church might be rich and great.

BUT, this great Point carried, the dreadful Blade of *Religion*, for a while, was sheath'd; and, as Monks gave the Law to Princes. 'tis no Wonder that the Times wore a new Face, and from *Adamant* turn'd to *Lead*: Weight of Course they had, but 'twas like that of Sleep, which oppresses the whole Body, and renders every Faculty

culty useless. — Then it was that Dulness was first deified, and to be eminently stupid was the first Qualification for Preferment: The very Name of Wit was forgot, and, if by Accident, any little Spark gleam'd through the substantial Darkeness which surrounded it, as if by Instinct, 'twas treated as a common Enemy, and extinguish'd without Mercy. — In short, during this whole insipid Interval, an universal Numbness and Lethargy seem'd to have seiz'd on all Mankind; the Prince slumber'd on the Throne, his Nobles snor'd at his Feet, the Herd never once dreamt of Day-Light, and the whole Load of Ecclesiastick Dross was pour'd out upon them to press them down to the Centre,

BUT at last, *Boccace* and others in *Italy*, and our own *Wickliff* and *Chaucer*, a little uneasy with their Burthen, began to rouse first themselves, and then their Country; to them succeeded *John Huss*, and *Jerom* of *Prague*; *Erasmus*, *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Father Paul*, the great *Bacon*, and several other brave and free Spirits, who purified the Ages they lived in, improv'd them to a nobler Temper, separated the Dross, and brought every Particle to the Test of Truth and Common Sense.

SHOULD it be ask'd then of what Metal or Confidence we are at present, through the Benefit of their generous Labours? To answer freely, of no one Metal purely and simply, but of as many as *Nebuchadnezzar* dream't his Image was compos'd of; a very little Silver, less Gold; much Iron, more Lead; some Stone, and some Clay: But all gilded, all shining, like the Equestrian Statue in *Grosvenor-Square*; the *Golden Age* itself had scarce a fairer Outside, nor that of *Flint* less of Bowels within: In a Word, we are upon the Whole, no better than *Pinchbeck*; and, however specious to the Eye, can abide no Test, nor boast ourselves to have any intrinsic Value.

TO make this appear yet plainer, and that, according to the Proverb, *All is not Gold that glitters*, there is not any one Virtue or Accomplishment to be nam'd that we have not a Thousand Pretenders to; and yet 'tis Odds if One in a Thousand can make their Pretensions good. — Go to the Courtier, he that solicits, or he that enjoys Preferment, and he'll talk of Loyalty, and rail at Disaffection

cession from Morning to Night, protest his whole Soul to be devoted to his Master's Interest, and that he would gladly lay down his Life in his Defence: But convince him in the Middle of his Ardour that he is just disgrac'd, that his Pension is stopp'd, or that even his Enemy has got the Start of him in the Royal Favour, his Zeal will drop like a Peacock's Tail; nay, 'tis well if he does not instantly turn the Tables, complain that Merit is slighted, and join with the Discontented to rail at the Times. — On the other Hand, go to the Patriot, he that speeches it loudest in Defence of Publick Spirit, in Arraignment of Corruption, and seems most tenderly concern'd for the Calamities of his Country; tell him he is wanted at Court, that a knotty Point has puzzled the whole Council, and that the S——n himself has referr'd the Decision to his Sentence without Appeal; tell him this, and see if his Vanity will not get the better of his Virtue, if he does not order his Chariot immediately to the Door, and drive as fast as *Jehu* to a Kingdom, to give his Opinion; not according to the Necessity of the Case, but the Humour he is already resolv'd to oblige, at the Expence of his own Honour, and the publick Good! — Go to the Man who professes himself most a Friend, or most a Lover; try him to the Quick; if he is constant in one Character, or disinterested in the other; if Demands upon his Fortune will not weary him, or Success with his Mistress cloy him! Go to the Man of Trade, who swears by his Credit, and affects to found his Honesty on his Conscience; go trust him to make his own Bargain, and leave your own Interest wholly at his Mercy.—Go to your Attorney, and employ him against a Man twice as rich as litigious, and as over-reaching as yourself; let him into the Strength and Weaknesses of your Cause, and treat him as if Knavery was inconsistent with his Profession. — Go to the Bigot, I should say *Methodist*, who would have you believe his *Conversation is in Heaven*; who hurries from Mid-Change to go to Prayers; who leaves his Dinner and Company abruptly, to go to Prayers; and who even disturbs his Wife at Midnight—to go to Prayers.—Go to the Salamander Coquet, who stands all Trials, to have it understood she is above all Temptation. — Go to the antiquated Prude,

Prude, who plumes herself on her Virginity ; the notable Wife, who makes her Yoke Fellow a Martyr to her Virtue—The disconsolate Widow, who survives her Husband only in Compassion to her Children. — In short, go thro' the World, City, Town, or Country, Church, Court, Bar, and Exchange, is not *Pinchbeck* to be found every where ? — In one Word, have not we *Pinchbeck* Players, *Pinchbeck* Orators, *Pinchbeck* Apostles, *Pinchbeck* Physicians, *Pinchbeck* Poets, *Pinchbeck* Politicians, *Pinchbeck* B——s, and all but *Pinchbeck* K—— ? To be quite impartial, I don't know but what I myself am of the same Hypocritical Mixture, and cast in pretty much the same Mould : Sometimes, I perceive, I want Colour, sometimes Weight, always Purity ; often afraid of the Touch-Stone, but never of the Fire ; as hoping by what I lose in Quantity, I shall improve in Value : And having dealt thus freely with myself, I hope no one will be offended, if, with Submission to *Ovid*, I venture to call this the *Pinchbeck Age*.

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*The* ORDERS of his Excellency R—— N——, Esq;  
Governor General of the Diversions at Bath.

SOME come here for Pleasure, and others for Health,  
Some come here to squander, and some to get Wealth ;  
To these all our Subjects here merrily meeting,  
We Governor N—— do send out our Greeting.  
Whereas it to us has been fully made known,  
Some quere Folks presume to have Wills of their own,  
And think when they come to such Places as these,  
They've unlimited Licence to do as they please :  
Whence frequent Disorders do daily arise,  
To prevent such Abuses whate'er in us lies,  
We publish these Rules, consider'd at Leisure,  
And expect due Observance ; *for such is our Pleasure*.

When you first come to *Bath*, in whatever Condition,  
Whether sick, or in Health, you must have a Physician ;  
As they'll equally take inordinate Fees,  
You're at your own Liberty, chuse whom you please !

The

The Doctor will find there is absolute Need,  
 That Friend *Jerry Pierce* must be sent for to bleed ;  
 Next some Drops or some Pills prepar'd with due Care }  
 To prevent all Infection from Water or Air ;  
 Then drink at the Pump, or bathe without Fear.  
 When you first sally out, there are different Calls,  
 At *Hayes's*, or *Lovelace's*, Money for Balls:  
 As nothing in this World is done without Bribe,  
*Leake*, *Sinnot*, or *Morgan*, expect you'll subscribe :  
 When this Part is over, then live at your Ease ;  
 Game, drink, or fornicate, just as you please :  
 When your Money is spent, march off without Trouble,  
 Secure, who comes next will be just the same Bubble.



—— primis in faucibus orci,  
 Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ.

*Virg. Æn. 6.*

*Just in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,  
 Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell.*

*Dryden.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**MONG all the Follies and Errors incident to human Nature, which have occasionally been the Subject of your Lucubrations, there is one very peculiar and common Weakness in Mankind, which has entirely slipp'd your Observation : I believe you will agree to this Assertion, when I inform you that the Folly I mean, is that of People creating to themselves an anxious Disquietude of Mind, when their Uneasiness and Chagrin are not founded on any *rational Cause*.

HOW ridiculous soever it may seem, this Temper of *unnecessary Disquietude* is frequently the unhappy Disposition of Persons, who not only lay a strong Claim to *Common Sense*, but to the elevated Endowments of the Mind, and a certain Superiority in the Exercise of them. This extraordinary Class of Mankind are very properly distin-

distinguished by the Characters of *Self-Tormentors*: It would be happy for the World if this Characteristick did imply that they only occasion'd a Torment to *themselves*; for they are not only the *Tormentors* of *themselves*, but an eternal Plague to every one who has any *Business* with or *Dependance* on them. It is an Observation made on *Sorrow*, that *Grief*, when it is *inconsiderate*, vents itself by Speech; but when it is *great* indeed, it cannot find an Utterance: This same Maxim holds good in Relation to these People's Uneasiness of Mind; for as it is *suppositional*, they indulge it by giving themselves an unbounded Liberty of Tongue, and perpetually railing and grumbling for the most inconsiderate Trifles; when, if they were oppress'd with any Weight of real Misfortunes, for want of a proper serene Evenness of Temper, they would sink in a sullen Silence under their Burthen. Tho' this *Ill-Humour* always arises from a *Splenetic Nature*, yet it shews itself with great Variety, according to the *Temper* and *Dispositions* of the Persons who encourage it. One Man chiefly confines it to his *Domestick Affairs*; another to his *publick Business* in Life; but their *Moroseness* is equally exercis'd on the most frivolous Occasions. Could these *Self-Tyrants* be but sensible how troublesome and intolerable they are, they would, perhaps, apply themselves to the correcting a Vice which is every Body's Torment; for it cannot be call'd living, to spend our Lives with People who are continually snarling without the least Injury or Provocation receiv'd. It is almost impossible to conceive with what Pain I spent two or three Hours the other Afternoon in a Family, where I thought nothing but *Good-Nature* and *Harmony* could exist, as I knew the Master of it was happy in his Fortune, in his Wife, and in his Children: But how was I alarm'd, when as soon as he had introduced me into the Parlour, he began with a peevish *Moroseness* to find Fault about the laying of the Table-Cloth: The Servant answered, with all the Obsequiousness imaginable, that it should be alter'd to his Mind, and went to change the Disposition of it according to his Direction. This, it seems, was a provoking Insult, and the poor Fellow was drove out of the Room with a Volley of Oaths for an *insolent, impudent Rascal*. Before I had recover'd my Surprise, my  
Friend,

Friend, with great Heat and Emotion of Temper, address'd himself to me in the bitterest Complaints, that he was the most unfortunate Man breathing ; for he could not get one Servant who had more Docility than a Stock or a Stone ; that he was generally obliged to change once a *Month*, yet could not possibly get one to his Mind. 'This Fellow, adds he, goes To-morrow ; he has liv'd with me but a *Week* ; and you see how insupportably insolent he is : Did you hear how pertly the *Dog* answer'd me ? — Before I made a Reply, his Spouse very opportunely came in, and he was in a tolerable Temper, 'till we sat down to Dinner ; but as soon as that was serv'd in, then began the dismal Scene of finding Fault : One Dish was done too much, another too little ; one Plate flung this Way, another that ; nothing, he cry'd, was fit to be touch'd, and that he had brought home a Gentleman to starve him. Vain were all my Endeavours to pacify his Temper, by assuring him that I was very well satisfied with my Entertainment ; in vain was all the Interposition of his Lady : What I said, he attributed to my *Good-Manners*, and what she said only enraged his Choler ; for he immediately launch'd out into Invectives against the *Oeconomy* of *modern Wives*, and how little Regard they took in the Management of their Family Affairs. Thus, in an uninterrupted Scene of *Snarling* at his *Wife* and *Servants*, condemning the *Cookery* of his Dinner, and making a thousand *unnecessary Apologies* to me, I had the *Torment* of sitting at Table with him an Hour and Half, and he the *Torment* of fretting himself almost into a Phrenzy, without the least Occasion. As soon as I could, I took my Leave, with a Resolution never to eat another such an uncomfortable Meal with him, and not without a hearty *Pity* for his *Wife* and *Servants*, who I find every Day undergo the same Kind of Pennance. Nothing can be more miserable than *this Man* makes himself, unless the *People* who are obliged to live with him.

MR. CHAGRIN is no less a *Tormentor* of himself and others, but exhibits his Spleen in a different Manner ; he puts not on an Air of *frantick Passion*, but *serene Gravity* ; he is eternally gloomy and discontented, and shocks every one with his *Laconick Moroseness*, as much

as he could with any violent Starts of *Rage*; he finds not Fault with any particular Thing, therefore it is impossible to sooth his Temper by correcting that which might give him Offence; he seems out of Humour with *all Things*, and *all Persons*; he would be thought an independent Hater of *all the World*: and, in return, is by all the World equally despis'd.

T H E R E is another Class of *Self-Tormentors*, who pretend that all the Disquietude they feel arises from the just Principles of Reason; but when those Principles are examin'd, they have nothing less than *Reason* to support them. These Men affect a *superior Spirit*, and a more *elevated blunt Virtue* than the rest of Mankind, and pine themselves with the Reflection, that they are not born to a *Fortune* equal to their *Merit*; they look on those who are in some Degree of Life above them, either as *Knaves* or *Fools*, and condemn *Fortune* for her unjust and unequal Distribution of her Favours. *Macilente* is of this Number of *Self-Tormentors*; he is grown *melancholy* with the repeated Reflections of his being but a *private Gentleman* of a *small Fortune*, when my Lord *Empty*, &c. &c. &c. have great Estates, profitable and honourable Employments, without the twentieth Share of his Judgment and Abilities. He has a strong Ambition to rise in the World, but *tortures* himself to Death at the Thought that it must be by the least Dependence on others: He has Friends in great Posts; but if an Application to them is hinted at, you hit the Cause that touches his Brain, and he exclaims, with a deep Sigh, 'How wretched is the State of that Man who must live by servile Dependancy! How just is *Cowley's* Precept?

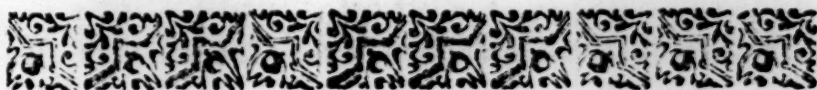
— *Would I curse the Man I hate,  
Attendance and Dependence be his Fate.*

' For then he forfeits his Freedom, and is an errant  
' Slave to every Whim, Passion, or Caprice of his Be-  
' nefactors; he must flatter where he despises, and con-  
' demn where he approves: As for me, I have an inge-  
' nuous Roughness in my Nature, which will not suffer  
' me to flatter a *Fool* with a *Title*, or a *Knave* with  
' Power, to become the mock Admirer of some rhyming  
' Fop

' Fop of Quality ; and, for the Sake of a Meal, dispense  
 ' with Folly. Nor have I the *sycephant Soul* of a *Lewer*  
 ' *Hunter*, to serve to add to the Number of some Titled  
 ' Blockhead's Circle, and play over the little Tricks of  
 ' his Dependants, who, from a Nod or Bow, or Cringe,  
 ' or Frown, can vary every Feature with their Patron ;  
 ' if he but smiles, they are ready with a Laugh ; but  
 ' should some honest, downright, disappointed Man,  
 ' urge home his Merit or his Virtues, his Lordship  
 ' knits his Brow, and one proud haughty Frown runs  
 ' through the whole : Or who, but of a mean Spirit,  
 ' would attend on a Man of *Pleasure*, to engage his In-  
 ' terest ; for *he* has his *Lewees* too, and, if possible, of  
 ' a worse Sort ; for there one must herd in with a Parcel  
 ' of *Eunuchs, Singers, Fiddlers, Players, Jockeys*, and  
 ' *Buffoons*, who have the Possession of his Heart, because  
 ' they bear the Similitude of his Manners.' — With  
 Reflections of this Kind his Thoughts give an *eternal Tor-*  
*ment to himself*, and enjoying a Fortune which may  
 keep him from any *Dependancy*, he becomes the worst of  
*Slaves*, a *Slave* to the *morose Anxiety* of his own Tem-  
 per.

I T is not that the *Female Sex* are exempt from this  
*unhappy Humour* that I have not mention'd them ; they  
 have too many *imaginary Causes* for Discontent, and from  
 thence give Disquietude to *themselves* and all those about  
 them : But I hope the Remedy which I shall propose for  
 the *Self-Malecontents* of one Sex, will be equally applied  
 by the other. What I propose is so far from being  
 impracticable, that it is what all have, or at least would  
 be thought to have ; *Common Sense* and *Common Com-*  
*plaisance*. These, by becoming the Directors of our  
 Thoughts and Actions, would curb the *Moroseness* and  
*Peevishness* of our Tempers, and prevent our being litigi-  
 ous for Trifles ; they would make us content with every  
 Body ; or if not, so artfully to conceal our Resentments,  
 that No-body may perceive our Ill-humour, or suffer by  
 it. In such Behaviour there is an irresistible Charm ;  
 it gains the Esteem and Admiration of all we converse  
 with ; our Thoughts, as they flow from a Principle of  
 Truth, convey a Satisfaction to ourselves, and from our  
*own Contentment* springs that Good Nature which forms  
 the

the mutual *Affection* of Husband and Wife, the reciprocal *Love* and *Duty* between Parent and Child, and produces the kind Master, the sincere Friend, the good Neighbour, and the pious Christian.



—Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri. *Hor. Ar. Poet.*  
*Examine well, ye Writers, weigh with Care,*  
*What suits your Genius, what your Strength can bear.*  
Francis.

From my CHAMBERS.

**T**HE Absurdities in the Conduct of human Life are visible enough to all who make the least Observation on the Manners of Mankind in general; but as evident as the Errors may be, few are either willing or capable to give themselves the Trouble to reflect from what Source they took their Rise: Therefore nothing more frequently happens, than to hear Persons heavily censure the Conduct of others, while they themselves are not without Foibles, which are in Reality founded on the same Cause. Irregularities in the Oeconomy of Living, Inconsistencies in Behaviour, or a Ridiculousness of Humour, are Subjects which Authors have often treated of, and expos'd the various Errors and Foibles of them with much Judgment and great Pleasantry; but I do not remember that any Writer has attributed the general Follies of human Nature to any one general Cause, and by shewing Mankind from what Original they are deduced, give them an Opportunity to guard against them. I will not pretend to lay it down as a Maxim, the Truth of which cannot be controverted; but I think I may venture to believe, that the Errors and Follies of human Nature chiefly arise from a Want of consulting the Bent of our Nature, and a proper Examination of what is most adapted to the Capacity of our Genius. The Motto prefix'd to this Paper is allowed to be the most just Rule in Criticism, and an excellent Advice to Authors.

—Consult

— Consult your Genius well;  
 Think where it most may fail, or most excell.

Nor can I think this Rule less just for the Conduct of Life than the Method of Writing; but that the Advice is as excellent, when apply'd to the Generality of Mankind, as when apply'd to the Practice of Poets or Historians: For I am induced to think, that most of the Mistakes which People commit in their Conduct, are entirely owing to their mistaking of their own Talents, and a ridiculous Ambition to appear in Scenes and Characters of Life, for which their *Nature* and *Genius* could never intend them: Of this at least I am certain, would all act more agreeable to their natural Genius, their Behaviour would not so frequently appear so inconsistent with Reason.

FEW there are but are endowed by Nature and Education with such Faculties as might render them useful and agreeable to Society, if they were properly employ'd; but by an unhappy *Misapplication* of them, such an Absurdity must appear, as consequently excites a Ridicule and Contempt, *Moliere*, the French Comick Poet, who was an excellent Judge of Mankind, has in one of his Plays given a strong and pleasing Instance of the Folly Men commit, when they would appear in any Character which they are not equal to. It is with great Humour that he has drawn a weak Citizen mad with the simple Ambition of turning Gentleman; for to polish that Plainness of Behaviour and Impoliteness of Speech, which he contracted behind the Counter, he is caress'd by Courtiers who borrow his Money, and surrounded with Masters of Sciences and Languages, who are paid for diverting themselves with his awkward Industry to become accomplished. The Poet may perhaps, in some of the Scenes, have drawn the Picture of the *Cit* larger than Life, to adapt it more properly to the Stage; yet, as the Character is founded originally on Truth, the more Absurdities that are flung into it, serve to make the Folly of it more glaring, and at the same Time more instructive.

IT

IT is not to the imaginary Invention of Authors alone that we owe the Descriptions of Persons, who become ridiculous from a wrong Application of their Talents; we have every Day fatal Examples of Citizens ruin'd by an Ambition of becoming *Gentlemen*, and though they may have no *Dancing, Fencing or Singing* Masters attending them, yet are full as contemptible as *Moliere's* Cit, by an affected Costliness in their Dress, or a luxurious Extravagance at their Tables. My Friend, *Will. Epicure*, is one of this last Turn of Temper; when in his Shop, or in his Counting-House, no Man seems of a Genius better adapted to Trade; you see him in a short Time transact a great deal of Business, and all of it with the greatest Ease to himself, and Satisfaction to others; his Punctuality to the minutest Affair prevents a Hurry, and by his regular Method with his Dealers, you would think that in every Scene of Life he must be a frugal and wise Man: But with all this prudential Decorum, *Will.* is foolish enough to set a Value on himself, that he *eats and drinks* as well at his *own Table* as e'er a Man of *Quality* of the Realm. Did he confine this Notion to himself, and a few private Friends, there would be no Occasion to complain of the Elegance of his *Taste*; but he is so unfortunate, as to call in Men of *Quality* to be *Judges* of it; hence the Extravagance of his Table is not only inconsistent with his Character and Fortune, but he consequently becomes the Dupe of all those genteel Connoisseurs in good Eating, who chuse to have an elegant Meal at the Expence only of commending it. Had *Will. Epicure* an Ambition to shew his Judgment in those Things only to which his Character and Genius led him, he might not indeed be reputed to have an elegant *Taste* in Cookery, but then he would be esteemed a prudent and wealthy Man: But if this Misapplication of his Talents should turn into a fix'd Habit, I am afraid he will fulfill the Proverb, and be literally said to have *eat himself out of House and Home*.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Remonstrances that can be made to him, Mr. *Woudbee* is mad to appear in a Scene of Life for which he is not in the least proper: With a moderate genteel Estate he is at present improving his Fortune in the Country, and bears the Character of  
having

having an admirable Genius for a *Husbandman*, and a *Grazier* : But so profitable an Application of his Genius will not content him : he has resolved on being a *Senator* ; and as he knows how to improve our *Land*, has a strong Opinion he can improve our *Politicks* ; and has been heard lately to affirm, with much Vehemence, that there is a strict Analogy between a *Great Grazier* and a *Great Statesman*, for that he who knows how to send a Drove of Cattle fit for Sale to *Smithfield*, has Talents to have a proper Set of Persons return'd for his Service at *W\*\*\*\*\**. I will not examine the Justice of this Comparison, yet dare venture to affirm, if he persists in being a Candidate for the Senate, he will be ruin'd, either by his Disappointment or Success, and by commencing a very dull Politician, spoil an admirable experienced Farmer.

BUT besides these Errors in the Oeconomy of Life, by mistaking their Talents, nothing is more frequent than for Persons to run into inconsistent Foibles in their common Behaviour. EUGENIO is a Gentleman of Learning, and from his Studies has attained such Knowledge, as can make his Conversation instructive and agreeable : On Topicks of Religion, or Natural or Moral Philosophy, he has a Talent that is peculiarly engaging : If History becomes the Subject, by his thorough Acquaintance with antient as well as modern Writers, the Observations which he makes shew his quick Sense and sound Judgment. There is one Thing he is far less happy in ; he has a very bad Taste for Poetry ; his Quotations of it are ill-judg'd, and worse repeated ; yet such an Infatuation possesses him, that he not only flatters himself he is a good Judge of Poetry, but that he repeats it so well, that, to the Pity of his Friends, and Ridicule of Strangers, he is often tempted to repeat his own. Would *Eugenio* be but once convinced, that his Talents were no Ways adapted to the Muses, he would in all Companies be a most agreeable Companion ; but by persevering in that erroneous Foible, he gives more Pain than all his other Qualities can atone for.

IT may be ask'd, by what Rule Persons shall be able to form a Judgment, when it is that they make a Misapplication of their Talents, since they of themselves are induced

induced by a Self-Flattery to think that which others esteem an Absurdity in Behaviour, is an agreeable Accomplishment. The Rule is very obvious, but it requires some Degree of *Good Sense* to put it in Practice: Absolute Fools and Blockheads will obstinately remain so; but those who have *Common Sense* in every other Respect, except in the *Foible* which has touch'd their Heart, may, on a little Reflection, easily determine when their *Genius* is misapplied: For to judge whether our *Behaviour* and *Manners* are absurd or engaging, we need only observe, what Kind of general Reception we meet with: Others can form a more just Opinion of our Faculties than our selves; therefore, if we observe any Coolness or Indifference from Strangers, at any Part of Behaviour in which we imagine ourselves *entertaining* and *agreeable*; or, if in what we may think we excel, we receive private Hints from our Friends; we have mistook our Talents; we ought in Prudence to make such Incidents an *immediate Rule* to correct our *Foible*.

BUT instead of studying Rules to correct the little *Inconsistencies* in the *Conduct* of Life, I wish all Men would practise *one Maxim* only, which would prevent their running into the common *Foible* of mistaking their Talents: It is this; I would have Mankind have more Ambition to shew the World that they have a *good Heart*, and *good Principles*, than a *good Head* and *good Taste*: It is not given to all, to excel in *Wit*, or *Humour*, or *Learning*, or *Politeness*; but it is in every one's Power to have *Virtue* and *Honesty*: Without *these*, all other Accomplishments are vain; and with *these*, without any other Accomplishments, every Person shall be honoured with the *Love* and *Esteem* of Mankind in general.

Vehementer



Vehementer amor multitudinis movetur ipsa fama et opinione.

*Cicero.*

*The Multitude is violently swayed by Report and Prejudice.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

**N**O Malady is so universal as Prejudice, yet nothing is so universally disown'd; all Men see the ill Consequence of it; and therefore most Men, in their Evidence of Facts and Opinions, endeavour to convince you primarily that they are untainted with it, in order to bespeak your Attention in their Favour; or, in other Words, to create that Prejudice in you, which they boast to be free from themselves.

NOW, there is no greater Symptom of Prejudice to be found, than a Man's declaring he has totally subdued it: 'Tis so deeply rooted in the human Constitution, from Nature, Education, Habit and Fashion, that I verily believe no Art, Toil, or Vigilance, can absolutely get the Mastery. — It is so intimately blended with the Passions, wears such an Infinity of Disguises, appears often so like Reason, nay Virtue itself, that 'tis hardly possible to discriminate one from the other; of Course, may lie not only conceal'd, but may be industriously cherish'd by that very Heart, which would be thought the greatest Stranger to its Influence.

'TIS, nevertheless, of so perverse a Disposition, that wherever it has possessed the Gates, Truth can never find Entrance; or, if admitted, it will be on Consent, without Credentials or Examination; and on the said Terms, Falshood or Error may safely presume on the same Favour: However firmly possessed then of the Mind, or fast leagued with the Passions; however impracticable it

it may be to expel it entirely, 'tis our Duty, nay our Interest, to trace it thro' its whole Labyrinth of Subtlety ; and, like *Proteus*, hunt it thro' all its Changes, 'till we have reduced it to its own proper Form.

I don't know whether it can be said to be born with us ; but 'tis discoverable in our Instincts, before we can be said to have the Use of our Reason ; and, if it is not the same with Self-Love, its Features bear so near a Resemblance to it, that they are hardly to be known asunder. Our first Prejudices are in our own Favour, and we as naturally and necessarily prefer ourselves, as we seek our own Preservation, or Pleasure, prior to that of others : Thus, having learned to love ourselves best, our next Endeavour is to find out that we deserve it most : And here we play the Hypocrite even with ourselves, and not only desire to be esteemed more considerable than our Neighbours, but persuade our own Thoughts that this Pre-eminence is our Due : To this End, as 'tis shrewdly observed, with one End of the Perspective we magnify our Virtues, with the other diminish our Frailties and Vices, and just reverse the Experiment, with the Vices and Virtues, of those that are within Reach of the invidious Comparison.

'TIS true, some there are who seem to think meanly of themselves, and greatly of every Body else ; but this is either thro' some natural Timidity of Temper, or else the Consequence of their Situation in the World ; born and bred to serve, brow-beat and inured to Indignities from their Cradle, and taught to reverence every accidental Superior as a Petty-God : Neither must we conclude from hence, that even these seeming Wretches have not a secret Reserve of Pride, which adjusts all within, and bestows that Self-Complacency we vainly imagine they have no Idea of. Vanity, though obnoxious to Ridicule, when apparent to the World, is, perhaps, as sure a Guide to Happiness, as Philosophy herself ; and where one cannot assist us, Providence has benignly substituted the other.

NEXT to these Instincts in our Behalf, our Families, Friends, Benefactors, and Admirers, put in for a Share ; we even extend them to the Places of our Birth ; to the Principles of our Education, the Opinions we have imbibed,

bibed, the Customs of the Country where we were born ; and, in short, to every Thing we have been used to love and admire : To attack any of these, is to wound us in the tenderest Part ; we cannot bear it with Patience ; as we have enlarged our own Feelings as far as this whole Circle reaches, like the Spider in the Centre of her Web, we are alarmed at the first Motion that shakes the remotest Line, and fly out to defend the weakest and strongest Parts alike.

SOME of these last-mention'd Prejudices the Politicians have laid the strongest Hold of, and, instead of discountenancing them, have applauded them as meritorious. Among these, the Principal are our Religion and Constitution ; both of which, in almost all Countries, are taught to be faultless and infallible. — But this, perhaps, is far from giving any real Satisfaction to either ; and 'tis not impossible to prove, that the Narrownesses which have flowed from these Premises, have been the Source of the greatest Calamities that ever afflicted the Universe : Distinctions of Man from Man, by Name and Opinion, never fail to create Jealousies and Animosities ; and while *French* and *English*, *Protestant* and *Catholick*, are the Terms of Debate, human Nature is forgot ; and those who call themselves *Christians*, practise what *Lions* and *Foxes* would disdain.

AS Prejudice rarely admits Truth, Truth absolutely renounces all Fellowship with Prejudice : If therefore the genuine Interest of the World was the sole View of those who pretend to the Direction of it, they would enter into a general Combination to make Men happy on the noblest Principles ; would endeavour to reconcile Mankind, not divide in order to destroy it. — But 'tis easier to take Advantage of Men's Foibles to circumvent them, than to form such a comprehensive System of Government, as should center the Interest and Importance of every Individual in that of the whole.

TO proceed ; Prejudice is to the Mind what false Mediums of Sight are to the Body : 'Tis as impossible to judge of what we don't comprehend, as 'tis to determine the Colour or Figure of an Object we don't perfectly see ; we may guess, indeed, at both ; but the least Mistake in our Premises, will render our Conclusions false and absurd.

furd. To take Opinions or Characters on Trust, is to take the Shadow for the Substance, the Description for the Reality ; in Opinions this is an Affront to ourselves ; in Characters, it may be an Injury to others : Yet nothing is more frequent than Mistakes of this Kind ; and what is worst of all, those who have the least Evidence, are, generally speaking, the most dogmatical and presuming ; the most tenacious of their Assertions, the most impatient of Contradiction, and the most vain of making Profelytes. — Authorities and Numbers help to keep Error in Countenance ; but Truth and Impartiality have no Interest to serve but that of Mankind ; and, if we will not open our Eyes to our own Advantage, they can lament our Unhappiness, but not call upon God to punish our Perverseness.

IN Matters of Opinion then, and Matters of Fact, we should be directed by our own Conceptions, as we trust to our own Eyes, in keeping the Path, or admiring the Landscape : I can never be persuaded but that Providence has taken as much Care of the Mind as the Body, and enabled us to determine as exactly of Ideas as of Objects. But as we make these fatal Mistakes in Doctrines, we are no less guilty even in Characters : In this one Particular I will venture to copy *Montaigne*, and write from what I have experienced in myself. However zealously I oppose Prejudice ; however desirous I am to get the better of it, to my Sorrow I declare, it still obliges me to be it's Vassal : At my Friends, and those whose Accomplishments and Virtues I have been used to admire, I look through a Prism ; every Thing they do, every Thing they say, has a Glory round it that dazzles my Judgment ; or, at least, so gilds an Imperfection, that it carries with it its own Excuse. On the other Hand, on those whom I have, or think I have no Reason to love or esteem, I look through a Mist ; all is dark and distasteful ; every Fault is aggravated, and hardly any Glimmering of Beauty appears to challenge my Approbation. — Nay, so very irregular and capricious are my Sentiments, during some Intervals, that the very same Person wears a quite different Aspect ; and the Portrait I should draw of him at one Time, would not resemble, in any one Feature, what I had persuaded myself was his exact Similitude before.

IF then I may presume, Sir, to judge of others by myself, our immediate Concerns mingle so intimately in all our Estimates of this Kind, that we ought hardly to give Credit to our own Evidence: I have heard a Man who affects great Gsavity, and would be thought little less than a second *Socrates*, describe his Friend one Day, as a Man of finish'd Understanding and exalted Morality, and the next degrade him as a Creature beneath Contempt, without one Virtue or Accomplishment. — Would you know the Reason of this Difference? He has dar'd to oppose his Dogma's, and has dropt some severe Things upon Affectation and Hypocrisy.

I HAVE known others so bigotted to their Tenets, (not what they really did believe, but what they fancied they believ'd) that, when drove out of every Subterfuge, and when stript of every Fallacy as bare as *Adam* found himself when he first sinned, have yet obstinately persisted in Contradictions, and blunder'd on in a Chain of wretched, low Prevarications, without Ingenuity to come over to the Truth, or Wit to palliate their Opposition; sacrificing their Honesty to their Pride, and enduring the Shame of a Defeat without the Merit of complimenting the Victor.

I REMEMBER to have read the Story of a Man, who, a considerable Way up the River, affected to have so good Eyes, as to see (to the Admiration of his Company) what o'Clock it was by the Dial of *St. Paul's*; but when they came within the Reach of vulgar Sight, it appear'd the Hand was not on the Dial. — A loud Laugh ensued; but this excellent Speculatist was not to be disconcerted so; no, he vehemently insisted on the Fact, and added with an Oath, he had seen the Point taken off since.

TO conclude: With Characters of this positive Turn, a Man had better laugh than argue; for tho' nothing is harder than to make him a Profelyte to Truth, nothing is easier than to render him ridiculous: If then there's a Man to be found, who not only wilfully persists in his own Prejudices, but importunately teazes others to adopt them, let him be avoided as a Being of such Malevolence, as would propagate the Itch thro' a whole Parish, because he was tormented with it himself; first giving  
him

him to understand for his effectual Mortification, that, unless he doubted of his most confident Assertions, he would not so frequently bring them on the Tapis ; and that, of Course, instead of aiming to convince others, his principal Business was to be justified to himself.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

CANDIDUS



————— Malis  
Divulsus queremoniis  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

*Hor. lib. 1. od. 13.*

*Unbroken by Complaints or Strife,  
E-v'n to the latest Hours of Life.*

Francis,

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**T**HERE is no Topic more common in Conversation, nor any Subject more frequently treated of in Writing, than the *Happiness* and *Unhappiness* of Marriage. It is by all confess'd, that nothing can equal the Felicity of the Married State, when two Persons mutually loving and belov'd, give and receive all the engaging Demonstrations of a reciprocal Tendernefs and Good-Nature ; nor is it, on the contrary, by the most strenuous Advocates for Matrimony deny'd, that a Life in Wedlock, where the Affections of the Soul are never mutual, is of all *Miseries* the *greatest*. Thus Marriage is generally consider'd in its Extremes ; and they who defend it, or inveigh against it, seem not to allow of any Medium : As for myself, though for many circumstantial Reasons, I continue a *Batchelor*, I am, and have always been of Opinion, that there is no true Enjoyment

of Life without Marriage: And I think that the Miseries which are attributed to that State, arise chiefly from *imaginary Causes*, or from the Want of a proper *Regulation* of the *Passions*: It is my Belief therefore, that those Persons, who, by being join'd to any particular Man or Woman, become so very miserable, would not be much more happy was that Obligation dissolv'd, and they had their free Choice to marry again. I am apprehensive that this Supposition may seem somewhat absurd, yet I have not advanced it without some Kind of Authority; for many are the *Widows* and *Widowers*, who, during their first Marriage, vehemently exclaim'd against the Miseries which attended it, yet have soon enter'd into a second, in which they have not been the least more sensible of Felicity.

I WAS led into these Reflections, by musing on an Argument which an *old Batchelor* urged this Evening in Conversation against Marriage in general. *That trite Observation*, says he, *that had one Priest the Power and Privilege to unmarry, it would be the best Benefice in the Kingdom, is to me a rational Proof, that all Marriages are more or less unhappy; nor do I believe there are any two Fools in the Nation, who have been coupled a Week, but would with much Satisfaction and Gladness of Heart pay a Visit to the Doctor.* I then began to make some Observations on his Scheme; but he was so diverted with the Jest of the *Uncoupling Parson*, and of the Benefit he would be to Mankind, that as I could not be heard calmly, I reserv'd the Subject for my own private Contemplation. It was hence that the Sentiments of the introductory Paragraph occur'd to me; and as I was smiling at my old Batchelor's *Unmarrying Project*, I began whimsically to entertain myself with a wild Imagination of what a Scene might be produced, and what the Consequences of it would be, if my Friend's Scheme could in Reality be put in Practice. When the Thoughts are intensely employed, and all the Faculties of the Soul confin'd to one Point, *Fancy* can present to our Eyes such strong, imaginary Objects, as to have all the Force of Reality. By the Aid of this *Ideal Goddess*, I was, methought, convey'd into some Fields adjacent to a great Metropolis, from which great Numbers of Men and Women,

Women, join'd together in Couples, seem'd to hasten. They all took one Route towards a Temple, which was erected in the Middle of a spacious Plain : 'Tho' they all seem'd to be fetter'd together like Felons, and very uneasy at their Restraint, yet there appeared a visible Joy in most of their Countenances, and by the frequent eager Looks they cast toward, the Temple, shew'd that the Object of their Wishes was center'd there. I could not contain my Curiosity, but enquir'd of a grave single Gentleman the Meaning of such a Procession. ' I thought, ' Sir, (replies he) that you could not possibly be ignorant ' of so remarkable an Occurrence, but was come as well ' as me and others to make Remarks, and see the Issue of ' it : Know then, as you have not been inform'd of it, ' that the Gods, weary'd with the Complaints of un- ' reasonable Mortals, have granted their Prayers, and ' have erected that Dome, in which a High Priest attends ' six successive Days to *unmarry* whoever may come to ' him : This is the last Day, and though the Multitude ' is so very great, it does not exceed the Numbers of the ' Days preceding. As you are alone, if you will accept ' of me for a Companion, I will perform the Office of ' an Interpreter, and explain some Passages to you, which ' may be entertaining as well as instructive.' I readily accepted his Proposal, and he conducted me into the Temple, and situated me in such a convenient Place, that I could hear and see all that pass'd at the Altar, where the High Priest attended. The Temple was now near full, and the Ceremonies began as soon as the first Pair offered themselves to have the *Gordian Knot of Matrimony* unloosed. The whole Form was short and expressive ; the Dissolution of the Banes of Marriage were publish'd ; and as no one forbid the Divorce, by assigning any Reason that they should continue still marry'd, the Priest asked, if they both assented to a Separation ; and on their answering in the Affirmative, he turn'd the Face of the *Man* full *North*, and that of the *Woman* full *South* ; then crying, *Part for ever*, they both marched off with their Divorce fully ratify'd.— ' There, cries ' my Companion, there is a notable Example of the *Vicissitude* of the *human Passions* : That Pair which you ' just now saw divorced, marry'd two Years ago against

the Advice of their Parents for *Love* alone: He, like a true Knight-Errant, scaled her Chamber-Window, carried away his distressed Lady, and they were married at an infamous Place, where such Ceremonies are *clandestinely* performed; after this they lived like two *Turtles*, ever *cooing*, and *fondling*, and *playing*.

‘ *Such a Husband, such a Wife,*  
 ‘ *’Twas Acme and Septimius’s Life.*’

What then, Sir, (reply’d I) could occasion so mutual a Satisfaction in their being so soon separated? — ‘ You shall soon see; but first let me observe to you, that your very *violent Lovers* before Marriage seldom prove very happy in it; they, indeed, for some Time give an unbounded Loose to their *Passions*; but as Matrimonial Love is founded on a more generous System than the mere Gratification of our Appetites, they find their Desires pall, insensible of any other Enjoyment than that of *Beauty*; as that becomes familiar to them, they gradually sink into Indifference, which soon ends in a thorough Hatred. The Foundation of such Love at first, is in Truth nothing but *Vice*, and the major Part of this Crowd of People, who come to be *unmarry’d*, are immediately *marry’d* again to others; so that they hate Marriage only as Confinement to *one Person*, and seem to covet a licentious *Polygamy*. — You see that Couple, so lately separated, already provided for; the fond Husband goes yonder, Arm in Arm, with his Wife’s Chambermaid, while the fond Wife marches off on the other Side with a young Officer in the Army.’

—— The next Pair, which apply’d to have their Banes dissolved, gave me much Surprize; they were two antient People, and as loaded with Infirmities as they were stricken in Years: But, notwithstanding their being weak and decrepid, they hobbled up to the Priest with an Alacrity which shew’d they put their best Foot foremost. — What (cried I) can these Wretches mean to seek a *Divorce* here, which *Death* must soon give them in their Beds? — ‘ Here, says my Friend, you see that to the *Depravity of Human Nature*, Death only can put an End: This old Man and Woman are famous for  
 ‘ being

' being the greatest *Matrimony Mongers* in the Kingdom ;  
 ' he is her *sixth Husband*, and she his *sixth Wife* ; they  
 ' make up a *hundred and sixty-six* Years between them ;  
 ' the Match was propos'd by their Neighbours for the  
 ' Similitude of their Ages and Fortunes, and they were  
 ' coupled together for a *Joke* ; they have therefore taken  
 ' this Opportunity to regain their Freedom, and dispose  
 ' of themselves more suitable to their juvenile Inclina-  
 ' tions.' — I was so shock'd at this Account, that I  
 was just going to forbid the Dissolution of the Banes, but  
 was prevented by a young Woman who jostled thro' the  
 Throng, and with an audible Voice repeated, *I forbid*  
*the Divorce, I forbid the Divorce* : This Accident rais'd  
 our Attention, and I was anxious for the Consequence of  
 it. The young Damsel had now reach'd the Place of  
 Ceremony, and insisted that no *Dissolution* might be al-  
 low'd ; for that the old Man was her *Grandfather*, and  
 would not give her the Portion he had promis'd her,  
 thereby preventing her Marriage to a young Man he had  
 betroth'd her to ; and the sole Reason of it was, that if  
 he could be *divorced* from his *Dame*, he would settle  
 the Money design'd for her, as well as all the rest of his  
 Estate, on a young *Minx*, whom he had an Intention to  
*marry*. — The old Man deny'd not the Charge, and  
 the old Dame said it was no lawful Objection ; but both  
 urg'd for their *Divorce*, as they both came by mutual  
 Consent, and were both ready to give sufficient Reasons  
 for their claiming it. As such Reasons were thought to  
 be pretty extraordinary, the Priest enquir'd what they  
 might be ; they both unanimously insisted they were  
 never *lawfully* and *truly* marry'd ; therefore, as there had  
 been a material *Error* in the Ceremony, the whole Mar-  
 riage ought to be set aside. On being ask'd what that  
 Defect might be, they both eagerly reply'd, that the  
 Priest had omitted the necessary and material Form,  
 where he should have wished them to *encrease* and *multi-  
 ply*. — So unexpected a Plea rais'd a general Laugh,  
 however, as they insisted on it, it was allow'd, on Con-  
 dition the old Man should pay his Grandaughter's Por-  
 tion : He consented ; the *Gaffer* and his *Dame* were  
 turn'd *North* and *South* ; and the one went chuckling  
 away with his *young Minx*, and the other hobbled,  
smirking

smirking up to a young Country Lad, put a Bag of Money in his Hand, and trotted off with much Consolation.

TO these succeeded another Couple, who having always maintain'd an exemplary Character for conjugal Prudence and Affection, drew on them the Eyes and Admiration of all.

AS soon as they approach'd the Altar, there appear'd some Reluctance in the Woman; she look'd on the Man with an Earnestness which betray'd she had too much Love to think of separating herself from him. ' Behold there, says my Interpreter, an Instance of Jealousy; that Woman is distractedly fond of her Husband, yet for some unjust Suspicions that he is engaged in an Amour, she has lately made his Life entirely uneasy; for notwithstanding she has Prudence enough to conceal this violent Passion from the Observation of the World, she is in private continually tormenting him with false Accusations: This Procedure has occasion'd a Coldness on his Part, which still aggravates her Surmises: Mutual Bickerings have caus'd frequent Wishes on both Sides, that there could be a Possibility of being unmarried: Their Wishes are at last granted, and we shall now see in what Manner they will behave.' He had no sooner spoke, than the Priest was just beginning the Ceremonial; they both seem'd dissatisfy'd, and viewed one another, as if they repented of their Rashness, yet were too obstinate to make such a Confession: They were no sooner separated according to the Form prescribed, but they met again at the lower End of the Temple, and after a little Conversation the Woman was heard to repeat this Couplet with much Tenderness and Passion:

*Such Oddities and Charms you have about you,  
I cannot live nor with you,—nor without you.*

The Man kiss'd her with much Fondness, and they withdrew together to have the Marriage Knot again tied, which in the Height of Passion they had so often wish'd to have been dissolved.

I WAS

I WAS reflecting on the Scene which had just pass'd before my Eyes, and observing to my Companion, that the Desire in married Persons of dissolving the sacred Knot, oftner arose from imaginary Causes, or irregular Passions, than from any Admiration of a single Life : At which *Instant* some one knocking at my Chamber Door, the Temple vanish'd, and I found myself in my Elbow Chair.



Nihil homini amico 'st opportuno amicus.

*Plaut. Epid.*

*A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

EVERY Body boasts of *Friendship*, but few know it ; scarce any one but advances Maxims necessary to inculcate it, but scarce any one performs the Duty of it : They who commend it, honour themselves ; and they who know it, too generally find in it their own Condemnation. The Praises which are constantly given to Friendship, and the Respects it receives from the most barbarous Nations, are irreproachable Testimonies of its Excellence ; but the more excellent it is, 'tis so much the more necessary to be understood and truly practis'd.

NOTHING is more prophan'd than the Name of Friendship : Men, who have an Insensibility to esteem Merit and Virtue, will call themselves Friends, when they are only Associates in *Interest* and *Pleasure* ; but true Amity must arise from a perfect Union of Hearts formed at first by Desert and Goodness, and confirm'd by a Resemblance of Manners ; every other Band makes but a mercenary Society. It is therefore a very gross, thought

though very common Error, to confound Friendship with that kind of ordinary Intercourse, which Alliances, Employments, Business, and the Conveniencies or Diversions of Life, beget among Men. Common Exchange of Visits, of Compliments, and Concernments for one another, cannot come under the Title of Friendship. Civil Society has introduced such a mutual Correspondence, and it can only be blam'd for its Extravagance when it is distinguish'd by the Name of Friendship, which is merely *common Complaisance*. The Bounds of common Complaisance are far more extensive than those of Friendship; for we may be easy of Access, and receive the Visits of many with much Civility; yet, if we would converse with real Friends only, we must be solicitous but for the Company of a few.

SEVERAL Philosophers, who have made Friendship their Study, affirm, that it can only subsist between two Persons, and that more would destroy it; for they say, that between Friends the Union must be so perfect, that the two Bodies must be animated by one Soul. They again argue against a *Plurality* in Friendship, from the Inconsistencies of Mens Tempers: A Man, say they, can scarce agree with himself long; he hurries suddenly from an immoderate Joy to an immoderate Grief; he contemns that at Night, which in the Morning he pursued with Impatience: If then it requires a large Share of Wisdom to make him not inconstant to himself, how much more is necessary to bring him to an absolute Agreement with another? If he can arrive at that, it is his *Ne plus ultra*; should he think of advancing on, and making a more extensive Union, it would become impossible, as the Passions, Whims and Motives of Men, have Springs too different for *four* or *five* Persons in the same State, to move with an equal Pace to the same End.

AS plausible as these Reasons may seem, upon founding them, there is no great Matter in them: I do not disagree, that the Friendship is better founded, and less liable to Accidents which are inseparable from human Life, which is between *two* Friends, than that which extends to a greater Number; but yet I cannot hold it impossible to extend it to more. Experience may confute the most  
subtle

suble Reasonings ; and that shews us, that a Mother loves five or six Children at the same Time, and that the same Tendernefs which fills her with Care to bring them up, does not hinder her from doing all that lies in her Power to preserve her aged Father ; the Joy which she has to see the one grow strong and thrive, does not render her insensible of the Grief she has to see the other grow weaker and weaker, and die. Though the very Being of Friendship consists in the uniting of the *Wills*, yet it is not impossible to join more than two of them together ; 'tis enough if we can find for them one common Centre, whither all their Motions may tend alike, and where they may meet and be undistinguish'd : This common Centre is Virtue ; therefore, though several may pursue her by different Roads, yet as all are animated, excited, and led on singly by her, they may be said to have but one Soul, which is the only Principle of their Affections and Desires. If States and Families can assemble so many Men in large Bodies, all prompted with one Resolution to engage together for the same End ; and if Reason alone can have such an Influence on People who meet by Chance, what Prevalence may not Reason have over those who made Choice of it themselves for the Love they bore to *Virtue*. It may be said, that on my Principles all *honest Men* are *Friends*, as *Virtue* is the Spring that moves them all : I own the Consequence is exact in Relation to *Esteem* ; for if all good Men were acquainted with one another, they would value one another, and undoubtedly where the Knowledge is mutual, the Esteem is the same : But though Esteem is so much the Ground-work of Friendship, that it cannot subsist without it, yet it is also as true, that bare Esteem will not beget Friendship. *Esteem* is a Judgment which the Mind makes of Merit, which it is sensible of ; *Friendship* is an Inclination of the Heart towards an Object which the Mind recommends to her as worthy of Esteem, and which the Heart itself finds a great Satisfaction in : It is not therefore sufficient to have an Esteem for a Person to become his Friend, though such Esteem should grow up to *Admiration* ; you must be engaged by some taking Thing in his Behaviour, which is more easy to feel than express ; or, you may admire a Man as long as you live,

yet

yet you will never make him your Friend ; his Manners and Wit may gain your good Opinion, but it must be his Temper and Humour which will insensibly allure your Friendship.

BUT it may be enquir'd of what Use is Friendship, if it is not an Association for mutual Interest or Pleasure, by which are meant a mercenary Profit or a vicious Amusement: The principal Fruit of Friendship, my Lord *Bacon* justly defines to be the Ease and Discharge of the Fulness and Swellings of the Heart, which Passions of all Kinds occasion: For as Diseases of Stoppings and Suffocations are the most dangerous in the Body, so they are not much otherwise in the Mind. You may take *Sarza*, adds he, to open the Liver, *Steel* to open the *Spleen*, Flower of *Sulphur* for the Lungs, and *Castoreum* for the *Brain*; but no Receipt openeth the Heart but a true Friend, to whom you may impart Griefs, Joys, Fears, Hopes, Suspicions, Counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the Heart, to oppress it, in a Kind of civil *Shrift* or *Confession*. This Fruit of Friendship, Kings and mighty Potentates are observ'd to purchase at a high Rate, even at the Hazard of their own Safety and Greatness: For Princes, in Regard of the Distance of their Fortune from that of their Subjects and Servants, cannot gather the *Fruit*, except, to make some Persons capable of it, they raise some Persons to be, as it were, Companions, and almost Equals to themselves, which generally produce great Inconveniencies to the State, and Trouble to themselves: These Persons are, in our modern Languages, styl'd *Favourites*, as if it were a Matter of Grace and Conservation: But the *Roman* Name attaineth the Time, Use and Cause thereof, naming them *Participes Curarum*, the *Partakers* of their *Cares*, for it is that which tyeth the Knot: And we see plainly, that this hath been done not by weak and passionate Princes only, but by the wisest and most politick that ever reign'd; who have oftentimes join'd to themselves some of their Servants, whom both themselves have called *Friends*, and allow'd and commanded others likewise to call them in the same Manner, using the Word which is receiv'd between private Men.

BUT

BUT the Use of Friendship, which is faithful and impartial Counsel, Men in a private Life enjoy in a far nobler Degree than Statesmen and Princes : To these latter Flattery is too often address'd under the specious Title of Friendship ; in a middle Rank of Life the Counsels of Friends are more affectionate and disinterested : The Counsel which Friends should communicate chiefly, should concern our *Manners* or our *Business* ; when it relates to the first, it is the best Preservative to keep the Mind in Health ; for faithful Admonition is a Cordial to the Heart, when a Man's calling himself to a strict Account may prove a Medicine too piercing and corrosive.



—Quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus.

*Hor. Art. Poet.*

*Honest Homer sometimes slumbers o'er his Muse.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

YOU gave us in two Papers a Kind of Vision about unmarrying ; which has introduced into Conversation a Dispute, whether there can be such a Thing as dreaming awake, which is the System that you lay down in two late Papers. Some averr'd, that all Authors had a discretionary Power of slumbering over their Standish, and pretending a Vision in a great Chair, at the Time they are broad awake. I will not venture to ascertain whether there is a Possibility of having the real Slumbers of a sound Mind truly instructive, or whether it is the Justness of the Imagination in the Morning which creates instructive Resemblances ; yet I may say, that I believe there is a Possibility that Authors may write when they are *asleep*, though I affirm not they write as well *asleep* as *awake* : But not confining my Sentiments to Authors only, I am of Opinion that very few Persons, of what Sex soever, are in the  
Height

Height of their Pursuit of Pleasure or Business *rightly awake.*

IF we have Regard to the best Criterion of Men's Actions, which is Experience, it will teach us that we have a Power of exerting every Faculty of the Mind in our Sleep. In this we speak, talk, laugh, weep, and, indeed, feel the sharpest Pains and most lively Pleasures imaginable. Many also are said to sleep with their Eyes broad open; and though they see *nothing* during that Interval of Time, are said to see as much as many who claim to themselves all the Powers of Opticks. It is also acknowledged, both by the Ancients and Moderns, that the Imaginations in our Sleep arise from our Constitution, our Temper of Mind, our Circumstances in Life, or Business of the Day, which are what are vulgarly call'd our *waking* Thoughts and Actions; and there are some common Sentences in our common Language which give a Sanction to my Opinion. Though a Man is thoroughly awake, yet when any Thing is told him of an unexpected Happiness, it is natural to call out—*It is all a Dream—Indeed, Sir, it is a Dream to me.* On the other Hand, some who are surprized at an Accident, cry out, *I never dreamt of such a Thing.* In the same Manner we put a Question when we find a Person talks wildly, and ask, *Are you in a Dream? Are you awake?*

THESE Arguments may seem too jocular, yet my Hypothesis seems more coherent in the Conduct of Mankind, than if they were to be consider'd as *awake.* Let any Person, entirely impartial in his Principles and Conduct, go into the most publick Places of Resort, and I believe he will scarce find many Persons who know what they say and what they do. As for my Part, I never enter a Coffee-House, but when I hear Discourses of Politicks, I think there are so many People talking in their Dreams to one another. On the first Night of a new Play, I imagine I am in a Hurly-burly Dream; and the noisy Contest, and noisy Applause, are Instances of a confused Sound in the Ear, without Sense or Connection. I also observe others, on the first Representation of new Performances, who sit profoundly unaffected, and seem to be in a deep Lethargy when a Sentence of the utmost Importance and Consideration is deliver'd. How

Mr.

Mr. *Spectator*, shall we account for this, if we imagine the *Spectators* at the Theatres, and the Orators at the Coffee-House, are in Reality *awake*. But besides these Examples, it has been said, that a Senator has harangu'd a solemn Assembly two Hours together, and never once discover'd any visible Token of his not being *asleep*: Yet I must not forget, that half his Audience, who were very wakeful before, have sunk into profound Slumbers, and several of them have been heard to snore with much Satisfaction.

I AM no Politician, and if I was, you I know are not one; yet you may venture to let me say, that other People say that we have been *all asleep* for some Time past: But if the Statesman, or the \*\*\*, or the \*\*\*, or any one hath been asleep when the Good of their Country demands they should be awake, I hope they will at last *rub* their Eyes, and be vigilant for *Old England*.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your humble Servant,*

MISO-SOMNUS.

P. S. You may chuse whether you will put this Postscript in or not; but I must take the Liberty, Mr. SPECTATOR, to tell you, that some of your Readers think you *doze* a little too much. Your Predecessor, in the long Vacation, claim'd *Dulness* by Design; but I humbly hope you will not lay Claim of *Dozing* by Design, lest you should, as well as doze yourself, make all your Readers go to *Sleep*.

MY Correspondent has advanced a Notion, which, however paradoxical it may seem, is ingenuous, and has Truth for its Basis. Mankind, notwithstanding all that Hurry and Importance they put on, if every Action is canvass'd, can be said in general to be but in a Dream. There are several young Fellows about St. James's and the *Two Temples*, who sleep out the best and most valuable Part of their Life, and seldom awake 'till they come to the Noon of it, perhaps at the Evening of it: On the contrary, some are vigilant enough, when they  
first

first appear in the World ; yet they begin to slumber in Manhood, and gradually fall into a profound Dream long before old Age : Some, indeed, take one long Nap from their Cradle to the Grave.

THERE is an Acquaintance of mine, of a humorous Turn of Temper, who affirms there is a Locality to Drowziness, and some Men sleep in one Place who seem very alert in another : Nay, he carries it farther, and says some different Postures and Situations will either give *Wit* and *Knowledge*, or *Dulness* and *Inexperience*. When I seem'd surpriz'd at this Particularity, he cry'd, ' Is this, Mr. STONECASTLE, so very extraordinary ? ' You know Sir WILLIAM WOUDBEE ; set him with ' a Standish and Pen and Ink before him at home in his ' own Study, and he is lively and awake ; he will not ' slumber there. — But place him with Pen, Ink and ' Paper before him at the Council-Board, and he'll doze ' immediately—What can be the Meaning, you ask— ' At home he writes Sonnets prettily ; at the Board he ' knows nothing to write.' There are, indeed, another Kind of Dreaming Courtiers, who, like other odd Dreamers, act as if they were not awake, when they are sleeping that very prudential and political Sleep, call'd a *Dog Sleep*.

FROM these Reflections some of my Readers may want to know what it is to be awake : That they may not judge falsely of themselves or Acquaintance, I will explain my Meaning. I shall observe then, that bodily Actions and Gestures, and most of the Operations of the Mind, may be perform'd with much Vivacity by any Person in their Sleep ; but in all the Activity (whether in Mind or Body) of a sleeping Man, there is always some Incoherence or Absurdity, which shews the Soul is not always attentive to all her own Performances. From hence it must be an undoubted Demonstration of any Man's being really *awake*, that he thinks and acts not only uniformly, but agreeably to sound Reason : Consequently when any one suffers an Intermission in the Exercise of his rational Faculties, it is the same Thing whether it happens to him when he is in Bed, or when he is walking in the Streets, talking in Company, haranguing in the Senate, or writing a Book ; whether the Drowzi-

ness proceeds from a Fatigue of the Animal Spirits, or from an innate Stupidity in the Understanding, it is all the same; for he is (for the Time) more or less asleep to all Intents and Purposes.

IT is not very unnatural to suppose from this Manner of moralizing on Mankind, that the greatest Part of the Lives of Men are nothing but distemper'd *Dreams*, which will not bear Examination, much less a Relation of them; and I am afraid the Majority of the World cannot aver, that the whole Course of their Conduct is consistent, and that all their Actions tend to some direct commendable Purpose; if they do not, the kindest Apologies that can be made for them, is to say, whenever they commit an Indiscretion, that they were, at that Instant, a little *drunken*. It is requisite for every one to be awake as much as possible; but so frail is human Nature, that I believe there is no one but may, at some Time or other, be caught *napping*. I have so little Vanity in regard to myself, that I conceive my Readers sometimes fancy me in a deep Sleep, or at least slumbering, when at the same Time I flatter myself that I am broad awake: I may indeed often nod; but I will take this Opportunity to let them know, that for the future, whenever I pen a Lucubration, it shall be in a Morning, and that I will not even trust myself in my Elbow Chair. This Declaration will be explain'd by the following Letter.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

YOU know what *Horace* says, on moving the Passions of Grief, that if you would have others weep, you must first weep yourself. On the same Principle give me Leave to tell you, if you would have your Readers awake, you must be awake yourself. Pray, good Sir, let us have no more of your *Dreams* and *Visions*; to prevent which, write your *Spectators* fasting in a Morning, and upon a Joint-Stool instead of an Elbow-Chair: This Advice may have a good Effect, though given in so homely a Manner.

*I am, Your's.*

Tantum



Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Lucretius.

*Such Dev'lish Acts Religion cou'd persuade.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the  
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**A**T a Time when a surprising *Enthusiasm* has spread itself through the Kingdom, I hope you will allow me to say something on that Subject, which will give a Proof to every rational Person, that an Enthusiastic Zeal is an Abuse of *Reason* and *Religion*. *Enthusiasm* implies an uncommon Pretence to *Religion* and *Sanctity*, and even *Divine Inspiration* itself; together with an evident Mixture of *Madness*, *Infatuation*, and *Uncharitableness*. After having given this Definition, I must observe, it is a very catching Evil, and spreads its Infection, with wonderful Celerity, through weak Minds, especially among the inferior People, who are eager to lay hold of any Opportunity to distinguish themselves by a particular Denomination, and become remarkable. This Delusion of the Mind has another considerable *Particularity*; which is, the most *impious*, as well as most *ridiculous* Notions, will be received with the greatest Veneration by a mad Set of Visionaries. There was, for Example, a Sect of *Enthusiasts*, who call'd themselves *Adamites*, who laid it down that it was absolutely necessary to become *godly*, to be *naked*, and to testify the *Purity* of their own *Hearts*, took a Fancy to imitate the *Innocency* of the State of our *first Parents*. Their Congregations were held in a warm private Room; they put off their Cloaths at the Door, and Men and Women and Priest, sat promiscuously on Benches without any the *least Covering*. These Congregational Assemblies were call'd *Love Meetings*; they sang particular *Hymns* of their own composing; and when their *Devotions*

tions were ended, they put on their Cloaths again, and went to their Houses in the *Sinfulness* of *Worldly Garments*.

BUT to shew how far the Delusions of a Man's Mind will carry *himself* and others in *religious Phrenzy*, and that there is no Remedy from *Reason* in such a Case, I will give you an Historical Account of one *William Hacket*, who was a *religious Enthusiast*, and inspired *Missionary*, in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*. From this Man's Life it will evidently appear, that a Person who pretends to have the *Spirit* is above all Arguments; he *feels* it, and *you* must *believe* he does *feel* it: Not only so, you must also *believe* that you *yourself* feel it; and being blind to *his* Inspiration, be convinced that *you* are inspired too; to prove which, you must give the same Kind of Evidence, which, though not rational, must be affirm'd as infallible. But without farther Preface, I shall give a Relation of this sanctified *Missionary*, which is taken from *Monf. Bayle's* Narrative of him,

*WILLIAM HACKET* became first remarkable on the following Occasion: He was Servant to a Gentleman, who being affronted by a School-Master, this zealous Servant, to revenge the Offence done him, bit off the School-Master's *Nose*, and eat it up, that the other might not have it sew'd on again. His next Exploit was marrying a wealthy Widow, and then ruining her by his Luxury and Extravagance: The Fellow had no *Learning*, but a great *Memory*; this last enabled him to get by Heart a great many Sermons and Texts of Scripture, with which he us'd to make himself *merry* over his *Liquor*: He was a profess'd and extraordinary Lover of *Wine* and *Women*, and also a *Highwayman*.

WITH these Accomplishments, who would imagine, that such a Wretch would pretend to *Divine Inspiration*? Yet thus known, and thus infamous in common Life, he all on the sudden claim'd a *Divine Mission*, and set himself up for a Prophet, foretelling the miserable Tidings which were soon to come. — *England*, he cry'd, was for the Sins of the People destin'd to Destruction; Woe was falling on her Cities, and Misery on their Inhabitants. — *War*, *Pestilence*, and *Famine* were to root the *Unrighteous* out of the Land; nay, they were to assault it together

together that very Year in which he foretold them. — I must not conceal, that the Man was so much a *Protestant*, as to declare the *Whore of Babylon* would also fall, and that there would be no more *Popes*.

BUT neither the Predictions of this National Calamity, not the good News of the Downfall of *Papacy*, could secure his Prophetick Carcass from the Magistrate's Scourge; for at *Lincoln* he was publicly whipp'd for foreseeing Things which never came to pass, and giving no better Proof of the *In-dwelling* of the *Spirit* than his bare Assertion.

HACKET us'd to pray in the *Streets* and *publick Places*, and shew'd an uncommon *Fervency* in those Ejaculations, as well in his *Motions* and *Actions*, as *Expressions*: He claim'd an immediate *Effect* from his *Prayers*, and *preternatural Operations* from *Heaven*, from his Address to it: Such Assurance had he in the *Force* of his *Prayers*, that he declar'd, that if all *England* pray'd for *Rain*, and he himself against it, there should be *dry Weather*. — *Thou hast Power*, says he to his Maker, and *I have Faith, and therefore the Thing shall be done*. In these *Prayers* he us'd terrible *Imprecations* on himself and his Soul, and pretended that the *Effect* of them was certain. In a Dispute with any one who opposed his *Enthusiastick Phrenzy* with *Reason*, he would offer this *Condition*: — *I submit instantly to everlasting Damnation, if I am not in the Right: Do you so too, and one of us shall change his Religion, according to the miserable or happy Success of our Imprecation.*

ON this Conduct Mr. Bayle observes, that *Enthusiasm* has Recourse to the greatest Absurdities for its Support: This is an Instance of it, for the *Effect* of the *Imprecation* was to be the sudden Death of one or the other, so neither of them could alter his Opinion: The dead Man could not do it, and the Survivor would not, since the terrible Success of his Opponent's Curse would have given so authentick a Testimony to the Truth of his own Religion: But it must not be expected that raving *Visionaries* should be free from Contradiction.

HE deluded abundance of weak silly People by his *Prayers* and *Inspiration*: He told them that he was sent particularly for their Redemption, and that for the Sins  
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of Men the Devil had afflicted and tempted him with severe *Operations* and *Buffetings*; and that the *Demons* of Hell had for two Months together inflicted on his Body the very individual Pains of Hell, or within a small Matter of them.

BY these Methods, and no stronger Arguments, he seduced *two Men* of moderate Learning, and made them believe that he frequently conversed with God: His frequent and most fervent Prayers, an exterior Appearance of great Sanctity, and his Custom of fasting every Sunday, conduced to the Belief of these Things.

THESE two Men became his strenuous Disciples, were admitted into a Kind of *Brotherhood*, and had Titles conferred on them by their Brother Hacket. Edmund Coppinger was stiled the *Prophet* of Mercy; and Henry Arthington, the *Prophet* of Judgment. Arthington gave out, that they all had an extraordinary Mission; and that, after JESUS CHRIST, William Hacket was the next in Power: They afterwards went further; and equall'd Hacket to our SAVIOUR in all Things.

He himself said, — Father, I know thou lovest me equal to thyself — His Disciples would have perform'd a Ceremony of *Unction* or *Consecration*; but he refus'd it, saying, I have been already anointed by the HOLY GHOST in Heaven. — At last they ask'd him what he would command them to do, promising to obey him without Reserve. — Go, says he, proclaim through all the Streets of London, that JESUS CHRIST is come to judge the World, and lodges at such an Inn, and that Nobody can put him to Death. — They obey'd their Prophet, and when by their Brawling they had drawn a dirty Crowd about them, they mounted on an Eminence, and there preached up William Hacket, foretelling, that all who refus'd Obedience to the King of Europe, should kill one another, and that Queen ELIZABETH should be dethroned.

WHEN they had executed this important Commission, they return'd to their Master, and as soon as they saw him, Arthington cry'd out before the People, Behold the King of the Earth.

BUT as this Fellow was a Rebel, as well as Enthusiast, and threaten'd the Life of Queen ELIZABETH, he was

was too dangerous not to be taken Notice of by the Government: He was taken up, try'd, convicted, and sentenced to be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd: Dreadful are the Blasphemies he utter'd on that Occasion: One of them being at the End of a very devout Prayer of his, Mr. Bayle observes, *That there is nothing so extravagant, but the Heart of Man is capable of it.* In that Prayer he calls himself the true *Jehovah*, whom God had sent; and desires of God Almighty to shew some *Miracle* from the Clouds on these Unbelievers, and deliver him from his Enemies, — *But if not*, says he to the Omnipotent, *I will set your Heavens on Fire, and having pull'd you from your Throne, I will——* The remaining Part of the Threat is too horrid and execrable to be mentioned.

WHEN the Executioner was going to do his Duty, Hacket turn'd round to him and said—*And dost thou, Beast, dare to hang Hacket thy King?* — After the Rope was tied about his Neck, he cast up his Eyes to Heaven, and grinding his Teeth—*Is this*, says he, *the Recompence thou givest me for making a King of Thee?* But I come to be reveng'd.

THUS madly blasphemous he died, after having affected much *Sanctity* in his *Life*, and *Gravity* on his *Trial*, a terrible Example to what Heights an *Enthusiastick Phrenzy* may carry Mankind, who once indulge themselves in a false imaginary Notion of possessing an *extraordinary Inspiration* from Heaven,

AFTER having given this Relation of so wicked an *Enthusiast*, I shall not describe the Leaders of a modern Sect as a Parallel to him; yet I cannot but observe, that their young Prophet has often applied the Change of the Weather, and the ordinary Course of Nature to the Effects of his Prayers and Preaching. — From the whole I must observe, that all kind of *Enthusiasm* brings Destruction and Deformity on the two most beautiful and valuable Things in the World, *Religion*, and *Human Understanding*: It loses or confounds the *Idea* of God Almighty, by rendering him either *monstrously terrible* or *meanly familiar*; and makes the Worship of him equally unlike and inconsistent, by placing it either in painful Distortions of the *Mind*, or in a *blasphemous Intimacy* with him,

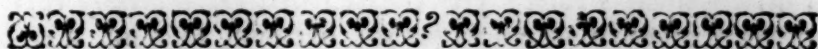
him, as if a miserable *Mortal* was a Companion of the *Omnipotent*.

A reasonable Mind is, next to *God*, the greatest Good of a human Creature ; but in this Case it becomes useless and contemptible ; for its proper Office is supply'd by *Spiritual Fancies and Chimerical Inspiration* : Therefore, in the Eye of an *Enthusiast*, a Man can never be a good *Christian* 'till he ceases to be a *rational Creature*. Religion and Reason are, and ought to be good Friends ; but an *Enthusiastick Phrenzy* is an Enemy to both : A *mad Man* may mean well, but a *reasonable Man* acts better ; and therefore the *Affection* of the *Heart* should follow the *Conviction* of the *Understanding*.

I am, S I R,

Your well-meaning Correspondenti,

PHILANTHROPOS.



— Ubi jam validis quassatum est viribus ævi  
Corpus, est obtusis ceciderunt viribus artus  
Claudicat ingenium, delirant linguq; mensq;

Lucret.

— When Age prevails,  
And the quick Vigour of each Member fails ;  
The Mind's Pow'rs too decrease and wast apace ;  
And grave and rev'rend Folly takes the Place.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

THE RE is no Saying among all our Proverbial Expressions more frequently quoted, than that of *So many Men, so many Minds* : That the Opinions of Mankind are as numerous as Mankind itself, is an uncontested Truth ; it may not therefore be improper to make some Enquiry from whence this *Variety* of *Opinions* should arise. The Diversity of Mens Minds is such, that I cannot but think, with a late ingenious Author. that our several Opinions are nothing but the mere  
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several *Tastes* of different *Minds*, fram'd partly by our several *Natures*, partly by our different *Educations* and *Instructions*, and partly by the various *Encounters* which we have met with in the Accidents of *Life*. This I take to be the most rational Account, why the Sentiments of Mankind are of so various a Nature: But there have been many other Reasons given, which, though they are not strictly true, are ingenious and amusing. Some modern Philosophers have advanced, that the *Soul* of *Man* has its *Palate* as well as the *Body*, and that Opinion is nothing but the *Gusto* or *Relish* of the *Soul*. There is nothing absurd in this Doctrine, had they not carry'd the Proof of it to too nice a *Criterion*; for they have affirm'd, that there is so great a Correspondence between the *Soul* and *Body*, that those who live on a different *Diet*, are generally observ'd to be of a different *Opinion*. I need not observe, that this appears more like a Medicinal Notion, than a Philosophical Truth; yet the learned Dr. *Harvey* very gravely gives this Reason for it; because, says he, a *different Diet* sends up *different Steams* to the Head, and, according to these *Steams* are Men's *Opinions*. To examine this Hypothesis, as a serious Account of the Variety of Men's Opinions, there might be a diverting Scene of Humour laid open; and it might be ridiculously amusing to ascertain the various Tenets of *Religion*, and Maxims in *Politicks*, to the Effects of a *Dinner* or *Supper*. Though such a Dissertation is foreign to my present Design, the Hint of it may be of Use to you, as it may furnish you with a Subject for some future Essay. — But to return—— Besides these *Diet Philosophers*, there is another Sect who ascribe the Variety of Mens *Minds* to the *Soul's* Dependance on the *Body*; but they account for it by the good or bad Disposition of *Organical Parts*, which, they say, render the *Soul* either vigorous or indolent, either intelligent or stupid, in its several Operations. By this System, whenever we perceive particular Defects in the Intellects of some Men, we must not imagine they proceed from any Deficiency of the *Soul*, but from the Relation or *Co-existence* it has with the *Body*—ill dispos'd to assist or inform it. One of these Philosophers has illustrated his Notion by Examples which  
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are proper to quote.—‘ He who is carried in a Coach, (as the Body is *Vehiculum Animæ*, i. e. the Carriage of the Soul) though he himself could go much faster, must yet receive such Motion as that affords; and Water, which is convey’d through Pipes and *Aquæducts*, though its Course of itself would have been otherwise, must yet then be confin’d, and limited by the Posture and Proportion of the Vessels through which it passes: Hence, some Men are even by Nature and Complexion inclin’d to *Virtue* and *Goodness*; and others, by their Make and corporal Contexture, are determin’d to Actions of *Vice*.’ Such an Account of the Difference of the Opinions of Mankind is as liable to as humorous Objections as the former; yet for this some have quoted the Authority of the Antients, who maintained that *external Beauty* was an undoubted Token of *internal Beauty*, and, *vice versa*, the *Deformity* of the *Body* was a true *Index* of a *deformed Mind*. The Epigrammatical Poets are introduced with great Authority to verify their Maxim. One of them says of a Person, who had the Misfortune to have one Foot shorter than the other,

Clauda tibi mens est, ut pes, natura notasque  
Exterior certas interioris oris habet.

*Lame is your Sense, as is your Foot, we find:  
Hence Nature marks the Lameness of your Mind.*

Martial’s fifty-fourth Epigram, of the 12th Book, has the same Kind of Turn:

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine lefus,  
Rem magnam præstas, zoile, si bonus es.

Which, though it has been before translated, give me Leave thus to *English*:

*Red-hair’d, black-mouth’d, with short Foot and short Sight,  
You are a Wonder if your Heart is right.*

Pythagoras is also brought in, who, it seems, was so bigotted to this Opinion, that he would never admit into his School any that had the least natural Blemish or De-

formity; and hence the common Observation was made, *Cave tibi ab iis, quos natura signavit.* Mark well those whom Nature has mark'd.

I AM apt to think that our modern pretty Fellows and Ladies would be all Disciples to any Professor, who would maintain such a Kind of Philosophy; but unhappily for this Doctrine, there are too many Exceptions to this Rule to make it general. As I have quoted the Antients on the one Side, I shall on the other. *Galba* was a Prince of so unhappy a Form, that it was said of him.—*Ingenium Galbæ male habitat*—The Wit of *Galba* has but a bad Receptacle.—The same was observ'd of *Agésilas*; and *Seneca* observes, 'That a great Man may come out of a Cottage, and a great and beautiful Mind from a mean and deform'd Body.'

SUCH a Correspondency with the Body and Soul, which depends on *external Beauty* and *Deformity*, is too chimerical to be argued on; yet another such Kind of Correspondence seems to have more Weight, not only as it may be advanced why one Man thinks different from another, but as it is an Account why one Man may often differ from *himself*. The Correspondence of *Soul* and *Body* I mean, is, that they participate of the Affections of one another; for if the *Body* is sick or affected, the *Soul* is alter'd in its Operations: This is so known a Truth, that every one must have experienced it: On the contrary, if the *Soul* is oppress'd with Grief, or elated with Joy, the *Body* is more sluggish or alert, more capable or incapable, to perform the Duties and Functions which are requir'd of it. From this Cause it was that the Sophisters of old were us'd to purge themselves with *Hellebore* when they had a Mind to dispute best: And a great Poet among the Moderns, that Master of Poetry, Mr. *Dryden*, says, that our *Minds* are perpetually wrought on by the *Temperament* of the *Bodies*, which, says he, makes me suspect they are nearer allied than our *Philosophers*, or *School Divines*, will allow them to be. It was from this favourite Maxim of *Dryden* that the Duke of *Buckingham*, in his *Rehearsal*, took Occasion to ridicule him, and make him say, that he always eat *stew'd Prunes* before he wrote any Thing of any Consequence: But notwithstanding the Joke, *Montaigne* was of the same

same Opinion; who observ'd, that when the *Body* was out of Order, its Companion was seldom at Ease; and that an ill Dream, or cloudy Day, has Power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a *reasonable Soul*, and make him think To-day what he never thought Yesterday. — I will strengthen *Montaigne's* familiar Manner with the Sentiments of a Divine of our own Nation, who says, 'Our Imagination alters as our Blood and Spirits are alter'd; and therefore, as Dreams are Fancies of those that sleep, so Fancies are but Dreams of Men awake; and these Fancies by Day, as those Dreams by Night, will vary and change with the Weather, and present Temper of the Body.' — This Opinion is in a great Measure true; but I would not from hence infer, that a Man could not exert his rational Faculties except in *full Health*, or the Sun *shone* bright, and thence make the Mind of Man to rise and fall with the Weather, like *Mercury* in a *Barometer*.

THERE are another Set of *Philosophers* who say, that this Diversity of Opinion proceeds from the different Temperature of the *Air*, and that different Climates produce different Tempers and Affections: This, indeed, seems highly probable, when we consider the various Inhabitants of different Regions; but when this Proof is brought to account for the various Tempers of Persons dwelling in the same City, I am afraid it will seem too absurd, at least too refin'd a Notion: Yet *Plutarch* tells us, that those of the higher Part of the City of *Athens* were of a quite contrary Humour to those who dwelt about the *Piræum*: After all, I think my Lord *Bacon* has given the justest Reason for the Variety of Mens Opinions, where he says, *We take up our Opinions suitable rather to the Analogy of ourselves than that of the Universe*. How unreasonable, therefore, is it for any one to be positive and dogmatical in his Opinion, and to make their private Sentiments the Standard of infallible Truth; for Sir *John Denham* observes;

*Through Seas of Knowledge we our Course advance,  
Discov'ring still new Worlds of Ignorance;*

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*And these Discov'ries make us all confefs,  
That Sublunary Science is but guefs :  
Matters of Fact to Man are only known,  
And what seems more, is meer Opinion.*

L. M. X.



Cur nescire pudens prave quam discere malo ?

*Hor. Art. Poet.*

*What senseless Bashfulness is mine  
Instruction to disdain,  
And fearing Ignorance to own,  
In Ignorance remain !*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**T**HOUGH *Knowledge* is the greatest Endowment of the Mind, yet it must be enrich'd with some other Acquisitions besides the Treasures of our Conceptions. It is an Observation of a very wise Man, that *he who relies too much on himself is in Danger of having a Fool to his Master.* There are but two Ways of knowing, either as it consists in *Theory*, or as it becomes *practicable* or *demonstrative* : For the Theory of Knowledge we must generally have a Recourse to Books as Fountains of Science, since in most Ages of the World Men have pour'd into them the most considerable Part of their Thoughts : Our Journies toward Knowledge are wisely begun there, but we must take Care that we do not dwell where we are but to travel and pass ; they are good Assistants and Guides if not follow'd too far ; they may sometimes cloud and amaze our Understanding, instead of clearing and enlightening it. My Lord *Bacon* excellently observes, that some Books should be tasted only,

only, while we should digest others; there being in Books, as we see in Fields and Gardens, some Parts Rubbage and Weeds, others that produce Corn and Flowers. To make Quotations from Books a Proof of our Knowledge, betrays too much Pedantry and Want of our own Abilities to think; and we ought to remember, that as other Men thought before they wrote, so should we use the same Freedom to instruct ourselves, since Learning at first could be no more than the best Way of Thinking: Besides, how many are there who would be glad to exchange their acquir'd Parts by Study for the natural Quickness of Thought which others enjoy. By reading we certainly may make great Improvements to our Understanding, but then we must peruse them with a Genius equal to what we read; so that in conversing with Books, we are but made more acquainted with ourselves by the Assistance of others.

IN demonstrative Science, Authors have not been so intricate and voluminous, and are therefore more directly to be embraced; the fifteen Books of *Euclid*, from the very first Proposition to the last, are as if the Whole were but one Demonstration; from whence this Kind of Learning may claim our highest Esteem, because it consists not in Opinion or Controversy, but undoubted Truth and plain Demonstration. Next to this demonstrative Knowledge, there is nothing more useful than History, as it teaches the Experience and Practice of Men. It is a short, but full and noble Commendation that *Cicero* gives of it, when he calls it *Testis Temporum, Vitæ Memoria*, the Witness of Times, and the Memory of Life. There is another Sort of Knowledge as useful as any, which is attain'd without the Aid of Books, and that is *Experience*. The Observations which Men form on the Conduct of one another, are necessary for the Conduct of our Lives; these Observations procure very necessary and sensible Advantages, while all we gain by reading is to give us some polite Furniture or Varnish, the better to set off the Endowments of Nature. A very learned Man was used to say, that every one brought three Parts of his Knowledge into the World, and the Advantages of Study was but a Fourth added to the other three: And if it is consider'd how much farther

Men proceed in many Employments of their Understanding on the mere Account of good natural Parts, in respect to what Books enable Men to do, it will not be thought strange to see Men of subtle Apprehensions presuming on their Abilities, without taking Pains to improve them by reading. In short, Books are like Physick, they may clear and refine some Grossness of Nature; as, on the other Side, they cloy and nauseate the Understanding, if used as its Food. A cursory Knowledge, though it be not exact enough for the Schools, is more pleasant, and perhaps more useful, than to overburthen the Brain with Books; I mean, that such a Kind of Learning is best, which makes a Man know how to make the best Use of his acquir'd and natural Parts together, which, when well join'd, cannot but render him agreeably accomplish'd.

SINCE Learning or Knowledge in Books is not of itself so beneficial to Mankind as some would pretend, how vain are those who make it the Standard of Happiness or Wisdom, by drawing this false Conclusion, that no Man can be either happy or wise without it; tho' the Scripture tells us, that he who encreaseth in Knowledge, encreaseth in Sorrow; and daily Experience shews us, that Folly and Learning do often cohabit in the same Person. The ingenious *Montaigne*, enquiring into the Reason why Men of Learning generally seem more uncouth in their Conversation, and more unfit for Business than other Men, says, I cannot conceive the true Cause thereof, unless it be, that as Plants are choak'd by over-much Moisture, and Lamps are stifled with too much Oil, so are the Actions of the Mind overwhelm'd by too great Abundance of Matter and Study; and in a Diversity of Things, as in a Mist, the Mind is apt to lose itself. Thus Learning is so far from absolutely giving Wisdom, that, unless it is rightly manag'd, it hinders us in the Pursuit of it: If we want the *Sibi Sapere*, to be Wise to ourselves, all Book-Knowledge is but Impertinence, and a gawdy Kind of Ignorance.

AFTER all, Mr. *Stonecastle*, you may imagine by this irregular Kind of Essay on *Reading and Knowledge*, that I am one of that Sect of Modern Philosophers, who  
say

say that Learning is more of ill Consequence to Mankind than of any Benefit: I assure you I have too great Esteem for Learning and learned Men to maintain such a Maxim: I would only observe, that when Men read at the same Time without employing all their Faculties of thinking, they are no better than idly dozing over a Book, and they may be said to sleep with their Eyes open. Thus then, Thinking is so absolutely necessary, that Reading signifies little or nothing without it: But *Thinking* may do without Reading, as appears by the first Inventors of Arts and Sciences, who were fain to *think* out their Way to the Recesses of Truth; but the other can never do without this. By reading without thinking, a Man's Brain may become a rich *Common-Place*, but so filled with other Mens Notions, that there is no Room for his own Faculties to display themselves. But whatever can be said against Learning, thus much at least must be acknowledg'd in its Favour, that when Learning meets with an ingenious Temper, and is join'd to a Pregnancy of Mind, it is then of excellent Use and Advantage; for there is no Man but will speak the better when he knows what others have said on the Subject: And sometimes the Consciousness of his *inward Knowledge*, gives a graceful Confidence to his *outward Behaviour*: But, on the other Hand, when Learning happens to be in the Possession of a Fool, it is a mere Trifle; and, like Dr. Donne's *Sun Dial* in the Grave, of no Manner of Use or Significancy.

PHILOBIBLION:



Misera ambitione laborat.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 4.*

*The Wretch is ambitious.*

*From my CHAMBERS.*

OF all the Passions incident to Human Nature, I take none to be so general as that of *Ambition*: But tho' it seems a universal Passion, yet various are the Arts and Methods which are requir'd for its Gratification. As in this Paper I shall consider some of the Effects which this Passion has on the Minds of different People, I shall not enter into a Philosophical Discourse, but illustrate the Maxims I shall advance, rather by Examples than Arguments,

*AMBITION*, or a Desire of *Excellency* and *Rising* above others, is natural to all who would be esteem'd above others, and therefore in Proportion to that Desire is the Ambition of him that has it. When this longing after Pre-eminence actuates upon Men who are employ'd, or have been employ'd, in conducting Affairs of State, or commanding Armies, it may properly be distinguish'd to be of the *tragical* Kind; but when the Objects of Ambition and Pride are only the common Views of private Life, they become *farcical*, and instead of raising Horror are diverting. Of the political Kind I have nothing to say; it is more agreeable to my Temper, as well as Design of my Paper, to speak of Ambition and Pride in such a Manner, that may be as well instructive to my Readers as amusing.

WHATEVER is the predominant Passion of the Mind, engrosses all its Faculties, and every Thing is neglected to indulge it: Thus, if it should be the Ambition of a young Gentleman or young Lady to commence a finish'd *Petit Maitre*, or modern *Belle*, Dress, Finery, Balls, Operas, with a long *Etcætera*, are their only Studies,

Studies, while good Sense and Understanding are totally neglected and undervalued : All their Thoughts, their Time and Money, are employ'd to adorn the Body, while their Mind sinks into Depravity instead of receiving any Embellishment : And hence perhaps it is that there is scarce a *Beau* but is a Blockhead, or a *Belle* who has common Sense.

MEN, who live abstracted from what is call'd the Gaiety of Life, may smile at the ridiculous Ambition of these Characters ; they deserve Contempt ; yet, what if Characters directly contrasted to them should be drawn, would they not be equally liable to just Censure ? Is the *Beau* merely addicted to Dress, a stranger Creature to the judicious Part of Mankind, than a Man merely addicted to *Speculation* ? Both are equally ignorant of the just Rules of Life ; and the Ambition of him who would be a wise Man by Speculation, is equally ridiculous to him who would affect to know the World by making a foolish Figure in it. People of right Judgment will conclude the speculative, wise Man's Pride, is as contemptible, as that of the practical Knowledge of the Man of the Town.

I IMAGINE the most extravagant Fancies and Actions, if they were traced to their original Source, would be found to take their Rise from some extravagant Ambition ; and what are otherwise unaccountable, may be accounted for by this Passion : This is such an Apology for Madneses and Follies of all Kinds, that I give a Hint to all who are guilty of such, to attribute them to that Cause : Nor is there any other, why Mr. *Booze*, the *Deputy* of a certain Ward in this Metropolis, will drink Bumpers to certain Political Healths, 'till he can neither stand, go, nor speak. Can he do this out of Ambition ?—Yes, he is resolv'd to excel another Deputy of an adjacent Ward in Testimony of his Principles, by the greater Number of Half-Pint Bumpers. His Adversary has a Soul which equally thirsts after Praise and *Red Port* ; and thus, through the *Patriot* and *Courtly* Ambition of these worthy Gentlemen, they are in a fair Way of killing one another.

I CANNOT here omit to mention an odd Kind of Ambition, to which I was once an Eye-witness : Two

young Gentlemen of *Oxford* were both enamour'd with the same Lady, who was then the reigning Toast of that Place: On some Dispute, in Regard to the Affections which each bore to the Lady, each was ambitious to testify his Love and his Gallantry.—What could such an Emulation not produce? Why, the one put a large Spoonful of *Soot* into his Glass, then filling a Bumper, toasted his Mistress's Health, and drank it with an Air which betray'd a Consciousness of his Victory; the other, with a Philosophical Calmness, smil'd at such a vain Experiment, stepp'd to his Closet for a Phial of *Ink*, fill'd a Brimmer with it, and tossed it off with *Io Triumphe* and Miss *Molly* \*\*\*. Whose Ambition rose to the greatest Height was not determin'd by the Company, and like two great Generals after a drawn Battle, both claim'd the Victory.—I must add, that Miss *Molly* on this Occasion look'd on them as two equal Fools, and would have neither of them.

BUT of all Kinds of *Pride*, the greatest is that which affects to consist in *Humility*; and as the greatest Art is to conceal Art, so in some, the greatest Pride is the Contempt of Pride. I have often observed more Haughtiness and insolent Carriage in a plain Quaker-like Coat and shining Beaver, than in an embroider'd Suit, and a Hat with a Cockade in it. Much Self-sufficiency is seen in an artful Simplicity of Garb; and I have known an old Miser as proud of having a Pair of *Tape Shoe-Strings*, as my Lord *Vainairs* of his *Diamond Shoe Buckles*.

THE Female Part of the World have also their Topicks of Ambition: Some fix all their Glory in their Faces, some in their Wit, some in their Housewifry, and some in their Devotion; each of which may equally be liable to Censure; for on Examination, the Beauty in all Likelihood may prove an errant Coquette, the Wit a silly Impertinent, the notable Woman no better than a Cook-Maid, and the Devotee a Methodical Hypocrite.—However, I must acknowledge that Ambition may be rational and laudable, that is, when it seeks and aims at the *Peace and Happiness of Human Society*, and the *Good of our Fellow Creatures*. It is with a secret Joy that I have seen by the publick Papers a noble Emulation

lation exert itself at this severe Season, to assist those who must necessarily be oppressed with every Kind of Want. Every Parish through our Metropolis has had a laudable *Ambition* to collect as much as possible for their several Poor, and private, unknown Persons have seem'd to contend who could outdo one another in generous Benefactions: This is an Ambition worthy the Dignity of Human Nature, and the Result only of a good and understanding *Mind*.

BUT to return.—*Ambition* is not confin'd to any Degree of Mankind; it is evident in every Class, nor do the lowest give less Proofs of it than the highest. How far the Pride of Man can demonstrate itself among the inferior Sort of People, is very humourously describ'd by Mr. *Addison* in a Paper, where he observes, that a *Cobler* near *Ludgate* had fix'd in his Stall the Wooden Image of a *Beau*, with his Hat off, and with an obsequious Bow extending his Hand to give him *Ends* and *Bristles* necessary for his Craft: But this Ambition in our *English* *Cobler* did not come up to that Nobleness of Pride of a *Flanderkin* one, the short History of which shall conclude this Essay on the Effects of Ambition.

THE Ambition of my *Foreign Cobler* is a known Truth through all *Flonders*; for the Company of *Coblers*, as a Distinction of superior Honour, precede the Company of *Shoemakers* in all Processions and Cavalcades.—The Story runs thus:

*CHARLES* the Fifth generally us'd, in his Intervals of Relaxation, to retire to *Brussels*: He was a Prince politically curious enough to know the Sentiments of his meanest Subjects concerning himself, and the Administration of his Affairs; therefore often went out *incog.* and mix'd himself in such Companies and Conversation as he thought proper: It happen'd one Night when he was out in private, some unlucky Accident happen'd to his Boot, which requir'd immediate mending; he ask'd where a *Cobler* lived, and was directed to one: Unluckily for the Emperor it happen'd to be *St. Crispin's* Holiday; and instead of finding the *Cobler* inclin'd for Work, he was in the Height of his Mirth and Jollity among his Friends  
and

and Acquaintance: The Emperor, however, acquainted him with what he wanted, and offer'd him a handsome Gratuity to oblige him.—‘What, Friend, says the Fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our Craft to work on St. *Crispin*?—Was it *Charles*, the Emperor himself, I'd not do a Stitch for him now.—But if you'll come in, and drink St. *Crispin*, do and welcome; we are as merry as the Emperor himself.’—The Sovereign accepted his Offer, and found such rude, but hearty Mirth, which the Commonalty are delighted with. While he was contemplating on their Pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial Host thus accosts him.—‘What, I suppose you are some *Courtier Politician* or other by that contemplative Phiz.—Nay, by your *long Nose*, you may be a Bastard of the Emperor's:—But be *who*, or *what* you will, you're heartily welcome.—Drink about; here's *Charles* the Fifth's Health.’—Then you love *Charles* the Fifth, reply'd the Emperor.—‘Love him? says the Son of *Crispin*—Ay, ay, I love his *long Nose*ship well enough; but I should love him much *more*, would he but *tax* us a little *less*: But, what the Devil have we to do with Politicks.—Round with the Glass, and merry be our Hearts.’—After a little Stay, the Emperor took his Leave, and thank'd the Cobler for his hospitable Reception.—‘That, cry'd he, you're welcome to; but I would not to Day have dishonoured St. *Crispin* to have worked for the Emperor.’—*Charles*, pleas'd with the honest good Nature and Humour of the Fellow, sent for him next Morning to Court: You must imagine his Surprize, to see and hear that his late Guest was his Sovereign; he fear'd his Joke on his *long Nose* must be punish'd with Death.—The Emperor thanked him for his Hospitality, and, as a Reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desir'd, and gave him 'till next Day to settle his *Surprize* and his *Ambition*.—The next Day he appear'd, and, after due Deliberation, requested, That for the future the Coblers of Flanders might bear for their *Arms*, a *Boot* with the Emperor's *Crown* upon it.—That Request was granted, and as so moderate was his *Ambition*, the Emperor bid him make another.—‘If, says he, I

am

' am to have my utmost Wishes, Command, that for the  
' future, the Company of *Coblers* shall take Place of the  
' Company of *Shoemakers*.'—It was accordingly so  
ordained; and to this Day there is to be seen a Chapel in  
*Flanders*, adorn'd round with a *Boot* and *Imperial Crown*  
on it, and in all Processions the Company of *Coblers* take  
Place of the Company of *Shoemakers*.



— Nusquam est penuria parvi. *Lucretius.*  
*Nature is content with a small Allowance.*

*From my CHAMBERS.*

NOTHING has conduced more to the Delusion  
of Mankind, than the different Sense which is  
given to *Words*: This may seem a very extraor-  
dinary Maxim; but, I believe, on due Consideration,  
no one will dispute the Truth of it. Though Words are  
in themselves merely empty Sounds, yet the Meaning we  
bestow on them gives them Reputation, and makes them  
useful. It was therefore the *Idea* which first created the  
Word; but through an Abuse of these Sounds, Men  
have annexed *several Ideas* to the *same Word*, and have  
thereby made the Sense of it so equivocal, that a Word  
may import one Thing as well as another, and different  
Men may have different Conceptions from one and the  
same Sound.

TO consider the Topick so far as it concerns Religion  
or Politicks, would, instead of being confined to an Es-  
say, swell into several voluminous Dissertations; for  
there are an infinite Number of Words in both, which  
have been tortured into infinite Variations, and have  
been illustrated and explained out of their original Signi-  
fications. As from this *Abuse* and *Inaccuracy* of Speech,  
Errors in understanding the Meaning of others must fre-  
quently occur, it is often as requisite to be acquainted  
with

with the Person who speaks, as to hear the mere Words which he utters. To be *good*, one would think was such a Kind of Description of a Person, that every one would receive it in the same Sense; but *Goodness* carries with its Sound different Ideas, according to what End of the Town it may be utter'd at, and who the Person may be of whom it is spoken. By a *good Man* some People would mean only a Person of a benevolent, humane, virtuous and religious Mind, and such a Character only is justly adequate to the Phrase: But if on the *Change*, or in any Transactions of *Money Affairs*, the Character of being a *good Man* is given to any Person, the Hearer has no Ideas of how much *Virtue* he has, but how much *Wealth*; and if he is *good* enough to pay his *Bills*, never thinks about his *Morality*: But this Phrase, to be *good*, is no more tortur'd from its natural Sense, than another very common one, *viz.* to be *happy*. It is a frequent Expression to say, such a one is *very happy*; yet, at the same Time, without the Character of the Speaker is known, no one can know what he means by being *happy*: The Sentiments of *Happiness* are so various, that very few can agree in what it consists: A *Beau* thinks himself happy when he is well dress'd, a *Coquette* when admired, a *Rake* when with his *Miss*, and a *Sot* with his *Bottle*. Among People of Rank, *Happiness* signifies Power, Titles and Equipage; among the Covetous, it is a great Estate: Some Ladies place it in *Quadrille*, others in a *Lap-Dog*.

As this Abuse of the Sense of Words is grown so common, we can never too strictly guard ourselves from being led into Errors by a Misapplication of their proper Meaning; for by not making a right Discernment we may fall into Mistakes, and those of the greatest Consequence. As these Thoughts have occur'd to me from the Perusal of a Correspondent's Letter, I shall here insert it, as it will more fully illustrate the preceding Observations.

## To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

THERE are several Inconveniencies arise in Life, more from a wrong Idea conceived of *Words*, than any other Cause ; it therefore may not be a disagreeable Undertaking to point out a very great Evil, and shew how prejudicial it is to Mankind to have false Conceptions of Phrases and Expressions.

THERE is a peculiar Phrase which the Generality of People use as a Description of what would establish their Happiness ; that is, to have the *Necessaries of Life*.

IF we examine this Expression of the *Necessaries of Life*, how plain it seems ; yet how undetermin'd is its Meaning, few annexing the same Ideas to the Sound of the Words. The antient Philosophers restrained this Phrase within a very narrow Compass, and meant only by it to have coarse Victuals, and a plain Garb : What was sufficient to support Life they thought was alone necessary to it. *Diogenes* particularly compriz'd all his Necessaries in a Srip to hold his Meat, and a Bowl to drink out of : Yet even here he found a Superfluity ; for seeing a Boy, one Day, on a River's Side sucking up Water out of the Hollow of the Hand, with great Indignation he threw away his Bowl as an Unnecessary Burthen.

WHEN *Rome* was in its Infancy, its Heroes and Consuls were of this philosophical Way of Thinking ; they tilled their Lands with their own Hands, and on publick Occasions they were often taken from the Plough to command Armies : Nor when the War was finish'd had they any Esteem for Pomp, but laid down the Purple, and took up the Spade and Plough again. Though they reckon'd the Conveniencies of Life to be only such as were necessary for Nature ; yet, as their Posterity grew more polite, their Necessaries grew more extensive ; that is, they began to conceive other Ideas of what was, or was not so ; and under the Title of the Conveniencies of Life, they understood all that Art could invent, and Luxury introduce.

THE different Idea of Necessaries at different Times, is not more applicable to the *Roman* People than any of our modern Nations, and the People of this Island have even

even in a Century or two mightily enlarged their Notions in that Respect; for many Articles which in Queen *Beſs's* Days were unknown, are now placed in the Liſt of the Neceſſaries of Life.

WHEN we hear Perſons thus expreſs themſelves about the Uſe of any Thing—O! *I ſhould die without it*—it demonſtrates that they think it abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport their Being, without which Life and Soul could not be kept together; it cannot therefore but make any one ſmile to obſerve what a whimſical Liſt of Neceſſaries a modern Converſation would furniſh.—*Spleenetta* cannot live without her *Tea*, though it gives her the Cholick, the which ſhe muſt cure by a large Cup of Brandy: *Bellaria* would infallibly die waſhe deprived of her *Snuff*, though it gives her a continual Head-ach: *Tom Jolly*, a Country Squire, could not live without his *Fox-hounds*; and *Billy Butterfy* would as ſoon be out of the World as out of the Pink of the Mode, or the Side Boxes on the firſt Night of a new Play.—But as fantaſtical as theſe Neceſſaries may ſeem, a great Part of the World have ſo habituated themſelves to theſe, or others as ridiculous, that it would be next to an Impoſſibility for them to lay them aſide.

WRONG Ideas being annexed to Words, though always leading to introduce Error, they are never of worſe Conſequence than when they are inſtilled into Children. It is with ſome Concern that I have obſerved, that in this polite Age, Children are, by the Example of their Parents, taught to regard the Superfluities of Life as Things neceſſary, and, indeed, what is impoſſible for them to live without. From hence there flows a Torrent of Evils, which are notoriously diſcernable, and the chief Cauſes of that Extravagance which has been for ſome Years ſo univerſally complained of.—This Subject is of too copious a Nature to enter on here, as it requires an Eſſay peculiar to itſelf.

IN this Examination into the falſe Meaning of the Neceſſaries of Life, I would not be underſtood to adviſe all Mankind to turn *Stoicks*, and not allow themſelves ſuch Indulgences which are requiſite to ſooth the Cares and Fatigues of Life: So far from it, that I think a wiſe Man may enjoy the Elegancies of Life; nor does  
he

he offend against Decency, so long as he avoids running into Luxury and Extravagance.

BUT having found Fault with the Mistakes which Mankind fall into by Misconstruction of this Phrase, the *Necessaries of Life*, it may seem proper to shew what I think a rational Construction of these Words.

*NATURE* requires but few *Necessaries*; it would be prudent therefore not to raise *imaginary* Wants: If we view the *Vices* and *Follies* of those who have a more affluent Fortune than ourselves, we should make their Estates and Equipages moderate our ambitious Desires, which, instead of being necessary to Contentment, are too often attended with Misery and Disquietude: We should change the Prospect, and then we should immediately behold Thousands and Ten Thousands of unhappy Fellow Creatures among whom the *Necessaries of Life* are truly wanting. The Moderation of our *Desires* can alone give an Idea of what is *necessary* or *superfluous*; and he is more rich, whose Wishes are bounded by his Fortune, than he, who possessing Empires, still desires somewhat more.

*For that somewhat unpossess'd,  
Corrodes and leuens all the rest.*

OF all Wishes, as to Fortune, *Give me neither Poverty nor Riches*, seems the most calculated for true Happiness; I would therefore recommend it to your Readers, and it would be the best Means to prevent their having any wrong *Idea* of the *Necessaries of Life*.

*I am, Mr. Stonecastle,*

*Yours,*

MODERATUS.

*Be*



*Be mine the common Wisdom that inspires  
The frugal Manners of our ancient Sires ;  
And while your Youth may yet a Tutor claim,  
To guard your Virtue, and preserve your Fame.  
But soon as Time confirms, with stronger Tone,  
Your Strength and Mind, your Conduct be your own.*

Francis,

From my CHAMBERS:

OF all our *proverbial* Sentences, none is more frequently made Use of as a just Rule for the Conduct of Life, than, that *Manners make the Man*: These few Words will bear very copious Paraphrases ; but I will venture to give one Sense to them, and make that Interpretation the Subject of this Paper. As *Virtue, Knowledge, and Integrity*, are imply'd in the Word *Manners*, those must be inculcated and attained to make the Precept beneficial to Mankind ; I would therefore recommend a little Alteration in the Proverb to inforce it, and wish that all Parents would think, in respect of their Children, that *Education makes the Man*.

THE human Mind an ingenious Author has compar'd to unform'd Clay, and that *Education* is the Potter's Hand and Wheel that forms it into Vessels of Honour or Dishonour ; and surely it is that which, of all human Means, is most effectual towards the refining and sharpening Mens Minds, giving them an Edge and Quickness ; and so much the more, because it takes them in that Age, wherein their *Faculties* are as their *Joints*, pliant, and tractable, and consequently capable of being, by Exercise, improved into great Degrees both of Strength and Activity. In short, there is nothing tends more to the forming an honourable and virtuous, or dissolute and unhappy Life, than a good or bad Education. Since *Education* then has so much Influence, how much Care and

and Conduct does it require in Parents, that, in the bringing up of their Children, they give them such a Turn of Thinking as may be truly conducive to their Happiness of Life.

OF such Importance to the Welfare of Mankind *Education* has been thought, that the Subject has employ'd the Pens of the most ingenious Men, and Advices have been wrote both for *Sons* and *Daughters*, wherein all the necessary Rules for conducting Life in both Sexes have been laid down: *Osborn's* Advice to his *Son*, and the Marquis of *Halifax* to his *Daughter*, are very excellent Tracts: An incomparable Epistle from a Father to his *Son* at the *University*, was published in one of the first Numbers of this Paper; and several ingenious Correspondents have, thro' the whole Course of it, furnish'd us with several *Letters* and *Observations* on the same Subject.

BUT besides these little detach'd Pieces, the Subject has been thought worthy the more elaborate Productions of the greatest Men; nor does Mr. *Locke* any where more shew his Genius and Knowledge of human Nature, than in his *Treatise of Education*.

NEVERTHELESS a Misconduct in Education still subsists, and the most serious Remonstrances, Advices and Rules, have not a proper Effect. It would be vain then to fix down any new *Standard*; yet by remarking any exemplary Misconduct in the Education now in Fashion, it will have equal Weight with the most *Philosophical Dissertation*.

IT may seem very odd at first, that I should complain that there is an unhappy Ambition reigns at present among Parents to educate their Children in *too much Knowledge* and *Politeness*; but this I may venture to affirm is the Source of more Evils than in this Paper I have any Business to consider. Laying aside *Political* Reasons, our *good Breeding* in *England* has introduced such a Corruption, that it were to be heartily wish'd that we had less *Manners* and more *Virtue*.

IT must be confess'd it is a laudable Ambition in Parents to give their Children all the *Accomplishments* necessary to conduct them through the World with *Prudence* and *Gentleness*; but the *Mistake* of what such Accomplishments are, and the giving them a false Turn of Thought

Thought at the first setting out in Life, is that *Error* in Education which is so much complained of at present, and which so much stands in Need of Redress.

THERE has been a Maxim of late Years too much inculcated, which is, to let Youth have an *early Knowledge of the World*; and hence it is that we have Boys and Girls at fourteen and fifteen have gained, according to this modern Phrase, a *Knowledge of the World*, who, through their whole Lives, will never know one necessary Qualification of Life: They became instructed in the Vices and Follies of *Rakes* and *Coquets*, at an Age when the Principles of true Knowledge and Virtue should be establish'd.

I SAW, the other Day, a Proof of what I have advanced in a domestick Scene of private Life, which I will venture to relate. I was intreated by an old Acquaintance, whom I shall call WILL AIRY, to take a Family Dinner with him; which Invitation I accepted with the more Pleasure, as he told me I should be very agreeably entertained, in seeing the *finest Boy and Girl in Christendom*: I made Allowance for the zealous Fondness of a Father in giving such a Description of his own Children, and expected to be very agreeably entertained, as *Miss*, I understood, was turn'd of *thirteen*, and *Master* about *fifteen*. I have naturally a particular Satisfaction in observing the Progressions of human Nature and Understanding, and was therefore highly delighted to think that in my Friend's Children I should see human Nature in its most *amiable Stage*; for at those Years *Beauty* and *Knowledge* are rising with great Speed to *Perfection*, and that *uncorrupted Simplicity* which they should then enjoy renders them charming.—As soon as I was conducted into the Dining-Room, I enquir'd of my Friend for the young Gentleman and Lady; but it seems *Miss* was gone with *Mamma* to an *Auction*, and *Master* to take a Turn into the *Mall*.—They all came home much about when the Dinner was spoil'd; and, after a little genteel Bickering between WILL and his *Lady*, we sat down: The little gloomy Chagrin which at first appeared, was soon dissipated by this Address of *Miss* to her Father.—O, *Papa!* we have seen the most charming Things at the *Auction*, so neat and so cheap—There is an *India Screen*,

you

*you must let my Mamma have, — it comes but to—to—I forget how many Guineas—but you must let Mamma have it.—My dear, says her Father, we don't want one.—Why truly, Mr. Airy, (replies his Wife) ours is not in Taste, and if you make me a Present of this you will oblige me.—My Friend began to look a little grave; but before he could reply, his Daughter accosted him again.—Why, Papa, Miss Polly Squander's Mamma has one, and why should not we?—You'll have my Mamma vex herself sick about it,—and I am sure I shall fret myself almost dead if you deny it us.—On Will's seeming Compliance the young Lady and her Mamma appear'd more compos'd, and he, with much Satisfaction, whisper'd me —Could you have thought a Girl of her Age had so much Knowledge?—I made Answer, with a Smile, which seem'd to give him great Pleasure, and he was therefore resolv'd to shew me the Genius of the Boy.—Well, Sir, says he, how have you disposed of yourself since your Masters left you in the Morning?—When I had dress'd myself (replies my Spark) I took a Turn in the Mall, where I met young Master Flutter, who, last Week was made an Officer in the Marines; and, Sir, he has made me promise to go to the Play with him To-night.—And do you intend to go, says the Father.—To which Question his Son, with some Warmth, answer'd——Pray, Sir, when I have engaged in a Party, how can I in Honour get off? —My Friend rising up with some Emotion, alarm'd me a little; but his Speech much more, Sir, (cry'd he) keep your Honour for ever sacred; and when I know you lose your Honour, you lose your Father's Affection.—There's a Guinea for your Pocket,—Then turning to me—Such generous Principles and Knowledge of Mankind ought to be encouraged, Mr. Stonecastle.—When the Cloth was taken away, I had a Mind to converse a little with this knowing Youth, and unfortunately ask'd him what School he went to.—School, Sir, says he, with some Indignation; wherefore I imagin'd he might, as he was so forward a Genius, have been lately taken from one, and made an Apology, in asking him whether he had left Westminster, or Eton, or Winchester, or——Sir, replies he, with an Air of Pride, I was never at any of those Schools—I was educated at home.—But you intend  
for*

for Oxford or Cambridge.—No, Sir, says he, *I am to go to a Foreign University, and so have the Benefit of Travelling and University Learning at the same Time.*—I was going to speak to my Friend on this Subject, when he himself thus spoke to me—*I see, Mr. Stonecastle, you are surprized at this, but the People of Fashion all come into this Way of Education; it shews young People the World, and brings them early to a just Knowledge of Mankind: I don't care if my Son has not so much Greek and Latin; I don't intend him for a Parson.*—No, Sir, adds his Lady, *we don't intend him for any Ecclesiastical Preferment; therefore there is no Necessity to send him to one of our Universities, where his Morals will be rather corrupted than improved, for I hear they learn nothing there but to drink Ale, and smoke Tobacco.*—I attempted to correct this false Notion they entertained, but soon found they were too bigotted to their fashionable Education to be convinced; and, besides, our Discourse was interrupted by two or three young Ladies, of about Miss's Age, who were come to pay her a Visit. My young Spark, whose Morals were not to be corrupted by a University Education, took his Leave to meet his Party, and go to the Play; and at his Departure my Friend said to me, with some Passion—*Is not that Boy, Mr. Stonecastle, a perfect Man?*—The young Ladies and Mrs. Airy were now retired to another Room, and Will and I had half an Hour's Chit-chat by ourselves: I again endeavour'd to shew him the Error of his educating his Children; but he smil'd at me with a genteel Kind of Contempt. Just as I was going to take my Leave, Miss came running in to make a Request to her Papa—*Dear Papa,* says she, *Miss Lucy Forward goes next Monday to the Masquerade, and you said I should go soon: Pray, Papa, let me go now; and I know Mamma goes; because she bespoke a Habit this Morning.*—I must own that my Friend had Prudence enough to deny this Request; but with a Promise she should certainly go next Season. Miss retired in the Dumps, and I took my Leave with Amazement at such a fashionable Education of Children. I cannot omit another Circumstance before I conclude: I accidentally dropp'd into the Play-house that Evening, and saw my young Man of Morals in one of the Gallery Boxes,

Boxes, with two other young Sparks, and two noted *Courtezans* of the Town.

I NEED make no Reflections on this Kind of Education, the Misconduct must be evidently seen ; I could wish it was less practised, and that Parents, instead of learning their Children to *know* the *World*, would teach them to know *themselves*.



Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 2.

*The Man who envies, must behold with Pain  
Another's Joys, and sickens at his Gain.* Francis.

From my CHAMBERS.

I HAVE received a Letter from a Correspondent of so odd a Disposition, that the Character might seem unnatural to some of my Readers without a previous Observation or two to introduce it, Among other Vices of human Nature, there is one so peculiar in its Quality, that the Gratification of it, instead of giving the least pretended Pleasure, is an eternal *Self-Punishment* to all who possess it : But as unreasonable as this evil Affection of the Mind is, it is the most importunate and continual of all others ; for of other Affections there is Occasion given but now and then ; but this is ever working on some Object, The Vice which I have been describing is that of *Envy*, and they who are actuated by that Passion have such vehement *Wishes* and *Imaginations*, that different Objects raise different Ideas in their Minds, and all conduce only to their own *Misery* and *Disquietude*. SPENCER, whose allegorical Imagery is as just as it is poetical, gives a fine Description of this Vice in two different Places, and in two different Sexes,—That in the Male Character runs thus :

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*next malicious Envy rode  
Upon a raw'nous Wolf, and still did chaw  
Between his canker'd Teeth a ven'mous Toad,  
That all the Poison ran about his Jaw :*

*But*

*But inwardly he chew'd his own Maw,  
At Neighbours Wealth, that ever made him sad ;  
For Death it was when any Good he saw,  
And wept that Cause of weeping none he had ;  
But when he heard of Harm, he waxed wondrous glad.*

The Female Picture of *Envy* the Poet has drawn thus :

*The other held a Snake, with Venom fraught,  
On which she fed and knawed hungerly,  
As if that long she had not eaten aught,  
That round about the Jaws they might descry  
The bloody Gore and Poison dropping loathsome.  
Her Name was Envy, known well thereby,  
Whose Nature is to grieve and grudge at all  
That she may see done Praise-worthy,  
Whose Sight to her, is greatest Cross may fall,  
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her Gall :  
For when she wanteth other Things to eat,  
She feeds on her own Maw unnatural.*

*Spencer's Fairy Queen.*

THIS Description may not have all the Delicacy which our refined Age may approve : It may be less harmonious than our late Productions ; but they who know human Nature must allow it strictly just.—So much I thought necessary as a proper Introduction to the Letter I mention'd, and to shew that tho' the Character of my Correspondent may seem extraordinary, it is not unjust.

*To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**S you seem to treat those Correspondents who apply to you with an *impartial Freedom*, I think it proper in the same Manner to state my Case to you, that I may to better Purpose receive your Instructions.

I frankly confess that I am guilty of a Vice, in which I cannot discover any Charm : Some vicious Habits are contracted and followed, because they are supposed to bring with them either *Pleasure, Profit, or Honour* ;

*now* ; but from *Envy*, which is my unhappy Affection, who is it can find any of these ? It takes its Beginning from *Vexation*, and has its Ending in *Grief* : It is justly said to be the *Saw* of the Soul, that pricks and cuts the vital Blood, and tears the Flesh but into larger Atoms : It is a *Sickness* bred of *another's* Health, and an unaccountable *Antipathy* to *Virtue*.

TO this Description of my Malady, I must, to set it in a true Light, give a more copious one of its *Operations* : Endowed with a small, though competent Estate, instructed to a tolerable Degree of Knowledge, and blest'd with a moderate Share of natural Reason, I have that *spleenetick Unhappiness* of Mind which makes me uneasy whenever I see any Advantages of *Fortune*, Acquisitions of *Knowledge*, or Gifts of *Nature* in others, superior to what I myself enjoy ; therefore no *Time*, no *Place* or *Amusement* can afford me any Relief ; every where a sufficient Number of Objects occur to my Sight to destroy my Quiet ; for my *Wishes*, *Imagination*, and *Misery* vary and heighten instantaneously at every desirable Object, (or what I think desirable) that I behold : If in the Country, when I see the retir'd indolent Happiness of a Village *'Squire*, his Pleasure in Sporting, his Courting o'er his own Lands, his Power and Respect among his Villagers and Tenants, I inveigh against Fortune that I was not born to such a Lot ; I think I have *Merit* sufficient to have *deserved* it, and shou'd have *Understanding* enough how to have *enjoyed* it : But the *Town* is an insupportable Scene ; yet the more Misery it gives me, the more I am delighted with it. When I behold a *Fool* or a *Knave*, with a *Title* or *Estate*, rolling along the Streets with a splendid Chariot and Equipages, I re-pine at such a Distribution of Wealth, and think with more Justice, in regard to my *Understanding* and my *Honesty*, it might have been conferr'd on *me*. It is all the same if the Master of the Equipage should be a Man of the greatest *Merit* and *Honour* ; for though I can find no Reason why such a Fortune and Equipage should not be *his*, I can give several to myself why they ought to be *mine*. When I am in the *City*, and view the Hurry of Business, and consider the Wealth some of the eminent Members of it are acquiring by an experienc'd Know-

ledge and indefatigable Industry, I curse my Stars that I was not brought up to *Trade*, and then look on the Riches of some Merchants, as *Wealth* which they have depriv'd me of. St. *James's* End of the Town gives me no less Anxiety, when I see some Persons there exalted into high Offices, and bearing their *Keys* and *White Staves*, the *Insignia* of their *Posits*; when I see others enjoying *Places* and *Pensions*, which Intrigue, Servility, or Corruption may have procured; *what*, cry I, are in these Men to meet with such Favours? *What* have they done to deserve these Honours? *In what* are they superior to myself? — Curse on *Fortune*, had I been born a *Fool* of *Quality*, or had obtained a *Seat* in P———t, some of these would have fallen to my Lot; I might have been a Vice C———, or a *Commissioner* of the T———, perhaps a ————, perhaps the *Prime M———*.

BUT this Disposition of *thinking* is not confin'd to the Enjoyment of Pomp and Riches, it is universal: If at a *Parochial Church* I hear an excellent Sermon, or at a *Meeting-House* a good Discourse; if at a *Cathedral* a *fine Chorister*, or at a *Play-House* an applauded *Actor*, I am equally tortur'd; I would have all the several Endowments as I hear them applauded, and be a *Clergyman*, or a *Dissenting Teacher*, or a *Singing Man*, or a *Player*.

NOR is it the immediate Sight of Persons and Things which alone raises this Agitation in my Mind; Relations of Persons and Things will have as strong an Effect as Objects placed before my Eyes; if I hear the Speech of a *Senator*, or the *Pleading* of a *Lawyer*, or the *Experience* of a *Physician*, or the *Genius* of a *Poet* commended, I am vexed within myself, and have snarl'd at Mr. P———'s Eloquence in the House, Mr. *Murray's* at the Bar; have hinted Dr. *Mead* had no Judgment, and Mr. *Pope* no Excellence, because all their several *great Talents* have not been center'd in me. When Persons of less Fame are commended, I have the Consolation that I can put in an *Exception*, and with more Success raise a *Doubt*, whether they are so Praise-worthy as they are commonly reported.

IN concluding, I cannot omit another very material Circumstance in my Conduct: I constantly attend the *Theatres* every *first Night* of a *new Performance*, and  
though

though unacquainted with the Author, *unknowing* of the Merit of the Piece, or the least interested by its Success, I am previously under the greatest Anxiety as to its Success. — I am in the greatest Pain for Fear it should *not be damn'd*. — The least *Applause* kills me, — but when the *Catcalls* begin to play, I pull out mine, and gladly join the screaming Chorus; and to carry such a Point, as damning a new Play, I have drove the Players off the Stage, frighten'd the Ladies out of the Boxes, pull'd up the *Benches*, and *demolished* the *Theatres*.

HAVING thus, without Reserve, characterized myself, and my unhappy Disposition of Mind, let this Letter stand in your Paper as an Admonition for others to avoid the least Indulgement of such a Temper; for *Envy*, I believe, is not *inborn*, but in great Part acquir'd: If you cou'd add any Instructions as to myself, you would oblige

### CAIN GLOOMY.

THIS splenetick Affection which my Correspondent has in several Operations describ'd, is too common a Vice among the *worthless* and *weak* Part of *Mankind*, who call in *Question* the *Dispensations* of *Providence* for want of an honest Way of *Thinking*, and often for want of *Thinking* at all. They who have no Virtue themselves, envy the Virtue of others; they would enjoy the Goods of *Fortune*, and Praise of *Mankind*, without taking proper Means to acquire them: *Application* to our own Business necessarily prevents our troubling ourselves about other People's; and by obtaining a *Worth* and *Esteem* in the World, the Mind has such a Satisfaction in having acquir'd it, that it has no *Discontent* at such *Acquisitions* in others. I believe Mr. *Gloomy* is right in saying that *Envy* is not an *inborn* Evil; its Malignity chiefly arises from *Idleness* and *Folly*: Would my Correspondent employ himself more properly, than to run about the Town *ruminating* on the Condition of others, or think more properly than that in *damning* an *Author*, or *demolishing* a *Play-House*, there is any Satisfaction, he would attain that *Contentment* of *Mind*, which *Men* of *common Sense* and *common Honesty* generally enjoy.

I CANNOT omit this Opportunity of inserting the following Variation of an Epigram of *Martial*, sent to me some Time ago.

## IN INVIDUM.

**L**AUDAT, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma libellos,  
 Meque sinus omnes, me manus omnis habet:  
 Ecce rubet Quidam, pallet, supet, oscitat, odit:  
 Hec volo: Nunc vobis carmina nostra placent.

## To an ENVIOUS CRITICK.

**B**RITAIN reads, loves, and praises what I write,  
 My Works are sold, and, I have heard, delight:  
 Lo! *Macilente* grows pale when they are read,  
 Then reddens, stares, yawns, frowns, and shakes his Head:  
 This I would have; this sets my Heart at Ease;  
 For all he *envies*, I am certain please.

*The Letters from Solomon Single, Mr. Wiseacre, and others, will be inserted in our next.*



—Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria—  
*Martial.*

*Some are good, others indifferent.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**D**ISTICHS and such *Epigrams* are sometimes very agreeable Reading, as they are very short, and on different Subjects: If my Readers happen to be in an indolent Humour, the Brevity and Variety of the following little Epistles may be thought amusing; but let my Readers be ever so grave, there is nothing in  
 the

the Letters which can offend. The first comes from a rich old Batchelor, and regards every pretty young Lady in *Great-Britain*.

*To the* AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**S your Paper is calculated for the Perusal of the Fair Sex, and comes to the Hands, consequently, of a great Number of *pretty young Ladies*, I address this Letter to you, as the Contents of it regards their Interest as well as my own. You must know then, I am an old Batchelor, worth *Forty Thousand Pounds*, in my *Sixty-Third Year*, or thereabouts, somewhat *infirm of Body*, but perfectly *sound of Mind*: I have always been averse to *Marriage*, but am now willing to enter into that holy State on such Conditions as will be hereafter specified. Having safely got over the Rigor of the late severe Season, which has swept so many of my Age away, I am inclin'd to think, from some sensible *Juvenilities* I perceive about me, that this *Spring* will make me *twenty Years* younger than I am, and that when *Lent* is over, the entering into the Bands of Wedlock would conduce much to my *Health* as well as *Happiness*—Having such an Intention, and such a Fortune, you may wonder that I want a Match. Why, Sir, I know well enough that I might not be long wanting would I but disclose my Mind to some Ladies; but, Sir, I am very *bashful*, and at this Time should not care to go through the least *Formality* of Courtship; I know if I have a very *fine, beautiful, accomplish'd young Lady* (and such a one only will I have) my Money must *buy* her; therefore I endeavour to get such a *Purchase* with as little Trouble as possible, and that is my Occasion of writing this Letter to you.

I HAVE heard, that when Persons of my *Wealth* and *Age* marry such *young Ladies* as I have describ'd, they are used very ill by them when they are in any Sickness; and that sometimes the *Doctor* or *Apothecary* or *Nurse*, or *something* or other helps them forward to the other World, that the *young Widow* may enjoy the large *Jointure* settled on her: For which Reasons, Mr.

*Stonecastle*, that I may be under no Apprehensions of having my *Pillow* pull'd from under my Head in a Fit of the *Phthifick*; and that I may have all due Care and Comfort administer'd to me by my *Wife*, I do propose, to any young, beautiful, accomplish'd Lady, who will take me for her wedded Husband, to give her *Three Thousand Pounds* down on the Day of Marriage; and to settle on her *Six Hundred Pounds per Annum* during my natural Life; but on the Day of my Decease the said *Six Hundred Pounds per Annum* shall entirely cease, and go as I think proper to dispose of it by my last *Will* and *Testament*, she having no Claim or Title to any Part thereof.

YOU must see my Meaning by this Scheme; it is her Interest to have me live as long as possible: If any Lady, such as I have describ'd, will accept of this Proposal, let her send a Line to you, and on your advertising the Receipt, you shall hear from,

*Yours,*

SOLOMON SINGLE.

IF any Lady, after a very nice Calculation of the Value of such a Marriage, thinks proper to accept Mr. Single's Proposal, on her writing to me I shall obey his Directions. The next needs no Introduction.

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

I AM a *Widower*, and have been so these dozen Years, and did intend to continue so all my Life; I thought another Scheme of Life better, and kept a *House-Keeper*; but upon looking into my Affairs, I find to keep a *House-Keeper* is far more expensive than to keep a *Wife*; therefore I think it once more expedient for me to enter again into the Matrimonial State.—I save no Charges by keeping a *House-Keeper*, though it was that common saving Notion was one Inducement to live unmarried; but

but it is like going down to *Bath* or *Scarborough* to save Expences in *London*: Or it is more like falling into the Hands of the *Black Rod*, or *Serjeant* of the *House*, where the Expences run so high, that you spend more in a few Weeks than would handsomely maintain you in another Prison your whole Life.—Mrs. *Mary*, so is my House-keeper call'd, is become worth *four thousand Pounds*, and says, after what has *pass'd between us*, she will not leave me.—What can I do?—No Woman of *Credit* and *Fortune* will have me, and if I should marry Mrs. *Mary*, I should become the Jest of the *Parish*.—Your Advice gravely given at this Nonplus, would be of Service to, Mr. *Stonecastle*,

*Your constant Reader,*

SIMON WISEACRE.

Mr. *Wiseacre's* Fate is that which generally attends many an old *Batchelor* and *Widower* in this Kingdom: All that I can advise him, as Mrs. *Mary* will not leave him, and is become worth about *four thousand Pounds*, is e'en to marry Mrs. *Mary*: As for being a *Jest* on such an Occasion is no Argument; the Practice of Men's marrying their *Mistresses* is pretty frequent, and he may give great Examples for an Authority,

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To Mr. STONECASTLE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,  
 YOU'LL see by my *Scrawl* of what Sex I am: It is sufficient therefore to tell you at once, that in some Visits I pay I always meet a young Gentleman, call'd *Petulant*, who is for ever talking of what a vast Number of *Letters* he writes to our Sex: As I believe this is only an Air of Vanity, by your correcting him for it you'll oblige several of your Readers, as well as

*Your constant one,*

LUCIA.

I W O U ' D have this Lady shew the young Gentleman she complains of, the following Lines, which are translated from *Martial*, the first Time he gives himself such Airs.

To P E T U L A N T.

*W E know not why you thus indite,  
And to so many Nymphs will write:  
This we all know is very true,  
No Nymph will write a Line to you.*

To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**Y**OUR Predecessor of famous Memory, always thought it Part of his Office to pay occasional Commendations on the Performers at the *Theatres*, whom you never take Notice of; however, I hope you will have so much Regard for a Man of Worth and Merit, as to insert the following *Character* and *Epitaph*. This will oblige several of your Readers.

A. B. C. D. &c. Philo-Scenici,

An EXCELLENT ACTOR.

**W**HATSOEVER is commendable in the grave Orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant Action of Body, and Propriety of Voice, he charms the Attention. Sit in a full Theatre, and you will think you see so many Lines drawn from the Circumference of so many Ears, while the *Actor* is the *Centre*. He is not a Mimick to debase Nature, but her cautious Delegate, and represents her truly. By his Action he fortifies moral Precepts by Example; for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us. He adds Grace to the Poet's Labour; for what in the Poet is but Numbers, in him is both Numbers and Musick. He entertains us in the best Leisure, in Hours the most unfit for

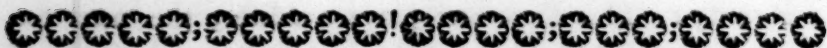
for Study, Business, or Bodily Exercise : Several Recreations are agreeable ; but, in spite of Calumny, this of the Actor is the most rational ; all Men are of his Occupation, and indeed, what he does in Fiction they do in Reality : This Day one plays a Miser, the next an angry Father ; one Day a fine Gentleman, the next a Bankrupt, &c. I observe, of all Men living, a worthy, honest Actor, in one Kind, is the strongest Motive of Affection that can be ; for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any Man can do his Parts like him. To conclude, a worthy, honest Actor ought to be valued by the Corruption of the major Part of his Profession, as one would Gold in the Ore : We should not mind the Dross, but the Purity of the Metal. All this Character met in one worthy Man and excellent Actor, lately dead, Mr. BENJAMIN GRIFFIN, of Drury-Lane Theatre.

AN EPI TAPH.

On Mr. BENJAMIN GRIFFIN, late of Drury-Lane Theatre, Comedian.

IF with unequall'd Skill to win the Age,  
And with peculiar Excellence engage ;  
If in the comic Scene to touch the Heart,  
Deceive it, imperceptible of Art,  
Has any Merit, any Worth can raise ;  
*Reader*, this humble Stone demands your Praise.  
For ever silenc'd here the Actor lies,  
Who once cou'd charm the Beauteous and the Wise ;  
Cou'd the most Rigid with chaste Mirth beguile,  
And from just Reason force an honest Smile ;  
Cou'd to the Heart by Nature's Dictates steal,  
That they who smil'd not must want Sense to feel.  
Such his least Merits be, though such approv'd,  
For greater Worth in Private was he lov'd ;  
Mirth without Folly, Friendship without Art,  
Just all his Actions, honest all his Heart ;  
Nor doubt such Actor and such Man cou'd be ;  
Such Man and Actor was, and Griffin He.

*THE Letters on a Breach of Marriage are receiv'd,  
and shall be inserted the first Opportunity.*



Ducentur——captæque puellæ  
Heæ tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.

*Ov. Amor. lib. 1. el. 2.*

*And there a Train of captive Maids shall wait,  
To make thy Pomp and Triumph truly great.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**A**BOUT a Month ago I receiv'd a Letter from a rich old Batchelor, who call'd himself *Solomon Single*, which, as it contain'd a Particularity of Humour, and a Proposal to the Fair Sex in relation to Marriage, I insert'd it with the greatest Freedom; and to deal with the utmost Impartiality, I made no *Comment* on Mr. *Single's* Proposal, but published it genuine, and left my *Female Readers* to form, without any Prejudice, what Conceptions of it they thought proper. A few Days after the Publication I began to receive Letters from every Quarter of the Town, the Supercriptions of which told at first View what *Sex* they came from: In some Days after the Publisher's Boy brought me several more, which came by the *Post*, all directed in Women's Hands, and all on the same Subject with my Town Epistles, the *rich old Batchelor's Proposal* to marry any *young, beautiful, accomplish'd fine Lady*, who would accept of him, by giving her *three thousand Pounds* on the Day of Marriage, and to settle on her *six hundred Pounds per Annum* during his natural Life, but during *his* Life only. As the old Gentleman had describ'd himself in his *sixty-third Year*, and *infirm of Body*, I must confess it was not with a little Pity that I perus'd the Letters of the Ladies, who, according to the Terms propos'd, must be *young, beautiful, accomplish'd, and fine*; for the humble Condescensions of some, the Offers by way of Pecuniary Bribery of others, some Innuendoes from

from one or two, that if the Thing succeeded, and, if I myself was not very old, I might be admitted to the Favour of ——— drinking Tea *sometimes*, when Mr. Single was abroad.—These Hints, I say, suggested to me how dreadfully a great Number of handsome Women must be languishing for the Want of Husbands, or that the Fair Sex, as well as the Men, will sacrifice the Dictates of their Heart to the Temptation of a little *Interest*. As my old *Batchelor's* Letter had produced so large a Correspondence, which related peculiarly to *himself*, I thought it Injustice to my general Female Correspondents to select any particular Letters, but sent him the whole Packet for his Consideration. Though I thought this the most fair Way of Proceeding, yet it has drawn upon me some Inconveniencies ; for some Letters not immediately appearing in my Paper, the *Ladies*, I suppose, alter'd their Mind, and demanded them back, when it was out of my Power to return them : They appertain'd to Mr. Single, and I was only the voluntary Passport that convey'd them. I have waited with as much Impatience as the *Ladies* to hear from Mr. Single, whose Directions I promised punctually to obey ——— He has order'd me to publish the following Letters, which he says is a faithful *Abridgment* of the *whole Packet*, and to place his *Answer* at the End of them. ——— In this Affair I am only a mere Publisher, and therefore desire all those Ladies will excuse me, whose Epistles on this Subject are not inserted.

To Mr. SOLOMON SINGLE.

To be deliver'd by the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Worthy Sir,

**Y**OUR Intention to enter into the holy and comfortable State of Matrimony, truly bespeaks that *Soundness* of *Mind* which you declare yourself to have : Nor need you complain of your *Infirmity* of *Body*, when you have got over the Rigour of the late severe Season, and even in this *cold Spring* can from sensible *Juvenilities* think yourself twenty Years younger than you are : But as you are bashful, and hate the least Formality

mality of *Courtship*, I don't see how your Proposal can be made effectual but by one Method: A Maiden, young Lady could not in Modesty accept of it abruptly, without a little Formality of wooing: Such a Forwardness might shock your *Bachelor-like Delicacy*; and yet a young, handsome Woman you would have. What then can you do?—Take my Advice. Chuse a young handsome *Widow*. — She has been courted, and won't stand on Punctilio's, and knows *what's what*. — As you have liv'd to these Years, and was never married, if you take a young puling Wench that never was married, *Matrimony* will be very awkward to you *both*, and neither of you will know how to behave to one another.

NOW, good Sir, if you have a Mind to a brisk, young, handsome *Widow*, about twenty-one, who buried a very pretty young Fellow about *Christmas* last, I am your *Woman*; and it will be a proper Match, I assure you: I dare swear I have *Beauty* enough for you, and you have *Money* enough for me, and I'll administer as much *Care* and *Comfort* to you as you desire — taking at the same Time all *due* Regard to a Life which will be, without Flattery, dear Sir, so *precious* to me.

YOUR speedy determinating, and an Interview, will oblige,

Your well Adviser,

New Bond-street,

SUSANNA BRISKLY.

To SOLOMON SINGLE, Esq;

S I R,

I READ your Proposal of *Marriage* this Morning, and, considering every Thing, I cannot think it disadvantageous to that Part of our Sex who have more *Youth* and *Beauty* than *Wealth*. I therefore, Sir, think it worthy of Acceptance, if the following Character of myself is worth your Esteem.

I AM a Maiden Gentlewoman, brought up always in the Country, under the Care of an Aunt, who, as I had no Fortune to be a polite Lady, taught me how to be

be a most notable Housewife and Oeconomist ; and that I have some Share of Beauty I heartily believe, not only from the Self-Flattery of our Sex, but because all the gay *Londoners* I have ever seen have ever told me so. Thus I think I am, according to your Description, sufficiently *accomplished* for your Spouse. As I may venture to say I may be *agreeable*, I positively assert I can be *serviceable* to you. — I can make *Jellies*, and *Soups*, and *Caudles*, — Things very *comfortable* and *nourishing* to a Person in his *sixty third* Year. — I have read *Culpeper's* Dispensatory, and also *Salmon's*, and have some curious Books of *Receipts* and admirable *Nostrums* by me, which I myself transcrib'd from my Aunt's Grandmother's Sister's *Memorandums*. — You will want no *Doctors* nor *Apothecaries*, and if you like me, and find I take *due Care* of you, if you have a Mind to make me a *Fee extraordinary*, so be it. — Pray let me see something in the *Spec.* as soon as possible about your Resolution, and how I must more immediately apply to you. I am, (as far as Modesty)

Hertfordshire,  
March 24,

Yours

DOROTHY NOTABLE.

To 'Squire SINGLE.

S I R,

I Look'd over your Letter to Mr. *Stonecastle* several Times, with great Attention : I read that you was worth forty thousand Pounds — forty times over, but do not altogether approve of your not continuing the six hundred Pounds as a Jointure after your own Decease. However, I take you to be a good Sort of a Gentleman, and have therefore so far trespass'd on my own Prudence, and risk'd my *Honour* by writing to your Sex in my own Hand, and sign'd it with my own *Arms*. — I don't intend to make a Secret to you who I am, therefore I accept of your *three thousand Pounds* on the Day of our Marriage, and *six hundred a Year*, — even during your Life only. — Nor when I tell you who I am, think  
I have

I have base mercenary Views alone. — I have often been a *Confidante* to a *Crown'd Head* — a *Dutchess's Coronet* has encircled my Brow at frequent *Coronations*; — yet I am but in my *nineteenth Year*. — In short, if you have a Mind for a fine heroick Lady, an innocent rural *Shepherdess*, or a divine dancing *Goddess*, you may send a *Billet-doux* by your Slave, directed to Miss *Flirt*, behind the Scenes, at \*\*\*\*\* *Theatre*, according to which you shall have a proper Answer from

\*\*\*\*\* *Theatre*

*Great-Room,*

LUCY FLIRT.

To Mr. SINGLE,

S I R,

*Cheapside.*

IT was with the highest Delight that I read your Letter in the *Spec*; for, to be frank with you, I have long had an Ambition to marry some rich old *Batchelor*; and besides it is my *Destiny*, as I have been told by above a hundred Fortune-tellers. — It is surprizing to see how Things fall out; I was shewn in the *Coffee-Grounds* just such an old Gentleman as you describe yourself, the Morning before I read your Letter, and on consulting Mrs. *Foretell* since, she says you are the Husband I have been so long waiting for. Don't think by my waiting long, that I am an old Maid, for I am not at my last Prayer, to have any rather than fail, tho' my Stars have decreed me

Your's,

TABITHA HOPEWELL,

N. B. I was always told I should ride in my *Coach-and-Six*; but if you drive with *Four* only, it will be no Objection.

To S. SINGLE, Esq;

S I R,

I AM a *Chambermaid* to one of the finest Ladies in Town, am young, and by some Advances my Lord has made to me, have Reason to say I have Beauty, and if

if I was your Spouse, I would shew the Town I had all the fashionable *Accomplishments* of it. With these Endowments I am willing to accept of your Proposal, as your *Rank* of Life will give me an Opportunity to make an *Eclat* in the World, which would be more agreeable to my Humour, than to bury myself in a dirty Country Village with Mr. *Prim*, our Chaplain, between whom and me a *Treaty of Marriage* is now on Foot. — A speedy Answer by the *Spec*, may, if you please, determine me ever to subscribe myself,

Your's

HARRIOT PINWELL.

*To an old Batchelor, who calls himself* SINGLE.

*Friend Single,*

I HAVE read thy Letter, and thy vain Proposal to the young Maidens of this Land: I perceive by thy mentioning thy *Juvenilities* in thy *sixty-third* Year, thou art an old Fool. — Grow wiser, and die a Batchelor.

RACHEL DOWNRIGHT.

*To all the Ladies of Great-Britain, Maids or Widows.*

*Ladies,*

MY Friend Rachel Downright has judg'd right of me, for my sudden Fit of *Juvenility* has ended in a Fit of the *Rheumatism*; therefore, without giving other Reasons, am determin'd to die a Batchelor.

SOLOMON SINGLE.

— Notandi



———Notandi sunt tibi mores.

*Hor. Art. Poet.*

———*The Manners must your strictest Care engage.*

*To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

SIR,

**O**F all the various Methods of conveying Instruction, none seems to me to be more happily adapted for the Improvement of Mankind, than by Reflections and Maxims on human Life deliver'd in short Precepts. The Holy Scriptures abound with this Species of Writing: *Epictetus's* Morals are of the same Kind, and several modern Authors have chose to convey their Sentiments in this miscellaneous Manner. This may be sufficient Authority for you to insert the following Thoughts, which are the Result of serious Contemplation, and as I believe they are strictly true, they may not be improper to fill a Column or two in your *Spectator*: I shall say no more of this miscellaneous Kind of Writing, but shall leave to your Judgment the Publication of it.

#### REFLECTIONS *on* HUMAN LIFE.

**N**OTHING is more surprising, when we consider human Life, than to think how many Millions of People come into, and go out of the World, ignorant of themselves, and of the World they have liv'd in.

IF any one went to see *Windsor-Castle*, or *Hampton-Court*, it would be strange if he did not observe and remember the Situation, the Building, Gardens, &c. and yet few People know themselves; no not their own Bodies,

dies, the Houses of their Minds, the most curious Structure of the World, which would be so much our Benefit, as well as Pleasure, to know.

THE World is a great and stately Volume of natural Things, but how very few Leaves of it do we seriously turn over ! This ought to be the Subject of the Education of our Youth, who at Twenty, when they should be fit for Business, know not any Thing of it : We are in Pain to make them *Scholars*, but not *Men* ; to *talk* rather than *know* : The first Thing obvious to Children is what is *sensible*, and that we make no Part of their Rudiments : We press their Memories too soon, and puzzle them with Words and Rules, to know *Grammar* and *Rhetorick*, and a strange Tongue or two, that perhaps may never be useful to them, leaving their natural Genius to Mechanical and Physical Knowledge, uncultivated and neglected, which would be of exceeding Use and Pleasure to them through the whole Course of their Lives.

LANGUAGES are not to be despis'd or neglected, but still *Things* are to be preferr'd : It were happy if we study'd Nature more in natural Things, and acted according to Nature, whose Rules are few, plain and reasonable : Let us begin where she begins, go her Pace, and close always where she ends, and we cannot miss being good Naturalists.

THE Creation would be no longer a Riddle to us ; the Heavens, Earth and Waters, with their respective various and innumerable Inhabitants, their Productions, Natures, Seasons, Sympathies, Antipathies, their Use, Benefit and Pleasure, would be better understood by us ; and an eternal Wisdom, Power, Majesty and Goodness, very conspicuous to us thro' those sensible and pleasing Forms.

IF Man be the Index or Epitome of the World, as Philosophers tell us, we have only to read ourselves well to be learned in it : But because there is nothing we regard less than the *Characters* of that Power that made us, and can best tell us what we are and should be, we are even Strangers to our own Genius, the Glass in which we should see that true, instructing and agreeable Variety, which is to be observ'd in Nature ; and yet we are very  
apt

apt to be full of *curfelves*, instead of him that made what we so much value.

M A N is become a strange Contradiction to himself; he would have others obey him, yet will not obey that Power who gave him Being; he will lose none of his Authority; he is humorous to his Wife, beats his Children; is angry with his Servants, strict with his Neighbours, revenges all Affronts to Extremity, but forgets all the while that he is *Man*, and is more in Arrears to the *Supreme Being*, that is so very patient with him, than they are to him, with whom he is so strict and impatient.

H E is curious to wash and adorn his Body, but careless of his Soul; The one shall have many Hours, the other not half so many Minutes: If he is to visit, or to receive a great Man, how nice and anxious is he that all Things be in Order? And with what Respect and Address does he approach and make his Court? But to the Divine Majesty how cold and constrain'd is his Devotion!

T H E Unhappiness which a great Part of Mankind complain of, they bring upon themselves for Want of due Consideration: For our second Thoughts rarely agree with our first; which pass not without a considerable Retrenchment and Correction; and yet that sensible Warning is too frequently not Precaution enough for our future Conduct: We may well say then, our Infelicity is chiefly occasion'd by ourselves, since there is nothing we do that we should not do, but we *know* it, and yet *do* it.

DISAPPOINTMENTS, which come not by our own Vices and Follies, are Tryals and Corrections from Heaven, and it is our own Fault if they prove not our Advantage: To repine at them, is only to grumble at our Creator; but to see the Hand of God in them, with an humble Submission to his Will, is the Way to turn our *Water into Wine*, and engage the greatest Love and Mercy on our Side.

W H E N the Actions of a Neighbour are upon the Stage, we can have all our Wits about us, and find out every Failure and Infirmary; but are without feeling, or have but very little Sense of our own.

MUCH

MUCH of this arises from *Ill-Nature*, as well as from an inordinate Value of ourselves : We love blaming the Unhappy, rather than relieving or pitying them. On such Occasions some shew their *Malice*, and are witty on *Misfortunes* ; others their Judgment, by sage Reflections on their Conduct ; but few their Charity : They only have a Right to censure, who have a Heart to assist ; the rest is Cruelty, and not Justice.

NOTWITHSTANDING Men rail against Marriage, they marry : They who would make that State happy to themselves, must act by this Prudential Maxim ; prefer the Person before Money, Virtue before Beauty, and the Mind before the Body ; for then they will have in a *Wife* a sincere Friend and agreeable Companion. He who regards Beauty more than the Soul, makes but an ill Choice : The Gratification of our Senses is low, short, and transient ; but the Mind gives a more rais'd and extended Pleasure, and is capable of an Happiness founded upon Reason, not bounded and limited by the Circumstances that Bodies are confin'd to.

A *Love* ought to be the sole Reason of Marriage, so it is the sole Method to make it happy : Wherefore a *Wife* should not be us'd as a *Servant*, whom perhaps you have serv'd seven Years to obtain.

A HUSBAND and Wife, who love and value one another, shew their Children and Servants that they shou'd do so too : Others visibly lose their Authority in their Families by their Contempt of one another, and teach their Children to be unnatural by their own Example.

TO conduct himself through the *Affairs* of the World with tolerable Decency and Advantage, a Man must be *reserv'd*, but not *sour* ; *grave*, but not *formal* ; *bold*, but not *rash* : *humble*, but not *servile* ; *patient*, not *insensible* ; *constant*, not *obstinate* ; *cheerful*, not *light* ; rather *sweet* than *familiar* ; *familiar*, than *intimate* ; and intimate with very few, and upon very good Grounds : Mindful to return Civilities, and grateful for Favours receiv'd.

AVOID Company, where it is not profitable or necessary, and on these Occasions speak *little* and *last* ; and if you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice

twice the better for it: But always speak to the Purpose, and keep strictly to Truth: Never use yourself to dispute against your own Judgment, to shew your Wit, lest it prepare you to be too indifferent of what is right; nor yet argue with another merely to vex him, for meer Trial of Skill, since to *inform*, or to be *inform'd*, ought to be the End of all Conferences.

BELIEVE nothing against another but upon good Authority, nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater Hurt to others to conceal it.

I T is wise not to seek a Secret, and honest not to reveal it.

L E T your Conversation and Actions be founded on *Propriety*: Some are witty, kind, cold, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, open, but all in the *wrong Place*.

RARELY promise, but if lawful, *constantly* perform: Hasty Resolutions are of the Nature of *Vows*, and to be equally avoided.

I will never do this, says one, yet does it: I am resolv'd to do that, says another, but on second Thoughts does not do it; or does it awkwardly for his Word's Sake, as if it was worse to break his Word, than to do amiss by keeping it.

I T is an Effect of Passion that Wisdom corrects, to lay yourself under Resolutions that cannot be well made, and must be worse perform'd.

T O be very subtle and scrupulous in Business, is as hurtful as being over confident and secure.

T O be happy, bring your Mind to your Condition, and have an Indifferency for more than what is sufficient. The Generality of Mankind are the worse for their Plenty; the *Voluptuous* consumes it, the *Miser* hides it; 'tis the *good Man* that uses it, and uses it to good Purposes: But such are hardly found among the *Prospereus*.

NEVER voluntarily want what you have in Possession, nor so spend it as to involve yourself in Want unavoidable.

T H E R E is a troublesome Humour some Men have, that if they may not lead, they will not follow; but had rather a Thing were never done, than not done their own

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own Way : This arises from an *Overfulness* of ourselves, and shews we are more concern'd for Praise, than the Success of what we think a good Thing.

A M U S E not yourself with the numerous Opinions Men now have about *Religion* ; nor value yourself upon verbal Orthodoxy, Philosophy, or Skill in Tongues, and Knowledge of the Fathers ; but rejoice in this, *That thou serve'st God, that is the Lord, who exerciseth Loving-kindness and Judgment and Righteousness in the Earth.*

—Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

*If you know better Rules than these, be free ;  
Impart them, but if not, use these with me.*

Philalethes,



Floriferis, ut apes, in saltibus omnia libant.

*Lucret. l. 3.*

*As from the sweetest Flowers the lab'ring Bees  
Suck all their fragrant Stores.*

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

**A**LTHOUGH you profess yourself a wond'rous all-accomplish'd Gentleman, and very well vers'd in the Female World, for whose Edification and Delight your Lucubrations are chiefly intended, yet you never insert in your Papers what we Women love dearly, what is the Soul of our Conversation, and the Joy of our Hearts ; *Scandal*. I suppose you have Vanity enough to think that your Essays sometimes are an Amusement to a great Number of the Fair Sex at their Tea Tables, and that they improve mightily from your dull

dull Precepts of Morality and late Romances of *Gluttony* and *Drunkenness*: But, sage Sir, you are mightily mistaken; their Discourse rolls on the dear Subject of *Scandal*, which gives an *Eclat* to Conversation, and offers a pleasing Opportunity for every Lady to shew her Wit and Spirit: Now, Mr. *Stonecastle*, if you would take my Advice, you might make your Paper much more agreeable, by introducing a little *Scandal*: Perhaps you may say, that you are not acquainted with private Histories of private Persons, and therefore could not perform such an Office, if you had a Mind to it; but that Objection will be of no Force; for I will undertake to supply you every Week with such Articles of *Scandal*, collected from one End of the Town to the other, that your Paper shall become the Admiration, Terror, and yet Delight of the whole Sex. You may wonder how I may come by such Intelligence; but I will acquaint you, by which Account you will see I am not singular in my Opinion, or need be ashamed of it. Know then, that there are a Set of Ladies, who have form'd themselves into a Club, which they call the *Scandal Club*, and that I am elected their Secretary: We meet once a Week, and every Lady brings her proper *Quota* of Defamation, which she has with the utmost Diligence collected, and which (after it has been approv'd of by the Club as *scandalous enough*) she is to propagate with equal Assiduity, in every Company she comes into: Besides the Collection of our own Members, we have settled Correspondences with *Chamber-Maids*, *Mantua-Makers*, *Lace-Women*, *Milliners*, *Stay-Makers*, *Match-Makers*, *Fortune-Tellers*, &c. &c. in every Part of the Town: We have our important Advices come in with the same Regularity as those which regard the Affairs of the Nation, and indeed they are form'd on the same Plan. We have the *St. James's Mail*, the *City Mail*, the *Grosvenor-Square Packet*; and many others too tedious to mention. Having fix'd such Intelligence, you need not fear, Mr. *Stonecastle*, but I can amply supply you with Materials, which you may manage as you think proper; and if you approve of such a Correspondence, I have Orders from the Board of Ladies, now sitting, to commence it as soon as possible: An Answer to this  
in

in your next Spectator, will oblige the Club, as well as your

*Humble Servant,*

MARTHA TITTLETATTLE, *Sec.*

BEFORE I settle any Correspondence with Mrs. *Martha*, or receive any Intelligence concerning others, I desire she would transmit to me the several *Characters* of the Ladies who compose the *Club*, and to them subjoin her own.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

I AM an unhappy Woman, who have most terrible Apprehensions of dying an *old Maid*, for I have neither Youth nor Beauty, yet have what may supply the Defect of both, *Four Thousand Pounds*: Notwithstanding such Charms, I have never been addressed but by old Batchelors, or elderly Widowers, and such I have no Inclination for; but if a very pretty smerk young Clergyman, or gay Officer in the Army, made any Overtures of Marriage, I believe I might listen to them. — I would publish my Mind somewhat more freely, but I remember Mr. *Solomon Single's* Recantation, and your young sparkish Readers might imagine I was only tantalizing them, as the old Batchelor did the Ladies. — But let my Fate be what it will, pray, Mr. *Stonecastle*, insert this Letter in your Spectator, which shall stand as a *Protest* against my being an *old Maid* by *Design* or *Inclination*.

PENELOPE WISHFORT,

P. S. Pray may not a Woman, past her *Prime*, marry a young Fellow without any Reproach on her *Conduct*?

IN Answer to the Postscript, I cannot but remark, that Women who are past their *Prime*, seem naturally the

the Refuge of young Fellows who have no great Estates ; though for my Part, I cannot tell whose Misfortune is to be most lamented, that of a Woman advanced in Years, who stands in need of a Spark, or that of a Spark, who stands in need of an old Woman.

*To the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

**I** AM very angry with you, and think your Lucubrations, as you call them, are as dull as Sermons ; and to reform us, you tell us nothing but what we very well *knew before* : Is this the Sense and Wit you pretend to ? Pray alter your Way of Writing, and oblige me not to discard your Paper.

SARAH KNOWWELL.

**I SHALL** not call Mrs. *Sarah's* Wisdom in Question, or how much she may know before she sees my Paper ; all I desire of her is to *practise* the Precepts contain'd in it. This *knowing before* is a Humour very common among Mankind, and which Monsieur *Bruyere* has admirably ridicul'd in the Character of a Lady being carried to *Æsculapius* for Advice.—— ‘ *Irene*, says he, is  
 • with great Difficulty convey'd to the Temple of *Æsculapius*, to consult the God about all her Ills : She  
 • complains first, that she is weary and fatigued ; the  
 • God pronounces it is occasioned by the Length of her  
 • Journey.—— She says, she has no Stomach to her Sup-  
 • per ; the Oracle bids her eat less Dinner : She adds,  
 • she is troubled on Nights with broken Slumbers ; he  
 • bids her never lie a-bed by Day : She asks how her  
 • Grossness may be prevented ; the Oracle replies, she  
 • ought to rise before Noon, and now and then make Use  
 • of her Legs : She declares Wine disagrees with her ;  
 • the Oracle bids her drink Water.—— That she has a  
 • bad Digestion ; he tells her she must go into a Diet :  
 • My Sight, says she, fails me : use Spectacles, says  
 • *Æsculapius*.—— I grow weak, I am not half so  
 • strong and healthy as I have been ; you grow old, says  
 • the

‘ the God. — But how shall I cure this Languishment ?  
 ‘ why, you must die, as your Grandfather and Grand-  
 ‘ mother did, if you’ll get rid on’t quickly. — What  
 ‘ Advice is this thou givest me, thou Son of *Apollo*,  
 ‘ cries *Irene* ? Is this the mighty Skill Men praise and  
 ‘ worship you for ? What hast thou told me *rare* or *myste-*  
 ‘ *rious* ? Did not I know *thus much before* ? — The  
 ‘ God answers, Why did not you put it in *Practice* then,  
 ‘ without coming so far out of your Way to seek me,  
 ‘ and shortening your Days by a tedious Journey to no  
 ‘ Purpose ?’ — I need make no Comment on this Story,  
 it is a proper Answer to my angry Correspondent, and  
 such Advice as I wish all my Readers would follow ;  
 I must now consider the Complaint of another Lady.

*To Mr. STONECASTLE,*

*S I R,*

**I** Have under my Care a young Lady who has a deal of  
 Beauty, which she in a great Degree loses by endea-  
 vouring to improve it, or set it off by an affected *Dress*  
 and Ridiculoufness of *Art*. I have in vain made all the  
 Remonstrances in my Power, therefore must have Re-  
 course to your Spectatorial Authority, to which she has  
 good Sense enough to pay a Deference. Your saying  
 something on this Subject may be of Service to several  
 young Ladies besides her : This would be a Favour to

*Your constant Reader,*

ELVIRA.

**I**F the young Lady has an Ambition to appear beau-  
 tiful in her own Eyes, she may follow her own Caprice  
 and Fancy ; but if it is the Men she would charm, if  
 ’tis for them she dresses, I assure her she takes very  
 wrong Measures : A handsome Woman, the more natu-  
 ral she is, the more beautiful she appears ; she loses no-  
 thing by being careless, and without any other Ornament  
 than what she draws from her Beauty and Youth : An  
 innocent Grace shines in her Countenance, and animates

every little Action so much, that there would be less Danger to see her adorn'd with all the coquetting Advantages of Dress and Fashion. Thus an honest Man is respected independent from all those outward Actions, by which he would endeavour to make his Person more grave, and his Virtue more specious and reserv'd ; since too great a Modesty, a Singularity in Habit, or the State with which some walk, add nothing to Sincerity, nor does it raise Merit, but often makes it look less pure and more suspected. If Women were form'd by Nature what they ridiculously make themselves by Art, they would look on themselves as the most wretched Creatures in the World ; Caprice and Whimsicalness of Dress is a Counter-Poyson of their Beauty, it prevents the Damage they would otherwise do, who without some such Remedies would become too easy Victims to their Charms.

*To Mr. STONECASTLE.*

*S I R,*

**I** Was in Company the other Afternoon where the Conversation turn'd on the Passion of *Love* ; it was occasion'd by talking of a young Lady, who from professing herself a *Man-Hater*, is call'd the *Fair Insensible*. I am enjoin'd to address you for your Opinion, whether a young beautiful Woman can be insensible of that Passion ; by giving which you will oblige

*Your's,*

LYDIA TOUCHWOOD.

MY Opinion in this Case is the same with a great Author who was very well acquainted with the Sex, that ' the Woman who is insensible, is one that has not yet seen the Person whom she is to love.'



— Sex

Et plures uno conclamant ore — Juv. Sat. 7.  
*The Tongues of Six and more are heard at the same  
 Instant.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**A**S you hinted the Desire of having the Characters of the Ladies transmitted to you who compose the *Scandal Club*, which I describ'd to you in my last, I was order'd by the Society to draw up their several Characters, without Favour or Affection, and send them to you: I enter'd on this Office with the more Pleasure, as it indulg'd my Humour of being a little satirical in the Stories of my Acquaintance; but yet be assured, Sir, I shall not swerve from Truth, but endeavour at that Merit which I have heard given to an Historian, that I will not dare to tell a Falshood, and that I will not be afraid to pronounce a Truth. — Without farther Preface, I shall describe the Members of our Society, according to the Order they stand in my Register.

M R S. *Abigail Verjuice*, President. — Mrs. *Abigail* is an *old Maid*, in the 53d Year of her Age; when she was young she had, according to her own Account, Beauty sufficient to draw a great Number of Lovers after her; but she thought Love was a very foolish Affair, and, instead of giving Way to such an impertinent Passion, she became an arrant Man-Hater, and is resolv'd to continue so to her Life's End. — But the Truth is, she was rather *homely* than *charming*, and *forward* than *reserv'd*: yet was so unhappy as to live to her 46th Year, and never once had the *Question ask'd* her; neither on a *Gallant* or a *Matrimonial* Account. She values herself highly for her discreet Conduct through Life, and that her *Honour* stands unimpeach'd: This is no such great Merit, for you know, Mr. *Stonecastle*,

F 2

*That*

*That the Nymph may be chaste who has never been try'd.*

I BELIEVE in her 46th Year a Match was propos'd to her by a Widower of 84, which she reject'd with Contempt, and has remain'd a thorough *Man-Hater* ever since. The particular Province she has in the Society was conferr'd on her for her eminent Talent in Scandal, which is always levell'd against young Ladies for a Misconduct in their Amours : As she is a rigid Reformer of Female Manners, she is sure to give such an Interpretation to the Actions and Behaviour of a young Lady who may be innocently engag'd in an Amour, and address'd by a Lover on the most honourable Terms, as to raise a Suspicion on her Virtue : But her being censorious on such Ladies may be attributed to an Imagination of how she herself might behave on such an Occasion ; and it is, perhaps, from a Censoriousness of her own Frailty, that she suspects the same Kind of Disposition in others. Besides these Qualities of whispering away Reputations, and inveighing against the Conduct of the young Women of the present Age, she is a most faithful Collector and Disperfer of *authentick* Scandal. If a young Lady makes a Trip within the City or Suburbs, no one is sooner inform'd of it, nor has any one more admirable Talents to divulge it : In short, as to hear Scandal is the Joy of her Life, to make it known is the Business of it—*N. B.* She promises herself much Satisfaction from the Society's Correspondence with you, and has some curious Anecdotes to transmit for your Publication.

M I S S *Fanny Freelove* is almost a contrast Character to Mrs. *Verjuice* : Miss *Fanny* is a great Lover of Gallantry, Amours, Intrigues, Masquerades, &c. She knows, indeed, that Ladies may have their Errors, yet looks not on them with a Prude-like Severity, and attributes them not to their *Passions* or *Follies*, but their *Fate* ; and on this Occasion she never fails quoting,

*For if weak Women go astray,  
Their Stars are more to blame than they.*

She

She is a *Predestinarian* in Gallantry, and affirms, when a Woman engages in an Amour, nay let her Amours change as often as they will, that she was born for those individual Purposes, and that there was a *Necessity* she should consent to them. From these gay Principles she gains many Confessions in frank Conversation, which are of great Amusement to our Society; and she will go great Lengths to obtain them; for she will not scruple to relate fictitious Accounts of her own *Amours* to draw out those of others; and there are many of our Sex weak enough not to keep a Secret, even when 'tis their own.

— But she need seldom be reduced to that Dilemma; for from her 18th Year to her present, which is about her 34th, her Life has been one continued Course of Gallantry and Intrigue; and she had so good an Opinion of the Honour of the Men, that she believ'd every Thing they said to her; and though they still deceiv'd her as to *Marriage*, she had Faith enough still to believe on. — As she lives at the polite End of the Town, and keeps the best Company, her Intelligence may make your *Spectator* as historically entertaining as the secret *Memoirs* of the famous *Atalantis*. — She has a new Story of the D———s of \*\*\*\*\* and my L——d \*\*\*\*\* to send you, which is equal to that of the *Sattin Bed* in Mrs. Manley.

M R S. *Saintly* is the Wife of a worthy Citizen; Mother of several Children, and Mistress of a large Family; but with all these Avocations, from her Indulgence of idle Observations on the Conduct of others, nothing gives her greater Delight than to find out her Neighbours Errors, and censure them: Though this Love of *Scandal* is predominant in her, she pretends the Motive of it is *Religion*, and that she only likes to hear other Peoples Errors and Vices that she may pray for them, and communicates them that we may do the same likewise. — 'Tis true, indeed, that her Husband cannot sleep for her *midnight Hymns*; she rises early to go abroad to her Devotional Exercises; she leaves the Care of her Children and her Family to Servants; her Thoughts, she says, are better employ'd than on worldly Affairs. — She is not a good Wife, a good Mother, or a good Neighbour; but she is what over-ballances all

other Considerations, a strenuous Disciple of Apostle *Whitefield*; a pious Follower of the angelick Brethren, the *Wesleys*; and to sum up all, a true and orthodox *Methodist*. — She can furnish you with many Memoirs of Religious Scandal, which will, with great Zeal, be interspers'd with many exclamatory Ejaculations and scriptural Quotations. — Would she be really serviceable to you, she certainly might communicate some private History very necessary to be known, for she is a Member of the Select Committee among the *Methodists*, where the Holy Brethren salute the Holy Sisters with a Salutation of Love, and give them all the Consolation the Strength of their Spirits will allow. — I must not omit what she has been heard to confess, with joyful Emotion of Heart, that she has often stole from her Husband's Bed with great Heaviness of Soul; but the Salutation of her dear St. *John (Wesley)* has quicken'd her in the Spirit, and she receiv'd great Joy from the Sense he gave her of the Works of *Regeneration*.

M I S S *Lucy Finical* has a Taste for Scandal of a different Kind: She loves selling Reputations; but then she fixes a Woman's Reputation by her Dress, or Appearance she makes at publick Places, or private Visits: And though you may think she could not have much Success in this trifling Way, she has, I assure you, done much Execution at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, *Scarborough*, the *Theatres*, *Ridotto's*, *Operas* and *Assemblies*. — She kill'd a poor young Country Gentlewoman at *Bath* by praising her Night-Gown; for after she had made many Encomiums on it in a full Company, she added — *'Tis very pretty, but it must have been prodigious pretty at first; pray, Madam, how often has it been scower'd?* — At *Scarborough* she ruin'd another, by discovering at a Ball that her Necklace was false Stones, instead of true *Brilliants*. — At a private Visit in *London*, by giving a Hint that a certain Gentlewoman's Cloaths were bought of Lady *Modish's* Chambermaid, she has occasion'd such sneering Jest on the Gentlewoman's Elegance of Taste, that she was forced to drop the Acquaintance. — As to her own Dress, *Malice* itself can find no Fault with it; she lives elegantly, keeps good Company, and a neat Equipage. — But *Truth* says all this is supported by Mr.

*Gripe*

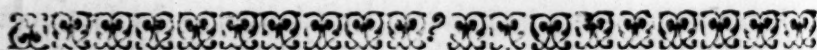
*Gripe-all*, a City Scrivener, who will scarce allow his own Family *Necessaries*.

WIDOW *Briſk* is a Woman of a ſprightly Temper, and though ſhe has not exceeded her 30th Year, has buried her third Huſband : She is no profeſs'd Hater of Love, but an avow'd Enemy to Marriage ; and frankly ſays, no one Man ſhall ever be Maſter of her Fortune and Jointures, though ſhe may diſpoſe of her Perſon as ſhe thinks proper : — With this free Way of Thinking, in relation to herſelf, ſhe is very ſevere on the Conduct of other *Widows*. — She looks on them all to be meer Lady *Brompton's* in Sir *Richard Steele's* Play, and that their Scene of Sorrow is meer *Grief Alamode* : And having been herſelf a Widow ſo often, ſhe is often advis'd with by her Acquaintance when they come into the ſame State. — How true her Accounts may be I will not venture to affirm, but the Intelligence ſhe brings to the Society is very ſurprizing in relation to the Conduct of young Widows. — She has ſeveral modern Stories which far exceed that of the *Ephesian Matron*. — She hopes, if ſhe ſends you the Particulars, you will take Care to pen their Story that it may make as great a Figure as that of Antiquity,

N O W, Mr. *Stonecaſtle*, I am entering on the moſt difficult Part of an Hiſtorian, that is, to talk of *myſelf* ; out of Modeſty I ſhall therefore chuſe to give my Character as that of a third Perſon, and that as impartially as the preceding ones.

M R S. *Martha Tittletattle*, Spinſter, is in or about the Fortieth Year of her Age ; was the Daughter of Mrs. *Joan Tittletattle*, of *Norwich*, which *Joan* was eſteem'd a Woman of as voluble and acute Way of Speaking as any in the City : It was by ſome ſaid, indeed, that ſhe was a *Scold*, but it was only her haſty and loud Way of Speaking : *Goffiping* ſhe was firmly attach'd to ; and ſhe was, without Doubt, the beſt private Hiſtorian of the City ſhe liv'd in. Mrs. *Martha* inherited all theſe amiable Qualities of her Mother, and came to *London* with Recommendations to be a Lady of Quality's Woman : She was accepted, and ſoon became agreeable to her Lady from the Collections of *private Scandal* ſhe was Miſtreſs of : She was in a

Female Character, partly what *Marplot* in the Play was in a Man's; but without his *Blundering* she had his *Curiosity* of knowing every Family's Affairs and every Person's Concerns. 'Tis reported, that her Lord, having had an Intrigue with her, would have popp'd her off upon the *Chaplain*, but she having a *Tendre* for his *Valet de Chambre*, a Proposal was made to him and rejected, because he was somewhat privy to the Amour. Being thus disappointed in *Love*, she resolv'd not to marry, except to a Gentleman of *Family* and *Fortune*, which she now for ever despairs of, therefore is still a Companion to an elderly Lady, who loving much *Tittletattle*, and much *Scandal*, she has full Scope to indulge her own Inclinations, which gave her an Opportunity of being chosen by a Set of Ladies Secretary to the laudable and honourable Society call'd the *Scandal Club*.



—Mendax infamia terret.

*Her. lib. 1. ep. 16.*

*The terrible Effects of Lying Scandal.*

*From my CHAMBERS.*

THE Characters of the *Scandal Club*, transmitted to me by Mrs. *Martha Tittletattle*, and inserted in my last, took up so much of my Paper that I could add no Remarks either on the *Characters* or the *Society*: I am therefore obliged to take this Opportunity to acquaint the Ladies, that I can by no Means approve of their Society or their Correspondence. It may perhaps be too just an Observation, that the Female Sex too much addict themselves to the Love of *Scandal*; but I must observe, that generally they who love to hear severe Censures on the Conduct of others, too frequently afford Occasions to have their own censur'd: They rejoice in the Foibles of others, because they find there are other Women who have not a greater Share of Virtue or Prudence than themselves: All the Characters of the *Scandal Club* are a Demonstration of this Remark; and  
Scandal

Scandal therefore, among the Female Sex, may be look'd on rather as an Effect of refin'd Policy, than the Pleasantry of a meer Chit-Chat Conversation.

I AM not insensible of what ill Consequence the Practice of *Scandal* and *Defamation* may prove to the Ladies in general ; for as it is no easy Matter to ward off the Strokes of Calumny, it is as difficult to cure the Wounds it gives : If a Woman's Reputation is attack'd, it is hard to know what Course is best, whether to defend or not to defend : The latter is the most difficult Side for a Woman of Virtue and Honour to take, but it is the surest ; for entering into a Defence, in order to justify her Character, she only augments the Rumour of the Slander ; and there are Persons naturally inclin'd to believe, or at least to suspect the worst against all Justification : By a proper Neglect and Contempt of Calumny, it loses its Force, and dies away of itself.

I BELIEVE no Woman who likes Scandal ever so much, would chuse that she herself should be the Object of it : To prevent the becoming such a Subject of Female Conversation, it is absolutely necessary for every Woman to make her Life virtuous, and her Conduct prudent : Living well does not certainly silence Calumny, but it certainly disarms it.

INDISCRETION in Women often goes as far to give a Scope for Scandal as real Infamy ; for the many chiefly judge from our publick Behaviour, while they are ignorant of our private Conduct and Sentiments. Miss *Charlotte Gaywood* was a young Lady of a gay and lively Disposition : she could not endure the Reserve of Formality, and in her Conversation and Behaviour took a Freedom which did not look well in so young a Woman ; she made no Scruple of admitting the Addresses of any Gentleman without any Distinction of the Character he bore, and appear'd as free and gay with a reputed Rake, as a Gentleman of the most civiliz'd Manners and strictest Honour. With this imprudent Gaiety she was truly virtuous, and though she frequently transgress'd against the Rules of common Prudence, she never exceeded the Limits of Decency : But what avail'd the Consciousness of her own Virtue ? a Coxcomb, to whom she had given a little Freedom, thought by that he could

obtain the last Favours, and ask'd the Possession of them. Miss *Charlotte* treated him as he deserv'd, and answer'd him with a swinging Box on the Ear : But the disappointed Spark took those Measures which such Coxcombs make use of; he openly reflected on the Lady, and boasted of having receiv'd the last Favours from her.—— As false as this Assertion was, it gain'd Credit from the imprudent Gaiety in her Conduct, and she was by a great many judg'd guilty of an Intrigue, which she never thought of, and which, with that Person especially, she would of all Things have abhorr'd.—— I must on this observe, that if once Men have made a Woman the Subject of an infamous Discourse, it is almost impossible to convince the World that she is innocent ; there is a general Propensity rather to condemn than acquit, and Slander has more Power to persuade than either Reason or Eloquence.

M R S. *Manage* was of a contrary Cast of Mind to the preceding Lady ; nothing could be more reserv'd, more religious, or a more severe Professor of Virtue and Honour : She admitted no Gallant to dangle after her, and make her taken Notice of in publick Places ; she detested the Honour of being a Toast, and having young Fellows make free with her Name over their drunken Conversation : But with all this Vestal Chastity, she had an Amour with a grave Sage of the Law, and was brought to Bed of two fine Boys in less than two Years ; yet she manag'd the whole with such Discretion, and continues her Engagement with such Secrecy, that tho' her Conduct has been justly censur'd by some who have come to the Knowledge of it, there are few who will in the least imagine a Woman of her Prudence and Behaviour would act any way inconsistent with *Honour* and *Virtue*. —— In short, whatever Miss *Gaywood* is thought to be, Mrs. *Manage* is : The Indiscretion of the first has ruin'd her Reputation ; the Hypocrisy of the other has preserv'd her's.

A S Scandal is a real Injury to the Sex in general, I could wish, for their publick Advantage, that they would in all Visits and Conversation discountenance it ; and this they might easily do by not giving Credit to any scandalous Report they hear, nor promoting the Progress

gress of it by becoming themselves an Echo to repeat it again : In short, no Woman has any Reason to say any Thing which might occasion a Calumny : If a Fault imputed to a Person should be true, she yet should have Good-Nature and Charity enough not to speak of it herself ; and if false, should have more Honour than be a Means that others should speak of it.

T H E R E will always be Rumours passing abroad, whereof no Author can be nam'd : That is conceal'd in the Phrases, *They say that, &c.*—*It is reported that, &c.* But then all that are concern'd in dispersing such Rumours, considering that they alter, add, exaggerate according to their own Fancies, should be imputed Authors. One Person may invent a Calumny, but if others had not the Malignity to disperse it, the Slander would make no greater Progress. When Women think they have sufficient Authority to rehearse what they hear others say, they are mistaken ; it is no more permitted to repeat a Calumny, than it is to throw Oil into a publick Conflagration : He that fires the Houses, and he that threw in the Oil, are both culpable ; and in my Opinion equally so.

A N O T H E R ridiculous Temptation to Scandal among the Fair Sex, is an Opinion, that to be very severe on any Body (that is, very scurrilous) is to be very witty, and they do not offend so much from a want of Good-nature, as an Ambition to be esteem'd a Wit. It is too true, that they who with a smart Pertness talk maliciously, are thought to talk wittily, because the Female Auditors are propense to be of their Mind, and believe what they say : It is not the Subtilty or Humour of what they speak, but rather the Ill-nature of them who hear which gives the Character of *Wit* : They help out Fancy by what they themselves think ; thus the Wit of the Hearers contributes to credit the Speaker, as if it were his own.—But these malicious People do not pass for Wits, for saying Things not before in other Mens Minds, but on the contrary, for giving vent to the pre-conceived Malice of the rest of the Company, and for being the Revealers of others Thoughts.

O N the whole, as it is against the Interest of the Sex to countenance or promote Scandal, I wish they would banish

banish it from the Tea-Tables, and *tete a tete* Conversation, and in the room of such trifling *Tittle-tattle* endeavour to entertain one another with *Good-sense* and *Good-Manners*.

BUT to leave this disagreeable Subject, and which I have several Times before treated of, I shall pay some Deference to an ingenious Correspondent, whose Letter was by some Mistake not receiv'd 'till last Week : All the Stanza's are with great Propriety adapted to the Subject, and the most severe Critick, if he has any Taste, must be pleas'd with the Turn of the last Stanza.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

Guildford, May 18, 1740.

THE following Lines were compos'd on the Occasion of the Death of a young Man, who was a Member of a Society of *Psalmodists* at Guildford in Surrey, and sung at his Funeral, May 18, 1740. If you think them worth any Notice, please to insert them when you shall think convenient.

Your's, &c.

# A H Y M N,

On the Death of a young Man, a Member of a Society of Psalmodists.

IN Pleasure's flow'ry Paths to stray,  
Our fond Desires incline ;  
Unmindful of the happy Way,  
Which leads to Joy divine.

Of Length of Days we vainly dream,  
Of numerous Years to come ;  
Till Death destroys our airy Scheme,  
And drops us in the Tomb.

Our Friend, whose Obsequies we sing,  
Cut down in Nature's Prime ;  
Bids all improve the lovely Spring,  
The Flower of their Time.

How

How loud the Call ! his shorten'd Date,  
Bids *Youth* and *Health* prepare ;  
His lifeless Clay describes our Fate,  
Alas ! how frail we are ?

His tuneful Voice no longer moves  
Lift'ning Crowds lo's to sing ;  
His late harmonious Lyre now proves,  
Untun'd in ev'ry String.

That Heav'n is *Harmony* and *Love*,  
Is all of Heav'n we know :  
Blest Soul ! how tuneful now above,  
So well prepar'd below.



*Thrice happy they that free from Strife,  
Maintain a Love as long as Life ;  
Whose fix'd and binding Vows  
No intervening Jealousy ;  
No Fears and no Debates untie ;  
And Death alone can loose.*

Creech.

To Mr. STONECASTLE.

S I R,

THE Good-Nature which appears in all your Compositions induced me to communicate to you the following Story, which contains so great a Share of Generosity and Humanity, that I am persuaded it will neither be unacceptable to your Readers, or displeasing to yourself.

F L O R I O is one of the most accomplish'd Gentlemen of our Age, fortunate in his Make, his Eloquence, and in his Estate ; he is admir'd by all that know him for his graceful Mien, obliging Deportment, and every other Accomplishment requir'd in a Gentleman. He was about one and twenty when Proposals were made to him by some modern Match-maker of Quality to espouse the  
Lady

Lady *Cordelia*, who possess'd, besides the invaluable Treasures of Wit and Good-nature, a Fortune of an hundred thousand Pounds; she had only the Misfortune of being born some Years before him. The Marriage was soon concluded, and celebrated in the most sumptuous Manner for many Weeks successively. *Cordelia* lov'd her *Florio* to Distraction, and was never easy without his Company, nor was *Florio* regardless of his *Cordelia*'s Fondness and Virtues; he admir'd her Perfections in Wit, Generosity and Fortune; all the Gaiety imaginable flow'd around them, Balls, Concerts of Musick, Assemblies and Entertainments on the Water were the Business of every Day; and, in short, there was not any Diversion that could be thought on for the Entertainment of this Couple and their Friends, that was not executed in the grandest and most expensive Manner.

BUT how uncertain are all our Joys, and how accidentally are they chang'd when we least expect any Alteration! For *Florio*, with his Lady, taking the Diversion one Evening at *Barn-Elms*, of a fine Concert and a splendid Supper, amongst the rest of the Company who generally attend such Entertainments, there appear'd the charming *Sylvia*, who, with a Lady of her Acquaintance, made the Tour of the Walks; her graceful Mein and engaging Beauties were soon discover'd by *Florio* and his Lady, and the Charms of her Voice were no less admir'd by all the Company: My dear *Florio*, says *Cordelia*, observe that beautiful Person, how genteel is her Mein, and how ravishing is her Voice and Air in Singing; she must surely captivate all that have the Pleasure of her Company: Let us try to engage her to our Entertainment; I'll do my Endeavour, answers *Florio*, to prevail with her to take a Part in our Supper, whilst you and your Companions listen to the Nightingale.

*FLO R I O* soon found her, and gave her the Invitation to his Tent; and after a Turn or two in the Walks with *Sylvia* and her Companion, he learnt her Name and Place of Abode, giving her the greatest Marks of his Affection, 'till they join'd the Company, who paid her their Compliments; but *Cordelia*, in a more particular Manner, express'd the great Esteem she had for her, and how happy she should be in her Conversation: They

They now reach'd the Tent, and refresh'd themselves with a most sumptuous Banquet; every Thing was gay and splendid, and the Night was spent in a most agreeable Manner, while *Sylvia*, in her Turn, diverted the Company with the Charms of her Voice. In a Word, *Florio* lost his Heart; *Sylvia* fill'd all his Thoughts, and her Beauties captivated all his Senses; he had no Rest but when he was in her Company, and *Sylvia* was no less sensible of his Perfections; she was enamour'd with his Wit, as well as the Comeliness of his Person; and the Presents which he daily made her, to a great Value, at length overcame her Virtue, and she submitted to his Desires. *Florio* now provided her a fine House, with the richest Furniture, and settled Five Hundred Pounds a Year upon her, continuing still to shew her his Affections by rich Presents, to the Amount of several Thousand Pounds. In the mean Time *Cordelia* was sensible of what she had done in recommending *Sylvia* to *Florio*, and did not want those of her Acquaintance to inform her of the Intrigue, and what costly Jewels were daily presented to *Sylvia*; who, without much seeming Uneasiness, would only answer, That if *Florio* lov'd *Sylvia* it was no Surprize to her, for that she herself had an Esteem for *Sylvia*, and had been inadvertently the Occasion of her Husband's Acquaintance with her: And for *Sylvia*'s Love for *Florio*, she freely excused her; for it was her Opinion, that no Woman who ever convers'd with him, could resist his Charms: And then, continues *Cordelia*, I have that Affection for my Lord, that I am always pleas'd when he pleases himself; he makes a genteel Husband, and I am happy whenever I have his Company at Home: I have seen several of the Jewels he has order'd for his *Sylvia*, and have frequently observed his Chair and Footmen at her Door; but I hear she is constant to him, and I am satisfied: This was the Manner of *Cordelia*'s Argument in Defence of *Florio* and *Sylvia*.

BUT now comes on a new Scene, the Scales were turned: *Florio*, the generous Lover, by Means of some Law-Suits, which depended upon the *Mississippi* Distractions, was reduced to the lowest Ebb of Fortune; his Lady *Cordelia*, indeed, had her jointure untouched;

ed ; but on his own Account, when he had made the best Calculation he could, he found no more than a few Guineas remaining, which gave him a most pungent Retrospect of what he had done ; and in that melancholy Disposition took Occasion to amuse himself at the Chocolate-House, where he was met by an old Acquaintance, Colonel *Trueman*, who saluted him with the Tenderness of a Friend. Dear *Florio*, says the Colonel, what makes you thus chagrin ? Can I serve you ? Have you any Duel upon your Hands ? Or can you want any Money ? If it is in my Power, let me, in Part, return the Obligations I owe you ; my Commission, as well as the rest of my good Fortune, is owing to your Generosity ; if any Thing I can do may render my dear *Florio* the least easy, give me an Opportunity of shewing my Gratitude. *Florio*, with open Frankness, told him his Story, and the Colonel as readily answer'd, that he would furnish him with a thousand Pounds immediately, if he would continue there while he stopt to his Lodgings : The Colonel made all the Expedition imaginable to send his Friend the Money, and by the same Messenger to acquaint him that he begg'd his Excuse yet for Half an Hour, while he would endeavour to do him more Service. The Colonel knew the whole Intrigue between *Sylvia* and his Friend ; and, reflecting a little, concluded, that if *Sylvia* had the same Value for *Florio* that she used constantly to express, she would then demonstrate her Love for him ; it was but bringing it to the Trial to be convinced, and he took the Resolution of visiting her upon the Occasion : He soon open'd the Affair, when the good-natur'd *Sylvia* appeared inconsolable ; but soon recollecting herself, Good Colonel, says she, while I am in this Perplexity, I am not without the Pleasure of putting my dear *Florio* into the Possession of twenty thousand Pounds ; here take this Casket of Jewels, they are esteemed worth ten thousand Pounds ; and take this Box of Writings, containing his Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year upon me, convey them to him as soon as possible, and tell him I am proud of having been a faithful Steward for him : I only wish that his Lady would excuse my Inadvertency, and I would instantly retire to a Nunnery, that I might  
never

never more offend her. The Colonel took his Leave, and with all Expedition waited on his Friend *Florio*: There, my Lord, says he, is the Value of twenty thousand Pounds from your *Sylvia*; she insists upon it, and you must take them without Dispute: This, continues the Colonel, is a surprizing Act of Generosity; I am amazed at it, I have not met its Parallel; and so without one Word more they took their Way to *Florio*'s House: Now, says the Colonel, the next Happiness I shall enjoy will be to communicate this Scene of Generosity to your Lady, for I perceive my Friend *Florio* is at present a little discomposed in his Mind: In fine, the Lady *Cordelia* was soon informed of the whole Matter, and was so touched with the Good-nature and honourable Act of *Sylvia*, that she determined the Jewels should be returned to her, and that they should all dine together that Day, and solicited the Colonel to engage her if possible; the Colonel used his Efforts, and at length, with great Reluctance, brought *Sylvia* to the Lady *Cordelia*; when they had been for a little Time in a Room together, conversing with the utmost Good-nature, Lady *Cordelia* introduced *Sylvia* to *Florio*, who, without the Assistance of the Colonel, would have been confounded at the Sight; I am, says *Cordelia*, the Person that introduced you into *Sylvia*'s Company; I forgive her all Offences committed against me; she has shewn her Regard for you in the Return of your Presents, which I cannot prevail upon her to accept of; and as she is resolved now to retire from the World, let us be as pleasant as we can, and thank the Colonel for his friendly Offices. But this Meeting fill'd all their Hearts too full to eat much. *Sylvia* took her Leave, the Colonel was happy in what he had perform'd, and *Florio* with his *Cordelia*, lived in Pleasure all their Lives afterwards.



Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt.

Cic.

*These Studies are proper Exercises for Youth.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

Westminster,

**A**S you are at present the only gentle Author who considers the State of your Fellow Subjects, abstracted from all Political Views, I have Recourse to your Worship on an Affair which seems of some Importance to me, though it may appear ridiculous enough to others. I must acquaint you that I am just come from *Oxford*, and have about me more of the Scholastick Air than the Mein of the gay, young Fellows of the Town: I am sensible of my Aukwardness, and tho' I would not set up for a *Petit Maitre*, I should be glad to appear as a Gentleman. There is one Expedient which I imagine would give me a more free Air, which is, to learn to dance; but having mention'd such a Thing to my Father, he seriously ask'd me if I was going to turn Coxcomb, and insisted on my entertaining no more Notions of so ridiculous an Exercise, which, he said, had only Folly and Debauchery to support it: As he is of a warm Temper, I did not dare enter into any Argument on that Point, but hope that you so far may agree with my Sentiments, as to think the learning of an Exercise, which is useful to give a proper Behaviour in the Conduct of Life, is not inconsistent with Prudence or Decency: Your Opinion will have some Weight with my Father, and will absolutely direct

*Your Humble Servant.*

ACADEMICUS.

P. S. ONE Reason my Father argues against my Dancing, is, that if it is an Accomplishment of a fine Gentleman,

Gentleman, yet I have no Occasion for it, as he designs me for a *Clergyman*.

I MUST acknowledge my Correspondent has wrote to me very plainly, and sensibly : He has stated his Case just as it is, without any literary Dissertation, which he might have made on the Subject of Dancing. In the Course of my Lucubrations I have wrote more than one Essay entirely on the Subject of Dancing, and have shewn it is not only an innocent and agreeable Amusement in itself, but also a necessary Accomplishment for a Gentleman ; I would not be understood that I would have either Sex pique themselves on Dancing, yet I would have them know so much of the Art, that they might appear before any Person, or in any Company, with the Address which gives a genteel Ease to their own Behaviour, and recommends them to the Opinion of others. I have often, with great Pain, seen a young Gentleman, just come from College, enter into the Room with as wild a Look, and awkward a Manner, as if he had been bred among the *Hottentots* : It is not sufficient that the Company has heard he is an excellent Logician, Metaphysician, Astronomer, or Divine ; they see he behaves in an unpolish'd Manner, and form their Judgment accordingly. If my Correspondent's Father will pay any Deference to my Opinion, I would indulge him in his Inclination ; and though I would not suffer him to be a *Petit Maitre*, yet I would let him be a Gentleman. As to the Objection of his being a *Clergyman*, therefore to learn such a Science will be unnecessary, I shall answer, that I think no Persons ought to appear and conduct themselves as accomplish'd Gentlemen, more than the Clergy of the Church of *England* ; for while they behave themselves as such, they are sure of being always receiv'd and treated as such in all Places, and on all Occasions. — I have another Letter of Complaint from a Son, which I shall here insert.

To

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

I HAVE a Complaint to make, and in short it is this : My Father has lately taken me from the University of *Leyden* ; for he would not let me go to *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, lest they should corrupt my Morals, and I should learn only to smoke, and drink, and ——— something else besides. I am lately arriv'd in Town, and am already got into some very pretty Company about *Covent-Garden*, which Place you know is very famous for Wit and Gallantry. My Father has always had a great Ambition for me to be a *fine Gentleman* ; but, in short, he will not allow me a sufficient Stipend to support such a Character, and thinks a little Addition to my Income will support me as well here as in *Holland*. You must know, Mr. *Stonecastle*, that there is a wide Difference between a fine Gentleman in *Rotterdam* or *Amsterdam*, and *Covent-Garden* and *Pall-Mall* : I find an extraordinary Expence in breaking Looking-Glasses as well as Drinking-Glasses ; besides demolishing Chairs, Watchmen, and Women of the Town.

MY Father allows me six hundred a Year, but I cannot support my Character under a thousand ; therefore desire you would insert in one of your *Spectators*, by the bye, that a thousand a Year is as little as possible for any young Man to maintain the Character of a modern fine Gentleman, and you will oblige, as you write on this Subject,

Your's,

JACK GAYWOUD.

N. B. If you succeed with the *old Fellow*, I will send you twenty Pieces to your Printer's, and give you a Batch of *Champaign* at ———'s *Coffee-House* in *Covent-Garden* Piazzas.

MR. *Gaywoud* may be surprized at my Opinion, and Publication of his Epistle ; but I would advise his Father

ther, instead of encreasing his six hundred a Year to a thousand, to reduce it to one hundred; for I cannot but think he will act more like a Gentleman the less Money he can command.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the  
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I AM a young Fellow who have spent three or four Years in one of the Inns of Court, but have indeed studied Gallantry more than the Statutes, and read Miscellaneous Poems more frequently than *Coke upon Littleton*. To confess freely, I have, according to the common Phrase, *known* the Town very well; but I would now fain leave an unsettled roving Life, and take up with what I have long despis'd, *Matrimony*. My Thoughts being turn'd this Way, I have introduced myself into the Company of many Ladies; but of all I have seen or convers'd with, none have had an Effect on my Heart, except two Ladies, who are Cousins; and whom I think, at different Times, equally amiable. She whom I am in Company with I imagine the most charming. and when I am in Company with them both together, I could sing with *Macbeath*, in the Beggar's Opera:

*How happy could I be with either,  
Was t'other dear Charmer away.*

TO give you a better Idea of my Circumstances, I will give you a Character of the Ladies: *Emilia* has as much Sense as the Sex generally has: She is not very witty, but very handsome, well shap'd, and has such Eyes — no one can look on them without secret Adoration: Then she will dance. — *Ye Gods, how she will dance!* — Her Charms are all-powerful, — but then she is as proud as she is beautiful, and her coquetting makes her as ridiculous as her dancing does engaging. — On the contrary, *Amanda* is not so handsome as her Cousin; she is pretty enough; but if she loses any Thing in Beauty, she has Advantage in Wit; for she

she will talk — *Ye Gods, how she will talk* — In Conversation she captivates her Hearers; and with an Innocence which no Words can describe, she seems ignorant of those engaging Accomplishments she possesses. When I am with *Amanda*, her Sense, her Wit, and Turn of Conversation, charm my Soul; I desire nothing but her; on her alone I think my Happiness depends: But then again, when *Emilia* comes into my Sight, my Resolutions waver; I behold her Beauty with new Surprise, and return a Captive to her Charms.

ON the strictest Examination of *myself*, I find I *admire*, I *adore*, my *proud Beauty*, and I *esteem* and *love* my *sensible* and *good-natur'd Charmer*. In this Situation, Mr. *Stonecastle*, how shall I conduct myself? I can marry either of them, but which ought I to chuse for a Wife? Shall Face, Air, and Mein determine my Choice, or had I better trust to Good-nature and sensible Conversation? your Opinion will be a Favour to

*Your's,*

L. DOUBTLOVE.

THE Case of this Gentleman is not so particular as to be without Parallel: Sir *John Suckling*, who was one of the most gallant, as well as the most witty Men of his Time, has describ'd himself in much the same Circumstances, as being in Love with two Sisters: On this Dilemma he concludes,

*He sure is happiest that has Hopes of either,  
Next him is he that sees them both together.*

MR. *Doubtlove* has not describ'd how long this Amour has commenced, and I am induced to think it is but of a short Date: My Reason for this Opinion, is, that, according to my Sentiments, *Amanda* must, in Course of Time, gain Ground of *Emilia*, as Good-humour and Affability are more lasting Charms than Beauty. — My Correspondent sees my Opinion, which I suppose he will make Use of, as many People do, who ask the Advice of their Friends, tho' they are before determin'd to follow their *own*.

Vino



Vino forma perit, vino corrumpitur ætas.

*Properit.*

*By Wine Beauty decays, by Wine Age is corrupted.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

IT is with the greatest Concern that I sit down to write this Letter to you, as the Subject of it is a Complaint against a Man whom I dearly love, and whose Faults I would, if possible, be blind to; I am tortur'd at the Necessity of my being obliged to declare it is my Husband; But so unhappy is my Case, that I have taken all Measures to redress my Grievance, and they have all been in vain; the last Trial and Hopes of Remedy is by applying to you, and hope this Method may have a proper Effect. To make you a proper Judge of my Injuries, I must give you a brief Account of my Story. It is about sixteen Years ago since I married *Lyfander*, who was a young Gentleman of an ample Fortune, and endowed with all the Accomplishments to gain a Woman's Heart. This Marriage was not the fashionable Agreement between two Persons to live with one another, merely because their Fortunes were thought convenient to be join'd together by their Friends, but it was the Issue of a mutual Passion for each other, which was founded on Virtue and Honour. If sincere Felicity is to be had, on Earth, I thought, after I was married, that I enjoyed it. *Lyfander* was as good-natur'd and as complaisant when a Husband, as he was when a Lover: His whole Study was to oblige me, and in Gratitude my Heart was as eager to make the same Return: In such a State it was, with a secret Pride, that I beheld fatal Discontentments in other Families; a Pride, not arising from the Misfortunes of others, but the Pleasure of imagining myself to be one of the happiest of Women. This agreeable

Scene

Scene of Life was still heighten'd, by having our Loves crown'd with those dear Pledges of them, a Son and a Daughter. *Lyfander* was now grown, if possible, more fond and tender of me than before : He enjoy'd those Pleasures of a Family which honest and good Men delight in : His Wife and Children he thought his most agreeable Companions, and from such Sentiments he was a kind Master, an indulgent Father, and an affectionate Husband.

AFTER such a Character of a Husband, you may wonder, Mr. *Stonecastle*, of what I can complain, and under what Grievances I can labour. — But, alas ! I have describ'd him as he once was, as he behav'd a few Years ago ; the Scene is since chang'd, and he makes me now as miserable as he once made me happy : The Occasion of this Change was thus :

LYSANDER, I know not by what unhappy Accident, became acquainted with Mr. *Gayly* ; a Man, who, by his Sprightliness of Conversation, was an engaging Companion ; but then he was very loose in his Morals, and addicted to his Bottle. I did not mind this Sort of Acquaintance at first ; but I began to grow uneasy when I found an Intimacy arose between them ; and my Husband become too much attach'd to his Company ; the first Effects of which rais'd in me many an anxious Thought, as I was fearful of their Consequences. To explain, *Lyfander*, from being a very regular Man in his Living, became a Kind of Devotee to his Bottle ; and, instead of passing most of his Evenings with his Family, or in my Company, it became a Rarity to see him at home, and a great Condescension to sit an Hour or two with me. — Nor was this Negligence confin'd to me, his Children shar'd it : Indeed when he did see them, his Heart was affected, and he view'd them with the Eyes of Fondness ; but how seldom were these Interviews, and how short were his paternal Resolutions ? Whatever Impressions they might occasionally make on him, were soon effaced by *Gayly's* dissolute Company, and a Bottle.

ALTHOUGH this Conduct of my Husband gave me bitter Pangs of Reflection, yet I had no Reason to suspect his Wine or Company carried him into farther Debaucheries ;

ries; he still profess'd a Love for me, though he did not give the same Instances of it: However, I dreaded that such an Alteration might happen from the Effects of drinking, as would in Time give me too just a Cause to complain of greater Injuries.—O Heavens! my Heart prophesy'd but too true, and in a short Time I had too convincing and too fatal Proofs of his Inconstancy and imprudent Gallantry: He was obliged to acknowledge his Error, and laid the Cause of it on the Wine, not his Inclination. Notwithstanding all Protestations of breaking off from such destructive Company and Custom, he again returned to them, and with worse Resolutions: Bewitched to his own and my Ruin, he banish'd all Restraint, flung off the Mask, and openly behav'd as a profligate Debauchee.

YOU must think, Mr. SPECTATOR, that I took every Method to make him return to himself again: In his cooler Hours I have argued with him without Reproaches, but, in the tenderest Manner, have mixed my Arguments with Entreaties, Caresses and Tears; I have brought his Children to him, and made them be the little Advocates for their Father's, their Mother's Happiness, and their own.—These Expedients had, indeed, a temporary Effect; but whatever Resolutions he made, they soon wore away, and he became more and more habituated to his Follies, that now he can view such Scenes with the utmost Indifferency.

WHAT then can I do! What Art, what Method can I find out to reclaim this infatuated, this unthinking Man: His Health, and his true Happiness are not only destroying, but his Affairs are going into a bad Way, through Negligence and Expence: Vain is all the Frugality which can be used in his Family, while he is ruining it by the greatest Extravagances. I am almost mad to Distraction, when I reflect, that a few Years more of such Conduct must leave his Children in deplorable Circumstances, when, by reclaiming himself, he might leave his Son an ample Estate, and his Daughter a considerable Portion.

O! Mr. STONECASTLE, my Heart is too full to write more on this Topic; I have eas'd myself a little by opening my Afflictions to you, and am in Hopes,

when my Husband sees this Letter in Print, it may raise a Thought in him which may conduce to make us again happy. I flatter myself, that the Description of what we once were, may induce him to endeavour to be the same we have been: He will know, by several Particulars, that this Letter comes from me; but, to put it out of all Doubt, I shall subscribe my real Name to it, which is,

ISABELLA M——.

THE Lady has stated her Case in so pathetick a Manner, that it needs not any subsequent Reflections to induce LYSANDER to become a reclaimed Rover: Certain I am, that he can find no such Pleasures in a debauched Life, as in that happy one which his Wife described he enjoy'd, while he was actuated by the Dictates of Virtue and Honour. As he has not absolutely forfeited his Reason, he must be *self-convinced* that he acts wrong; and however he disguises it, he must *feel* a Compunction when his Wife and her little Advocates hang about him with the strongest Persuasions of Tenderneſs and Love: Let him then no longer be a Hypocrite to himself, but return to that Conduct to which his Heart must naturally incline: I hope his Wife's Letter will have all the Effect that can be desired; and that she may have Occasion again to be my Correspondent, to acquaint me that all her Wishes are compleat.

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the  
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING observ'd some occasional Pieces of Poetry inserted in your Paper, pray give the following Song on *Hunting* a Place, and it will oblige several Brethren of the Sport, but more particularly the Author,

T. B.

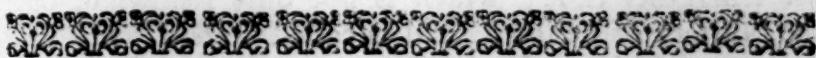
On the DEATH of the STAG.

THE Chace is o'er, and on the Plain  
The Hounds the lusty Stag have slain,  
Let the Horns with sprightly Tone  
All our sportive Labours crown.

Of Britons thus the Honest Race,  
With nervous Toil pursu'd the Chace ;  
By no ungenerous Thought controul'd,  
Their Hearts were Honest, Free, and Bold :  
Like them again, no Slaves to Courts,  
Let Britons still pursue these Sports ;  
Like them again shall Britons be,  
As Bold, as Honest, and as Free.

The Chace is o'er, &c.

*Da Capo.*



Quis talia fando  
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyssæi  
Temperet a Lacrymis. *Virg. Æn. 2.*

A Tale like this  
Not even the hardest of our Foes could bear,  
Or stern Ulysses tell without a Tear.

From my CHAMBERS.

IT is my Province to extend my Examinations into all Parts of Life, and, in the Survey of it, to make proper Remarks for the Benefit and Entertainment of my Readers. While I was giving Orders for the publishing my Thoughts for this Week's Paper, I received the following Letter, which alter'd the intended Subject into this you now read. The Circumstances of it seemed to promise much instructive, as well as entertaining Matter : For there is no greater, or more common Injustice can be committed by Man, than that of making an ill Return to a Woman's Confidence in him. The Guilt rises with the Inability of the injured Person to revenge it ;

G 2

and

and it is for this Reason that I take both the innocent and lapsed Women into my Care and Observation. In the Progress of my Labours I shall shew, that our Laws are very defective in the sufficient Punishment of the Man who consigns the whole Life of a Woman to Sorrow and Shame, to purchase to himself one Hour of Joy and Triumph. Commerce with a Woman, without Affection to her, or Concern for her, is the most inhuman and bestial Action a Man can be guilty of. The Woman's Vice in that Case is human Frailty; but the Man's is the same, improved with Diabolical Malice. The Person deceived and persuaded is an Innocent, in Comparison of the Seducer, and the Seducer advances to the Temper of a Dæmon, as he is negligent of the Welfare of her's he has ensnar'd.

**L** EUCIPPE (for that shall be my Name) was born in a Country Town of this Kingdom, famous from the University in it; which is not only renown'd, but the Nursery of Renown, and is called *Oxford*. My Father was a Citizen of good Reputation in that Place, but had the Misfortune to bury my Mother, when I, his only Child, was arrived at the Age of Fourteen. I soon fancied myself a very happy Woman, in being made, as I was, the Mistress of the House, and living with my Father with the Authority of a Wife. But that Satisfaction vanished in a short Time; for my Father also was, within two Years after, taken from me by sudden Death, and left me, in Money and Effects, a small Estate of One Thousand Pounds. This Portion, little as it was, added to my Beauty, drew the Eyes of several deserving Men (that thought of settling in a Country Parsonage) upon me. But I, forsooth, lik'd nothing which I had seen from my Infancy; but having read Plays and Romances, my Imagination was full of Gaieties, that prevented my entertaining so moderate Desires, as being the Partner and Wife of a Scholar. I was, from the early Loss of my Mother, and conversing with my Father and his Friends, more than with any of my own Sex, grown, as I believed, very judicious in my Opinion of Men, and began to look out for an Object of Love suitable to my Understanding.

THERE

THERE came down to *Oxford*, about that Time, a Man of the Town, by way of Retirement from it. A Gentleman well made, well behaved, and (which was then above all with me) well dress'd. But had I known the World then, as well as he has since made me do, I had thought his Habit tawdry, his Behaviour Imitation, his Discourse Repetition. This indigent Follower of People of Condition and Understanding was soon admir'd for a fine Gentleman among the young People of both Sexes, who had never seen such as he mimick'd in his second-hand Deportment. To be short, this fine Gentleman condescended to take most Notice of me, and I very gratefully fell in Love with him; but we call'd our Regard for each other, Friendship. Friendship, that most specious Word, which never yet ended well between a young Man and a young Woman, In the Midst of this friendly Passion, or passionate Friendship, my flaming Beau was arrested, and clapp'd into Gaol By Creditors from *London*. I brought him my All, Half of it procur'd him his Liberty; and in Generosity he immediately took me into his Arms, called me his Wife, and pretended to let me into his true History; own'd to me that he had run out, and had much disobliged an excellent Mother, a Lady of great Wealth, whom he had highly offended, because he would not take up and marry; but I, however unequal in Fortune, should be the happy Woman; and he would, the very next Day, carry me to Town, and present me to his Mother and Relations, who would be highly exulted at his Resolution of abandoning a loose single Life.

HE wrote up Letters to prepare for our Reception, and accordingly we are now arrived at his pretended Lady's Mother's; who was a notorious accomplish'd Bawd in those Days; she was no more, nor no less. I shall never forget her solemn Gravity, when she approach'd me on the Top of the Stairs, at the Head of her well instructed, skilful Maidens; I trembling at my Rusticity before such fine Ladies, kneel'd with my precious Consort, and received the Blessing of the Beldam. It is the Manner of those Houses to give each other the Names and Titles of such Women of Beauty and Quality as they resemble in Air, Shape, and Stature; and upon

Novices and Foreigners they impose them as the real Persons : But I remember there was my Lady Dutchess of such a Place, a charming Hussey ; then the Countess of elsewhere ; then my Lady Dowager of a third Town ; then a superannuated Volunteer ; an old Bully, who was called *Sir John*, and his tawdry Consort, one after another, deign'd to salute me : These Civilities over, I stood in the utmost Distress how to behave, when my good Mother would beg Leave to have me apart ; where I received a Lecture indeed, but bid me, however, not be afraid : My Son, said she, is a Gentleman of a tender Temper, and smil'd. To be short, I can't tell whether it was the Dutchess, the Countess, or which of them ; but I, that Evening, pledg'd one of those Great Ladies in a Cup, which I have often lamented was not Poison. I wak'd in the Morning, and found myself alone ; and being ashamed to enquire whether I was married last Night, twenty thousand different Thoughts came into my Head : I was immediately told by a Covey of these Husseys, who were to attend the Business, that the Bridegroom would be with me immediately, but never saw him from that Hour to this ; and what Heaven covers, what Earth bears, what Air feeds the Villain, who thus deceiv'd, robb'd, and destroy'd me, I know not. Me, a Stranger, helpless as I was, they kept in a continual Round of Jollities, of Fiddles, new Gallants : The Mother of the Family threaten'd, flatter'd, and at last advis'd me to make the most of my Beauty, for it was now all my Portion ; but she would have the Charity, since I had no Friends, to find me some, and allow me the greater Share of the Income from my Charms ; but bid me not spoil my Eyes, or Features with being a Fool, and crying for what I could never recover. I very well remember, the first calm Hour I enjoy'd after my Undoing, I took a sensible Pleasure in the Reflection, that all my Relations were dead, and they could not know of my Shame : But the unwilling Part I had in the Evil, the Innocence of my own Mind, and the abandon'd Life, which is full of Pleasures, though not half so full as of Sorrows, made me at last take Comfort ; and I, in Process of Time, became, from an Inability to bear my own Reflections, the most abandon'd, but the most celebrated

Wanted

Wanton of the Town. I call myself a Wanton; but though I was the Slave and Instrument of Delight to others, I very seldom, or ever, had a Moment of sincere Satisfaction; for the Pleasures of a loose Life carry but half the Will with them; and the Diffidence, the Want of Respect, and the Consciousness that neither has any Value for the other, pollute the Enjoyment, and pall the Gratification into secret, but mutual Shame and Contempt.

HAVING had an uncommon Education by conversing with the many Gentlemen of Wit and Learning, who had no Design upon me, but were Friends to my Father, my Reflections upon the Adventures that I met with, were more deep and quick than perhaps are usual with such Wretches as myself. But Years and Experience have added to the Abhorrence I have ever had for the Practice which my Necessities obliged me to during the Vigour of my Life. And I have this Comfort, that I never lost the Love of Virtue; but, contrary to the deprav'd Inclination of others who have fallen like me, instead of being instrumental to the Destruction of Innocents, I have ever endeavour'd to preserve all I could from the Contagion; and shall go on in that Way of Atonement

*I'll teach the too believing to beware,  
And lead the guiltless Footstep from the Snare.*



—— Repetita placebit.

*The Repetition of it must be pleasant.*

*From my* CHAMBERS.

THERE are some Subjects, which, though frequently wrote upon, will still seem *agreeable*, and will contain something *new*: The Rules and Conduct of *Conversation* is one of these Topics.

There is no Theme on which our Essay Writers have been more copious than that of *Conversation*; yet as the World is interested in such a Subject, others still write on it; and each Author treating it in Manner and Sentiments peculiar to himself, it again becomes *new* and *instructive*. Though my Readers in the Course of these Papers may have seen some Essays on *Conversation*, and even the *Art of Modern Conversation* describ'd; yet I am assured they will be pleas'd that the Subject is again revived, when they find it so ingeniously treated by the following Correspondent.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

THERE is nothing for which we are more indebted to the great Author of our Being, than the Capacity he has given us of disclosing our Sentiments to each other by Words: How much this Gift is abused, most of the publick Companies we go into are evident Demonstrations; *Coffee-Houses, Tea-Tables, private Clubs*, and even some *select Companies*, are convincing Proofs of our corrupt Taste. As the Hours we spend in the *Conversation* of our Friends are for the most Part the pleasantest of our Lives, methinks it would be worth every one's while to endeavour at making the best Use he can of his Faculties, and contributing as much as possible to the Improvement or Delight of his Companions; and although it may not be in the Power of every Man to acquire all the *Qualities* necessary to the forming a *fine Gentleman*, I believe that, without any very great Abilities, one might be capable, in a great Measure, of doing this.

THE *Qualification* for *Conversation* (I mean of the more common Sort) are, for the Generality, rather *acquir'd than natural*: 'Tis true, an eloquent Expression and a graceful Gesture, (which are the Gifts of *Nature*) conduce very much to procuring Esteem; yet they are not the *Essence* of *Conversation*; but a just and easy Way of Thinking, and a modest Behaviour, are almost in every Body's Power to acquire, and are productive of as good Effects.

IT

IT is not always a great deal of *Learning* that makes a Man an agreeable Companion; but on the contrary, it frequently spoils one, and is apt to give Men an Air of *Pedantry*. 'Tis owing to this that we so often see those who have devoted themselves to a studious Way of Life, become regardless of every Thing besides their favourite Science.

THE only Method of extending the Mind, and acquiring a just Knowledge of Things, is by *Reading* and *Conversation*: These supply the Soul with Materials to work upon: Without these a Man's Knowledge must be extremely confined, and the few Notions he has, much confus'd. I know nothing that would tend more to the removing these Inconveniences than a general Acquaintance with *History*, ancient and modern; and with one who has a *Taste* of the *polite Arts*, the Works of our most celebrated *Poets* will furnish the Mind with a thousand pleasing Hints and beautiful Images.

ALTHOUGH such a *superficial Knowledge* as this I am describing will not make one capable of reasoning closely on particular Subjects, yet it may enable him to make many pertinent *Remarks* and useful *Hints*.

NOR are the Advantages less that arise from the *Conversation* of ingenious and well-bred Persons; for by this we become acquainted with the *Passions* and *Humours* of Mankind (which are generally understood by a *Knowledge* of the *World*) and attain that easy Behaviour which gives a Lustre to every Thing we say.

'TIS a very judicious Observation of the Duke de ROCHEFOUCAULT, *That we never appear ridiculous from our real, but from our affected Characters*; for this Reason a Man should always consider his own *Genius*, and never let his Vanity get the Better of his Judgment: He who is not a *Scholar* or a *Wit*, may yet be a Man of *Sense*; and even if he is not, while he contents himself with seeming what he really is, if he does not procure to himself *Applause*, he will at least avoid the Imputation of *Conceitedness* and *Impertinence*.

AS to the Subjects for *Conversation*, a Man's own *Discretion* and the *Disposition*, *Age*, *Sex*, &c. of his Company should govern his Choice. *Religion* and *Party Matters* seem the most unfit of any; the first is too sublime

and *serious* for mix'd Company, and few have *Temper* enough to manage the other with *Decency*: This is owing wholly to the *Prejudices* of *Education*, which produce strange Effects on all Minds, and hinder us from judging impartially of Things in which we are ever so little interested. This must certainly be a strong Argument for treating these Subjects, whenever they happen to be introduced, with the greatest *Coolness* and *Moderation*. Besides, the many various Opinions that prevail in the World, together with the Abilities and Merit of their respective Advocates, should infuse into us a Kind of Diffidence of our own Judgment.

I KNOW nothing that contributes more to the *enlivening* of *Conversation*, than a graceful Manner of relating a *Story*: With how much Pleasure do we listen to, and what Delight do we receive from the Repetition of a diverting Tale! Nor is this Part of Conversation less difficult than *engaging*: Most People are apt to imagine themselves sufficiently qualified for it, without considering how much it requires for one to acquit himself handsomely. In order to do this, it is absolutely necessary that he be Master of a *Volubility* of *Expression*, a great deal of *Humour*, and a just *Delivery*: 'Tis almost incredible how much these last tend to the embellishing our Discourse, and even making ourselves understood. A wrong Cast of the *Countenance*, *Tone* of the *Voice*, or the laying an *improper Emphasis* upon particular Words, will oftentimes rob a *Tale* of Half its Spirit, and may sometimes render it even unintelligible.

ANOTHER *Caution*, of no less Consequence than any I have mentioned, is, that we treat our Companions with a becoming *Complaisance*. Almost every Thing we do in the Company of others, should be attended with some Sign of *Respect* to those present; but it requires some Share of Address to do this, and at the same Time avoid an Extreme almost as disagreeable, as having no Manners at all, I mean that of having *too much*. No *Conversation* in the World is so *insipid* as that of People of this Turn of Mind; they are *too well-bred*, forsooth, to shew they have Opinions of their *own*, they had rather one should palm the most glaring Absurdities upon

upon them for Truth, than risque the Reputation of their good Manners, by contradicting you. In short, *Complaisance* does not consist in a Set of *Mechanical Rules*, but is the natural Result of a good Disposition; and that *Humanity* and *Benevolence*, which is inseparable from every truly good-humour'd Man, will set off his *Conversation* to a much greater Advantage than a few empty unmeaning *Ceremonies*, and that *servile Complaisance*, so common to the *half-bred* Part of the World.

WITH Regard to our *Stile* and the *Choice* of our Words, we should be careful to shun all *uncouth* and *uncommon* Expressions; the Rule in *Poetry*, that the plainest and most simple Language is the best, holds equally good in *Conversation*: *Forced Conceits*, and trifling *Witticisms*, are Signs of a vulgar Taste, as loose, *Double Entendres* are of a vicious one.

THE Air of the *Countenance* and *Disposition* of the Features, are of no small Consequence in determining People's Opinion of us; for this Reason all voluntary Distortions of the Features, or what is commonly meant by the Word *Grimace*, should be avoided. While the Countenance is serene and composed, it is affected by the smallest Emotions of the Mind, our Mirth will then discover itself without a noisy Laugh, or an affected Grin.

THE last Thing I shall caution against, is *Vanity*: We are all of us but too apt to give into this Error, and therefore we should use all the Care in the World to correct it. Mr. ADDISON was so sensible of this, that he used to say, *It was impossible for a Man to say any Thing in Praise of himself with a good Grace*; and if so, how ridiculous must the Conversation be of People who are continually larding their Discourse with impertinent Egotisms, and tedious Stories of themselves. There is this Difference betwixt *Vanity* and most other Faults, that hardly any one will pardon it; if we are too talkative, People will call it *Gaiety*; if too ceremonious, 'twill be term'd *Good Breeding*, &c. But there is a certain *Jealousy* always subsisting in Company of a Person who pretends to be wiser or wittier than his Fellows, that all, nay, even those who are neither one nor t'other, immediately become his Enemies: On the contrary, a modest  
Person

*Person* has all the World for his *Friend*, and by seeming less than others, he becomes greater.

PHARAMOND.



———— Hæc infani omnia.

TERENT.

*These are all Symptoms of Madness.*

*To the* AUTHOR of *the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**I**T is some Time since you gave the Publick a miscellaneous Collection of Maxims after the Manner of THEOPHRASTUS and BRUYERE: As this Kind of Writing is as instructive as it is entertaining, I flatter myself you will give a Place in your Paper to the following Reflections, and in that you will very much oblige

*Your constant Reader,*

EBULUS.

REFLECTIONS on the FEMALE SEX:

O R,

*The* CHARACTERISTICKS of WOMEN.

**T**HE chief Satire on Women is their Inconstancy; but if we judge impartially, Men are less constant in their Affections than Women; for Beauty alone being generally the Object of our Passion, the Effect must naturally be as fading as the Cause; our Love being therefore only the Result of Wonder and Surprise, is abated by Familiarity, and decays as these wear off by Degrees: Besides that, a *Love* so founded is liable to be ravish'd by any superior Beauty; or if not so, yet the Novelty of the former once worn off, the new Comer has the Assistance of Fancy (the Slave of Novelty) to gain the Superiority:

riority: This is the Cause why so few real and lasting Passions are found among Men; the Charms depending upon, and owing their Power to *Fancy*, can maintain no Conquests any longer than that is on their Side. In this Women are observ'd to be less faulty than Men; for not usually fixing their Affections on so mutable a Thing as the Beauty of a Face, which a thousand Accidents may destroy, but on *Wit*, *Good-Humour*, and other Graces of the Mind, as well as the Body, their Love is more durable and constant, in Proportion to the longer Continuance of those Qualities in the Object. Neither, indeed, have they the Means and Temptations to be fickle and inconstant, so ready as Men have; for the Modesty and Rules of Decency observed amongst them, not permitting them the Liberty of declaring their Sentiments to those they love, as Men by Custom may, they dare not indulge a wanton *Fancy* without breaking through all Restraints of Decorum, at the Expence of their Fame and Reputation, which few are so daring to venture.

A WOMAN, however, must be said to be *inconstant*, when she ceases to love, and *fickle*, when she begins to love another; *light*, when she does not know herself whether she loves or no; *indifferent*, when she loves not at all.

THERE is a Difference between an amorous Lady and a Coquette, though they are generally look'd on as the same Character; for the first is for being *lov'd*, the other for being esteem'd *lovely*: The one designs to engage us, the other only to please us. The *intriguing Woman* passes from one Amour to another; the *Coquette* has several Amusements at once: Passion and Pleasure are predominant in the first, Vanity and Levity in the other. Gallantry may be said to be a Vice of the Heart, but a Coquettish Humour is an Irregularity of the Mind: In short, the Characters of both are culpable, and ought with the greatest Caution to be avoided.

BUT besides the Passions of Love, there are others very predominant in the Fair Sex; I mean *Ambition* and *Gaming*; and where these have their Extremes indulg'd, they are more destructive than in Men.

IT is thought one predominant Passion of Women is, to be talk'd of; this, surely, is an Instance of Vanity:

CELIA

CELIA is so far from being displeased to find her Name in a Lampoon, or *Ridotto*, in one of Mr. P——'s Epistles, that they themselves read them, laugh at them, and say they are witty.

AS no Woman can bear the Thought of growing ugly, none care to be remember'd that they grow old. Sir TOWNLEY GAYMONDE is in this Respect one of the most complaisant Persons living, Every New-Year's Day he says to his Lady——*Well, Madam, How old will your Ladyship please to be this Year?*

IT must be allow'd, that *Riches* and *Poverty* constitute, in a great Measure, the titular *Vice* or *Virtue* of a Woman; that is, they have a strange Effect on the Conduct, though not absolutely on the Minds of the Publick. The Mistress of a Prince lives in the *Beau Monde*, keeps a splendid Equipage, is admitted to the Circle, has her *Visiting-Days*, where the most Reserved and Virtuous disdain not to resort,——The Condition of a *poor Sinner* in this Way, need not be described.

AS pretty Women love to be look'd at, so, among the Men, there are Persons of a Character full as singular: Sir TUNBELLY CLUMSEY is one of Fortune's Favourites, and rolls in Plenty; he is immensely rich; What does he do with his Wealth? The best Architects are building him a sumptuous Palace, and his Gardens, Vistas, and Paintings, are all exquisite.——Well! Is not this sufficient to gratify his Vanity?——No——He is old, What can he desire more?——He is determin'd to purchase CHLOE, who is a very great Beauty, at the Expence of 3000 l. a Year *Pin-Money*.——But pray, Why would he be at such Expence? For what Reason?——For the same Reason he buys fine Pictures, *to be look'd at*.

THE Men and Women seldom agree upon the Estimate of the Merit of a Woman; their Interests are too opposite: The Women displease one another by the same Charms that captivate Men's Hearts; and a Woman often secures the Admiration of her Sex, and the Aversion and Antipathy of her own, from one and the same Cause.

IT was as just a Thought as it was gallant, that the late Lord H——LL——F——X express'd himself in, that a fine Face was the finest of Sights, and the Voice of her one loves the sweetest Harmony in the World.

J E A-

JEALOUSY has an odd Effect on the Minds of the Fair Sex, for they cannot endure a *jealous Husband*, yet are very well pleased with a *jealous Lover*.

IT has been a Reproach which the Ladies have used against the Men, that they are eager to marry a *Fortune*; what shall we say of those Ladies, who are as eager to marry a *Fool*?

SEMPRONIA is one of the finest Women in the World; has admirable Qualities, and all the Accomplishments which can render a Woman amiable; yet she refused the Addresses of EUGENIO, a young Gentleman of Quality and Fortune, well-bred, and of great Character for Sense and Learning.—For what Reason?—To marry Lord \*\*\*\*\*, an arrant Fool and an Idiot.—She can now govern her Husband, and do what she will.

THERE is a peculiar Power that Women have over our Sex; for they can make us be esteem'd contemptible, though the same Act in us does not the least reflect on them.—I mean *Cuckoldom*.—Yet many are Cuckolds who are unjustly term'd so.—My Lord WHIFFLE's Lady is, to all outward Appearance, a Saint; yet, with Sir FOPPINGTON, she has been known to have made a *Faux Pas*: However, my Lord drinks merrily, snores contentedly, and believes her honest. The other Day he made a Visit to HORATIO; whose Wife denies herself no innocent Freedoms, but is truly chaste and virtuous. Bless me, cries Lord WHIFFLE, what an unhappy Man is HORATIO, to have such a Viper in his Bosom, and how happy am I in the Possession of a Woman, of so much Honour and Innocence.

IT is said, I will not dispute how justly, that a Woman who loses her Reputation in the *Country*, is look'd on more contemptibly than in *London*. If this is true, we can only thus account for it; that *London* is a more polite Place, and such Things are not thought there to be great Prodigies; for it is the Rarity makes the Monster: In *Guinea* it is not those who have large Lips and flat Noses, but those who have the contrary, are esteem'd to be deformed.

THERE are many modern Ladies who reckon the Week by the Employment of the several Days; they have their Visiting Days, their Days of Gaming, going to the

the Play, their City Jaunt, and their going to Church: They know over Night what is to be done next Morning, and enjoy at once the present Pleasure and the future: They only wish that it was but possible to unite them in one Day; for nothing troubles them, nothing grieves them, but that, when they are at *Drury-Lane* Playhouse, they cannot, at the same Moment be at *Covent Garden*, or the *Opera*.

AFTER all Reflections on the Foibles of Women, we must acknowledge they have equal Excellencies, and will force us to *esteem* and *love* them.



———— Magnis tamen excidit Acesis.

*Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.*

*In petty Stratagems he oft prevail'd;  
But in his Great and Bold Attempts he fail'd.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

AS it is some Alleviation of Sorrow to unburthen the Mind, I have recourse to you to tell my unhappy Condition; though I am assured I shall neither gain your *Pity* nor your *Consolation*; yet, as by stating my Case you may make some publick Use of it, I will frankly acquaint you with some Part of my Life and Character, and the Occasion of my present Misfortunes.

I SHALL not now be ashamed to acknowledge, that my original Occupation in Life was that of a *Valet*: I liv'd first with a young *Templer*, who was more a Man of Wit and Pleasure than to make the *Law* his Study. It was with him that I first began to have a Taste of Life; and, by transcribing little Pieces of Poetry, and reading Plays and Novels, entertained no inelegant Idea of the modern *Belles Lettres*. As my Master was a Wit, he was consequently a Man of *Gallantry*, and, in humble Imitation of him, I was not without my Amours: Thus I liv'd as happily, that is, as idly as my Heart could wish,

wish, 'till my Master marrying, thought proper to discharge me ; because I knew too much Secret History. I was now resolv'd to go into a Nobleman's Family, which I soon did, and was hired to wait on the Lady MODISH : Here I improv'd my Notions of Life, and, from a pretty Fellow, soon became a *very pretty Fellow*, and began to have a better Opinion of myself than I ever had before : In short, I thought so well of myself, that I was sure no one could think ill of me. Endow'd with such Accomplishments, I was perswaded I could make my Fortune ; that is, by the *Je ne sçay quoy* of my Person, and the Power of my Impudence ; therefore I was determin'd to marry some Woman of about *ten or fifteen thousand Pounds* ; which was not so very improbable a Scheme, considering what illiterate ugly Fellows have succeeded the same Way. I had no sooner come to this Resolution, but I was resolv'd to strike a bold Stroke at once : Accordingly I made my first Attempt on my Lady's *Niece*, that liv'd with her, who was almost *fifteen* Years old, and almost a *twenty thousand Pound* Fortune ; but, on the very first little innocent Freedom that I went to take with her, the little, proud, haughty Rogue, gave me a lusty Cuff on the Ear, and said, the next Time I behav'd with such Impudence she would tell my Lady.

—— As she did not say that she would then tell my Lady, I interpreted her Behaviour to her Pride, and not to any Dislike she had to my Address, or my Person : I thought proper therefore to write her a *Billet-Doux*, which I concluded with a very pretty *Sonnet* about *Phaeton*, and the *Chariot of the Sun* : This I convey'd to her over Night, and when she went out with my Lady the next Morning, I observ'd she smil'd on me as I held the Chariot Door.—It is impossible to describe the Thoughts which came rushing into my Head while I was behind the Chariot ; the Sum of all was, that in less than a Month I should be rolling along in one of my own.—But, alas ! how frail are human Hopes ! What Faith can be given to a Woman's Smiles, when the Sex have Deceit in their Infancy !——Would you think it, Mr. SPECTATOR, that this little *Coquette* took an Opportunity, at Dinner, as I was waiting behind her Chair, to tell my Lord that Tom was a *Poet*.——You may think that I

was

was not a little confus'd; but I was Thunder-struck when she put her Hand into her Pocket, and pull'd out my *Billet and Song*.—My Lord, when he had read it, instead of laughing at it as a Piece of Gallantry, very seriously rose from his Chair, and very uncivilly *kick'd me down Stairs*: I was immediately turn'd out of Doors to seek my better Fortune.

HOWEVER unsuccessful I was in this Attempt, yet I look'd on it only as the Fortune of War; and was still resolv'd to pursue my Scheme: As I had some Money, and had got into a Club which gave me some Credit, I put myself into an elegant Dress, went to a Part of the Town where I was not known, and pass'd for a Gentleman of Fortune. As my whole Business was to find out Women of Fortune, it was not long before I got acquainted with an elderly Lady, who was said to have *fifteen hundred Pounds* Jointure, and *six thousand Pounds* in ready Money. I attack'd the *Widow*, and found her more complying than I expected: I push'd my seeming good Fortune with all the Vigour I could: I propos'd Marriage, nor did she absolutely deny, but objected only that she must be better assur'd as to the real Value of my Estate, and that I had no Incumbrances upon it: This made me still more eager for the Marriage, lest I should be discover'd; and so managed Matters with my *Widow*, by probable Stories and amorous Persuasions, that she at last consented.—The Day was appointed, and we were married.—Who would not now think me happy?—But I am, sure, the *unhappiest* Dog that ever went a *Fortune-hunting*.—In two Days I found my *Widow* had no more a *Jointure*, or *Fortune*, than I an *Estate*; but, that both acting on the same Scheme, had unwittingly undone one another.—The old Bite has indeed the better Bargain; for if she has got nothing else, she has got one of the prettiest Fellows in *England*.—But what a Fate is mine! to be married to an old *Harra-dan*, and have all my Projects of making a Figure in the World entirely frustrated.

IF these Anecdotes, Mr. STONECASTLE, should deter any vain Coxcomb, though in a higher Class of Life than I really was, from building Castles in the Air, and turning *Fortune-Hunter*; or, if they should inform any  
of

of your Female Readers in what Manner to treat such an impertinent Blockhead as I was, the whole Design of this Epistle is answer'd. I would desire you to hint to your Readers, of both Sexes, in Matrimonial Affairs, not to trust to meer *outward Appearances* of Persons and Fortune; and then they will not be so unluckily deceived as was

*Your humble Servant,*

THO. LUCKLESS.

THIS Character which Tom has given of himself may be look'd on by some to be an improbable one; but there are many in this Town who have made their Fortunes by that Scheme in which Tom was unsuccessful. It is not two Months since Miss FORWARD ran away with her *Footman*; nor is the Honey-Moon scarce over since the rich *Widow Loveit* was married to *Beau Sharper*. I have been inform'd that there is a *Club of Fortune Hunters*, who have regular *Meetings*, particular *Laws*, and a considerable *Fund*: When I receive a better Account of this dangerous Society, I shall think it as much my Duty to prevent their being the Ruin of Women of Fortune, as my illustrious Predecessor thought it his to prevent the Men of Fortune becoming the Prey of the *Gamesters* of his Time: I cannot, in the Interim, but advise the Ladies not to pay any Regard to the *outward Shew* of a Lover; and to recommend this, though in a humourous Manner, I will make Use of a beautiful Passage in SHAKESPEAR's Play of *The Merchant of Venice*.

' *Outward Shews* be least themselves :

- ' The World is still deceiv'd with *Ornament*.
- ' In Law, What Plea so tainted and corrupt,
- ' But, being season'd with a gracious Voice,
- ' Obscures the Shew of Evil? In Religion,
- ' What damn'd Error, but some sober Brow
- ' Will bless it, and approve it with a Text,
- ' Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament?
- ' There is no Vice so simple but assumes
- ' Some Mark of Virtue on its outward Parts.
- ' How many Cowards, whose Hearts are all as false
- ' As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins

' The

- The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars* ;
- Who inward search'd, have Livers white as Milk ?
- And these assume but *Valour's* Excrement
- To render them redoubted : Look on Beauty,
- And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the Weight
- Which therein works a Miracle in Nature,
- Making them lightest that wear most of it.
- So are those cripp'd snaky Golden Locks,
- Which make such wanton Gambols with the Wind,
- Upon supposed Fairness, often known
- To be the Dowry of a second Head ;
- The Skull that bred them in Sepulchre.
- Thus Ornament is but the gilded Shore
- To a most dang'rous Sea ; the beauteous Scarf
- Veiling an *Indian* Beauty ; in a Word,
- The *seeming Truth*, which cunning Times put on
- T' entrap the wisest.



———— Miseris succurrere disco.

*Virg.*

*For the Unhappy I have such Concern,  
That how to comfort them is what I learn.*

*To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE is no greater Proof of a humane and generous Soul, then sensibly to feel the Distresses and Misfortunes of our Fellow Creatures : Such a Tenderness of Disposition is look'd on, by some, as a Weakness of the Mind ; but if it is a Weakness, I would not be without it for all the elevated Refinements which others may boast : I have therefore, instead of eradicating this Softness of Temper, always endeavour'd more deeply to fix it in myself ; nor can I bear to see the Want of it in others : Though Compassion is of so amiable a Quality,

Quality, yet some there are who affect a Kind of Inhumanity, nor would be thought to have their Heart moved by the greatest Object of Distress. Of this Character is Sir *Penurious Gripe*, who, from the lowest State in Life, has, by Avarice, Luck, Application, and direct and indirect Means, amass'd the Sum of thirty or forty thousand Pounds : On him no distressful Scene of Poverty, nor the Knowledge of a whole Family being involved irredeemably in Ruin, have the least Effect ; he looks on all *Misfortunes* to be the Consequences of *Extravagance* ; that *Poverty* is solely occasion'd by *Idleness* ; and as a Proof of his Argument he quotes the Success of his own Fortune.——*All Men*, says he, *might not be rich though they would ; but no Man need be poor unless he would.*——With this Maxim, which he thinks an Instance of his Sagacity, he has expell'd all Sense of Humanity from his Breast ; and, instead of being a *Man*, is an *erect Brute*.——When I reflect on this Hard-heartedness of *Gripe*, I cannot but think that he has been at as much Pains to make himself Master of it, as others to arrive at the highest Pitch of Virtue, Generosity and good Nature ; for I cannot believe there is such a brutal Disposition naturally implanted in the Soul of Man : I would not say that Men are equally *tender* and *benevolent*, but that *Compassion* is so inherent to *human Nature*, that the most savage Disposition is, at *some Times* and *Occasions*, affected with it.——I once saw a Proof of this in a Place where I could have little expected it.——I was lately induced, by a Friend, to go and see the condemn'd Felons at Chapel : I was averse to his Proposal, as I knew the Sight of so many unhappy wicked Wretches would fill my Mind with too many melancholy Reflections : However, by his Persuasions, I consented. It is impossible to describe the Shock I felt when I view'd such Numbers of miserable Creatures, most of them labouring under all the Torments of Hunger, Nakedness, and Chains ; but I was still more moved, to observe the greatest Part of them were so hardened by habitual Vice, that they shew'd little Regard of their approaching Death, or the Grief their Friends poured out at their fatal Destiny.——The Gaolers and Keepers were not, as you may believe, affected, but with an imperious Sternness

ness were for hurrying them into their particular Cells. — As I was contemplating on this Scene, I heard a Buz among the People. — *This is she! This is she!* — when I turn'd my Head, and saw a comely Woman, cleanly dress'd, coming forward: On Enquiry, I found she was condemn'd for a Pick-pocket. — As she approach'd nearer, I could perceive in her Air and Countenance a Distress infinitely superior to any of the rest: Her Eyes demonstrated the Agony of her Heart, and she look'd round her on every Side with all the Emotions of Sorrow and Despair. — At last she cry'd out — *Where, where is my Child?* — A Woman immediately stepp'd up to her, with a pretty Infant about two Years old, dress'd with as much Neatness as if it had been that of a Gentleman. — Soon as the Mother beheld her Child, she ran to it, snatch'd it out of the Woman's Arms, and kiss'd it with all the Passion the most tender Parents could shew to the Darling of their Soul. — To that Extacy succeeded another as violent and affecting. — Her Passion could be no longer silent, and she burst out into the bitterest Agonies of Tears and Exclamations, looking tenderly on the Babe, she cry'd — *Is this the last Time — Must I never — never see you more. — Must I never kiss these Lips again! — O God! O God! What have I done? — What have I done? — O unhappy Wretch that I am! — O my Child, my Child.* — Here she could support her Grief no longer, but fainted away with her Child in her Arms. It is needless to tell you how much I was moved. All the Spectators lost the Felon in the Mother, and her Crimes in her Affection for her Infant. The Turnkeys behav'd with an uncommon Tenderness; and (what you may scarce credit) one of the Keepers could not conceal the Tears that stood in his Eyes, when he was obliged to make her part with her Child, and retire to her Cell.

I BEG Pardon for this Narrative, Mr. *Stonecastle*; but I thought it an undoubted Proof that Compassion is inherent to human Nature, and that Persons of the most savage Disposition are, at some Times, and Occasions, affected with it.

IF Compassion can be found in the most infamous Place, and among the most harden'd Set of People, I am surpriz'd

surpriz'd that persons of Fortune do not more exert a Quality, which would not only be beneficial to Mankind, but would reflect the truest Honour, and the most exalted Satisfaction to themselves. I would not be understood to mean a meer Compassion at a Distress before our Eyes, but a charitable Benevolence of Heart, which puts them in Mind that there are Thousands of their Fellow-Creature in Distress, and which induces them to contribute all in their Power to their Relief. To have a *tender Heart* and a *charitable one*, are to possess different Qualities.—Is there a more *tender-hearted* Creature than *Madam Lovepuppy*? If *Chloe* or *Dutchess*, or *Shack*, or *Ec. Ec. Ec.* should have the least Ailment, what Care is taken of it! What Pity is express'd for the poor dumb Creature!——But should it depart, the fond Mistress can no longer refrain from Tears, and she cries out with the Lady in the Farce!

*How hard is Fate, that Dogs are doom'd to die!*

But all this Tenderness of *Madam's* Soul is confin'd to her Dogs. She dropp'd not a Tear at the Death of her Husband and Son: She can hear of the most distressful Scenes of Want without any Emotion: And expends more in a Year on her Brutes, than would give a comfortable Subsistence to two or three poor Families.—*Olivia* cannot see any Scene of Tenderness on the Stage, but her Handkerchief is rais'd to her Eyes. No one can have more Pity for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra's* unhappy Loves; for *Belvidera's* Misfortunes, *Monimia's* Wrongs, or the Death of *Varanes*: She will give many a Pound to weep over such tragick Tales of Woe, yet never bestow'd a Crown in Charity in her Life.—But though there are too many of such Characters; yet there are some Persons of Fortune who consider all the dismal Circumstances of Want, Poverty and Distress, and how far it is in their Power to remove them, who lay aside some fashionable Pleasures for others of a more exquisite Nature.

TO give you an Example of this, I must relate an Occurrence which happen'd the other Day in my Walks, and which indeed was the Occasion of this Epistle.

AS

AS I was passing by an Alley — I heard a Female Voice say — *God Almighty bless your Ladyship.* — To which another reply'd — Say no more, but go in. — I turn'd about, and saw a Woman come out of the Alley, and the other go back again. — From hearing the Word *Ladyship*, I had the Curiosity to look at her; but how was I surpriz'd, to see that my Lady \*\*\*, in a plain *Undress*, had been making a Visit in that Alley: She soon arriv'd at the *Hackney Coach*, which waited at some Distance, and drove away. — After my first Wonder, I was determin'd to return to the Alley, and, if possible, find out the Meaning of such an Event: Luckily I saw the Woman I had before seen, standing at a Door: I enquir'd if she knew the Gentlewoman that left her; — she replied, yes, but was order'd to keep it a Secret; therefore should answer me no Questions if I ask'd them. — But on my mentioning her Title, and desiring her to tell me the Reason of her coming there, she at last consented and desired me to walk in. — I saw several Children which I found were all her own; after I had sat down, she gave me the following Story. —

‘ My Lady \*\*\*, God bless her! is one of the best  
 ‘ Women living: I am sure I have Reason to say so.  
 ‘ — If I had not been reliev'd by her, I and my poor  
 ‘ Children, in these hard Times, must have perished:  
 ‘ But my Case was represented to her by a Gentleman  
 ‘ whom she employs to find out proper Objects of Cha-  
 ‘ rity; and she thought me worthy her Compassion. —  
*But pray, Mistress, was your Case so very miserable?* —  
 ‘ O! dear Sir, answer'd she, judge yourself. —  
 ‘ My Husband was just dead, and had left me fix  
 ‘ Children; the Expences of his Sickness, Burying, and  
 ‘ other Charges, stripp'd me of the few Household Goods  
 ‘ and Necessaries we, by our Labour, had got together. —  
 ‘ In this miserable Condition, as I was one Day lament-  
 ‘ ing over my Children, and they, with loud and impor-  
 ‘ tunate Cries, were asking me for Braed, which I had  
 ‘ not to give them, the Gentleman I mentioned to you  
 ‘ knock'd at my Door, saw my Calamity, and gave me  
 ‘ some Relief. — The next Day the *Lady* you saw came  
 ‘ herself, and, by her Goodness, I am in Hopes, not only  
 ‘ of being deliver'd from the greatest Misery, but of being  
 ‘ put

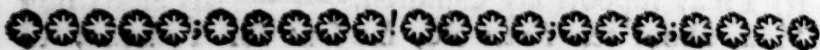
‘ put into some Employ, that by my Labour and Industry I may support my Children. — My eldest Boy Jack, about ten Years old, she sent for Yesterday to take as a Servant in her own Family ; and she came To-day to enquire what I was most fit for to get my Livelihood by. — I have left all to her Ladyship, who will make such Provision for me as she thinks proper.’ — I gave the good Woman some necessary Advice, and a small Present, then took my Leave, with an agreeable Reflection, that the *Sensuality of modern Pleasures* had not so *universally prevailed*, but there were *Ladies of Quality* who thought it a *greater Pleasure* to relieve the *Distresses* of their *Fellow Creatures*, than share all the *Pomp and Folly of Luxury and Extravagance*. — There is one Thing more to this Lady’s Honour, which I cannot conceal ; she is *young*, and as she is one of the *best*, she is one of the *finest* Women in *England* : But I dare say she had more Pleasure in that *Alley* than ever she had in a *Side Box* in her Life. — Would other Ladies of Fortune follow in some Degree such an Example, how much more would it redound to their Honour, than all the idle Expences of *Assemblies* and *Masquerades*. Distresses of the same Kind, are, at present, too frequent ; yet in how great a Measure might they be reliev’d, would Persons of Fortune retrench a little of their unnecessary Expences, I mean, those only which come under the Article of *Pleasure* : And sure, to a *humane and generous Mind*, nothing can be a *greater Pleasure* than relieving the *Infirmities of Human Nature*, or the *unavoidable Disasters of Fortune*.

I BEG Pardon, Mr. *Stonecastle*, for this long incoherent Epistle ; I am in Hopes it may have some Effect on your tender Readers ; but some Part of my Design will at least be answer’d by having mentioned the *Benevolence of a Lady*, who has set them so fair an Example.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

MICIO.



Quid speculum mœsta, poscis, inepta, manu?

*Ov. Amor.*

*Why does the Fool so oft consult her Glass,  
The sad Remembrancer of what she was?*

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;* AUTHOR of the  
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**MONG all the Foibles of Human Nature none is more ridiculous than *Prudery*: I mean that affected Nicety and Contempt of your Sex which some Women profess. As I have experienced the Folly, give me Leave to describe my own Character, which may serve for an Example to deter others from so false a Conduct, About twenty Years ago I was in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty; I was admired and addressed by a great Variety of Lovers: I was not displeas'd that I had so many to profess their Passion, though I received none in a Manner to give them any Hopes: It was the Wonder of all my Acquaintance, that when I had so many Gallants, that I should not approve of any one, but instead of that, continually avow my Dislike to the Sex in general, and that I was resolv'd never to marry. —

They wonder'd at such a Resolution, but thought my Tongue differ'd from my Heart: Nor were they mistaken; I had in Fact no Enmity to the Sex, and the least Part of my Character was that of a *Man-Hater*. It was an odd Pride which had gain'd the Ascendant over my natural Temper; and I was coy and disdainful, because I was assured that I had Beauty enough to gain new Lovers, whenever I had discarded the old: I was in short so full of the Opinion of my Charms, that though I had but a small Fortune, I flatter'd myself that I should marry a Man of Quality: With this Imagination, I treated my Lovers with the utmost Contempt; I could not bear the Thoughts of marrying a *Tradesman*: Coronets and Equipages were always glittering before my Eyes;

Eyes; and I have been fool enough to sit down and indulge myself in such Chimæras, 'till I have thought that I have really been in the Possession of my Man of Quality, and all my Equipage was attending at the Door.——But alas! What has been the Consequence of all this Pride and Nonsense? —— My Lovers, who really admired me, have long ago forsaken me: My Man of Quality never came: My Youth and Beauty are now no more; and I am that odd despicable Creature, call'd an *old Maid*.

OF all the Reflections which a Woman makes, none are more just than those which rise in the Mind, on viewing the irreparable Decays of Beauty: It is past Description to know the Torments a *Looking-Glass* gives an *old Maid*: I never come near one, but I have a thousand melancholy Ideas: I remember what I was, and I see what I am: I lament my Folly in having denied the *Question* when it was so often ask'd me; and I bemoan my Fate, that it will never be ask'd me again; or at least not be asked by such as I might approve of.

IF, Mr. *Spectator*, the Description of my Conduct and Folly should induce any of your Female Readers to correct an affected Pride, and not to deny their Lovers Addresses from any romantic Hopes of making their Fortune by their Beauty, this Letter has had all the Effect that I could have wish'd.——You may add some Remarks on the Character I have given you of myself; but I assure you that you may take what Liberty you please with

*Your Humble Servant,*

PRUDELLA.

THE Case of my Correspondent is not a very uncommon one: There are a great many pretty Women are so very difficult in the Choice of a Husband, 'till at last they have none at all, or are forced to come to the Maid's last Prayer, *Any rather than fail*. Fontaine, who knew the Foibles of Human Nature exceedingly well, has told a very pretty Fable on this Subject, which, as it contains a very proper Moral, I shall give

it my Readers rather in a plain Narration than translating it into Verse.

ONE Day the long-bill'd, long-neck'd, long legg'd *Heron* was walking on the Banks of a River, whose Water was transparent as Chrystal : The Carp, the Pike and the Trout were wantoning up and down the Stream. These the *Heron* might have caught with the greatest Ease ; but he thought it better to stay 'till his Appetite was more keen. ——— A little Time after his Stomach came to him, and he saw Tenches rising from the sandy Bottom ; ——— yet these were not delicate enough for his *Gout*, so was resolved to wait for better Fare, and like the *Mouse* in *Horace*, was fantastically nice. ——— Our Bird stay'd for more delicate Food, 'till not so much as one Fish appeared : His Hunger was then extreme, and he thought himself happy even to meet with a Snail.

IT is not right to be so difficult : The easiest Tempers discover most Judgment, and they who are too greedy, are often disappointed. Beware how you despise any Thing, especially when you have got near what you want : A great Number of People are often deceived on these Occasions.

I DO not address this to *Hérons* : Listen, O Reader, to another Tale, and you will find that it is from yourself I draw these Instructions.

THERE was a Nymph who had much Beauty and much Pride ; she was resolved to get a young, fine shaped, handsome, well-accomplish'd Husband ; a Man of Quality, of Fortune, good Sense, not inclined to Jealousy, nor yet cold in his Affections : In short, she was determined to have such a Husband only as had every Perfection. ——— But where is such a one to be found ? ——— Fate was very assiduous in providing her with Suitors, and several considerable Offers were made to her—but she scorned them all. ——— What, says she, shall I marry such as these ! Surely the People are all mad : Propose such Mortals as these to me ! ——— One was too tall, another too short ; one had not a Face she liked, nor another a Shape. ——— There was this Fault, there was that ; for Prudes of all Creatures are the greatest Scoffers.

THE most valuable Lovers were succeeded by those of an indifferent Figure, and the *Beauty* is again proud and disdainful: What, cries she, am I to be pestered with such Wretches! They surely think I am in furious Want of a Husband!—

THE proud Fair was not a little pleas'd with her own Conduct; but at last Age lessened her Charms, and all her Lovers forsook her: She continued pretty easy for a Year or two, but began to fret when she perceived she was every Day robb'd of some Grace, and afterwards of Love himself: To repair the Decays of Nature, she had Recourse to Art; but all her Art and Industry could not prevent the lamentable Effects which Time had made.—The fair one's Prudery was now changed: Her Looking-Glass gave her the following Advice:—*Marry quickly*; and some soft Wishes whisper'd the same Thing: This proud haughty Beauty made her Choice, and such a one as No body could ever have believ'd, thinking herself at last very happy that an awkward pitiful Fellow would accept of her for a Wife.

FONTAINE's Fable wants no explanatory Moral; every Female Reader will apply the Story of the *Heron* as well as the proud Beauty, and not entirely lose their Lovers, or be forced to accept of such Husbands, as they would in some Part of their Life have looked on with just Contempt.

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*To the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR,

S I R,

AS your Readers in the Country may not have seen the following Advertisement inserted in one of the publick Papers, pray give it a Place, as a Specimen of a Scheme which I have undertaken.

W A N T E D,

' By a Widow Gentlewoman, that is between thirty and  
' forty Years of Age, and of a very good Family, with  
' all the Endowments (except Money) necessary to make  
' any Gentleman compleatly happy in a Wife:

- ‘ A SOBER honest Batchelor or Widower, of about
- ‘ 40 Years of Age or upwards, of a good Capacity, and
- ‘ has no Child.
- ‘ IF such a Person has any Inclination to alter his Con-
- ‘ dition, and should upon an Interview with the Gentle-
- ‘ woman be approved of by her and her Friends, shall im-
- ‘ mediately on Marriage be placed in a genteel Employ.

NOW, Mr. *Stonecastle*, as nothing is more ridiculous than the Custom which prevails among the Fair Sex, to put on the Affectation of being almost ignorant of the Ends and Intent of Matrimony, I have a Scheme to prevent all that affected Aversion to Marriage in the Women, and the long Attendance and Courtship in the Men. —I am going to set up an *Insurance-Office* for Matrimony, where, for a very small Expence, I will help Maids and Widows, young or old, rich or poor, to Husbands, and Batchelors and Widowers to Wives.

I SHALL communicate my Scheme to you at large, with my Proposals, as soon as I have made some necessary Calculations.

I SHALL not enumerate in this Letter all the Advantages which must accrue from so publick-spirited a Project: Let it be sufficient, that all well-disposed Batchelors, Maidens, Widows and Widowers still have an Opportunity to change their disconsolate State, without running the Danger of Denials, Repulses, with a thousand Inconveniencies which attend a formal Courtship.

AS for those very pretty Ladies, who are fond of being call'd Goddesses, and hearing all the amorous Cant of their Lovers, they may laugh at my Scheme, and the dull Way of carrying on a Piece of Gallantry by Negotiation; but I am persuaded the Majority of both Sexes will, on a strict Examination, approve of the Proposals I shall make.

IF, Mr. *Stonecastle*, you yourself should have any Occasion to be *insur'd* in my Office, you may depend on the utmost Abilities of

*Your Humble Servant,*

TIM. COUPLER.  
Mortem



Mortem optare malum, timere pejus.  
Nec extremum optes, nec metuas diem.

Sen. Od.

*Be Death remote, or be it near,  
'Tis sad to wish it, worse to fear.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**N**OTHING more frequently occurs to the Mind of Man, than the Reflection that he must one Day die ; nor is there a Scene of Life but which may put us in Mind of Death : Without any Philosophical Speculations, all Mankind know that their mortal Being must terminate in Death ; yet with how little Concern is our going out of Life thought of, 'till we are on the Verge of Mortality : Life, while it is enjoy'd with Health, Ease and Plenty, engrosses our chief Thoughts, though at the same Time every Moment of Pleasure is a Step to our Dissolution : *Every Thought we have, says an Author of our own Nation, is a Sand running out of the Glass of Life, and every Letter I now write is something cut off from the Measure of my Being here.*

THOUGH the Contemplation of *Death* requires our frequent and most devout Thoughts, yet I would not have them so perpetually harrassing the Mind as to raise in it a Fear of *dying* ; but such only as may overcome the Fear of it, and teach us to leave the World with *Decency* and *Resignation* ; otherwise, while we have Life, we shall not do the proper Duties of it, but daily, with the Fear of *dying*, die.

*V A P O U R E L L A* is a virtuous Lady, charitable, religious, and endowed with every good Quality to endear her to others ; yet is unhappy in herself from her *superstitious* Notions about *Death*, and the *Prognosticks* of it : She is conscious she must *die*, therefore is eternally apprehensive of the Time, and from the most ridiculous Circumstances puts herself and all about her into Pain. I

have known her fling herself for two or three Days into the deepest Melancholy, after having earnestly beheld a Piece of the Gutter of a *Candle*, which she calls a *Winding-Sheet*: The tinkling of what she calls a *Death-Watch*, is looked on as a sure Omen that some of the Family is to *die*, and she always makes the Application to herself. I have known her when she has been in a mirthful Disposition, sitting round the Fire with her Friends, all on a sudden fall into the deepest Reserve on a Piece of *Cinder* flying out of the Fire; she has eagerly caught it up, and looking on it with a Sigh, cry'd out — *It flew towards me, it is a Coffin.* — I called on her t'other Day, and found her in her Chamber in a very pensive Humour: I asked her if she was well? she answered *No, nor am I long for this World.* — I soon perceived her *Malady*, but was ignorant of the Occasion of it: Before I could ask it, *Ab! Mr. Stonecastle*, says she, *you have often laugh'd at me for my Opinion of our having Warnings of our Death; but I am sure such Prognosticks have always been known in our Family; and I met last Night with the same Omen that I have heard my Grand-mother say her own Aunt had, just that Day Half-Year before she died: I am not long for this World, and you see I am preparing to leave it.* — At the same Time pointing to two Books which lay on the Table: I took up that next me, and found it *Sherlock on Death*; the other which lay next her was turn'd down open, and in which she was reading when I came in: I took the Liberty also to look what that was, and saw it was *Drelinccurt on Death*; but the Story she was reading, was that of the *Apparition*, which is no Part of the Author, but a *Tale* annex'd to it: I smiled and laid it down. — *What? I suppose you put no Faith in these Things? You Scholars are no better than Heathens, and think us Women Fools for preparing ourselves to die.* — I told her that I was far from thinking a Preparation for *Death* unnecessary, and that *Sherlock* was a Book the greatest Scholars and Divines might think worthy to read; but for the *idle Tale* she had been contemplating on, it was only fit to fill her with Notions as melancholy as they were false. — *You believe none of these Things: You imagine there are no Prognosticks of Death: I warrant you would think there was nothing*

nothing extraordinary in the Omen I had last Night. — I was curious enough to ask her what it was, with a Countenance very grave and solemn. — *You may smile at me, Mr. Stonecastle, but last Night about Nine o'Clock, as soon as I came out of a Friend's House, I met a Funeral.* — Met a Funeral? Is that, Madam, any Thing so extraordinary or prognostical? — *Yes, Sir, it is in our Family; my Grandmother's Aunt died within half a Year after such an Accident: To meet a Corpse going to Burial, is as much as to meet a Messenger to tell you of your own End.* — 'Tis very true, Madam, but — But, (says she, with a great deal of Heat and Violence) But to overtake a Funeral, or to pass by a Corpse in that Manner, is I own a quite different Thing, and of no Consequence; but to meet a Funeral as I did, Mr. Stonecastle, is reckon'd prognostical, and I am sure is so in our Family. — *I have had my Warning to leave this wicked troublesome World, and am preparing accordingly.* — As I knew all Arguments would be in vain, I took my Leave, and left her in that melancholy Disposition, which a thorough Belief of not having half a Year to live had inspired her with, though she cannot be much past her thirtieth Year.

AS I was afterwards reflecting on this ridiculous Apprehension of Death in *Vapourella*, I began to consider in what a different Manner different Persons thought of Death, and how they behaved at the Approach of it: Some look on it only as a Debt which must be paid to Nature, and seem little apprehensive of any Terror it can bring with it: We can die but once, cry'd *Jack Libertine*, and would drink his six Bottles in the Evening, and talk Blasphemy all the Time. Capt. *Platoon* valued himself on his Courage, would quarrel with any Man over Night, and fight him the next Morning: He feared no Effects of Sword and Pistol, and ran the Hazard of dying with no more Concern, than he would have shewn in any other Scene of Gallantry. But notwithstanding this Contempt of Death in *Jack*, and the Valour of the Captain, Death was terrible to them both. The Debauches of the first threw him into a violent Fever, and his Physician told him there were no Hopes of his Recovery: Immediately he fell into all the Horrors of Fear, Terror

and Despair : His old Philosophy of *taking a Leap in the Dark* heightened his Agony, instead of giving him Consolation : Doubting, hoping, fearing, trembling, weeping, raving, he breathed his last.

*To guilty Minds a terrible Example.*

Shakespear.

THOUGH to part with Life in a Duel was nothing shocking to the *Captain*, while his Thoughts were all center'd in maintaining his Honour ; yet when he came to lie on a sick Bed, his Mind calm, his Reason exercising its Power, and the Thoughts of a future State affecting his Soul, he found Death had his Terrors, and Life was too dear to have been so often risked on the slightest Trifles : In short, the Fear of Death taught the *Captain* how to live, and a Month's Sickness changed him from a desperate Bully into a humane Gentleman and good Christian : It has given him that real Courage to contemplate on dying, that when he shall come to die, I believe he will meet Death without Fear, and resign Life with all the Courage and Composedness of an honest and pious Man.

THOUGH I did not think at the Beginning of this Essay of mentioning the annual Solemnity of the ensuing Week, yet as the best Example of dying was then given Mankind, it occur'd to me, and I could not refrain making that the conclusive Part of my Subject.

THE last Scene of *our Lord's Passion* is what must touch and affect the Soul : When we think of his naked Body being fixed to a Cross, treated with the utmost Ignominy, hanging between two Thieves, we feel our Hearts moved with Compassion ; but when we consider his unequal'd Fortitude, his mild Resignation, his Readiness to pardon, his compos'd Advice to his nearest Friends, and his last Words, we have an amazing Idea of a heroic Death, and the best Lesson to teach us how to die.

— Mispentur



—Minuentur atræ  
Carmine curæ.

*Hor.*

*Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,  
To soften Rocks, or bend the knotted Oak.  
I've heard, that Things inanimate have mov'd,  
And as with living Souls have been inform'd,  
By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound.*

*Congreve.*

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

**T**HERE are some Subjects, which, though they have frequently been wrote on, remain agreeable, and the different Thoughts, and Manner of a new Author, make them still new: My Readers will have an Instance of this in the following Letter. Musick has been the Subject of several Essayists; yet, as almost all their Thoughts are flung into the following Dissertation, it will not only prove agreeable to those Readers who have a Taste for Musick, but instructive and entertaining to all.

*To the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

*Mr. STONECASTLE,*

**A**S there is sometimes a Depression upon a Man's Spirits, which he himself is not able to give any Reason for; in order to divert such an unaccountable Melancholy that hung upon me the other Night, I went to a Concert of Musick; there were several Performers, and my Humour was at first agreeably sooth'd by soft, slow, languishing Notes, that gently stole upon the Mind, and insensibly disengag'd it from all other Thoughts. This continued for some Time; but on a sudden, when one  
least

least expected it, the Musick ceas'd——there was a short Pause——which was presently after follow'd by a gay, lively Tune, that gave a quite different Turn to my Temper, and brought me into a perfect good Humour: 'Twas very chearful the whole Evening afterwards; and, upon my Return home, I amus'd myself with considering the Force and Power of Musick in general.

THAT Sound has naturally a Power over us, may be observ'd from Children, who, if they are ever so forward, will be immediately quieted by the Nurse's singing, or the Bells upon their Coral. Different Sounds will have different Effects upon them, according as they are suited to their several Dispositions, or strike upon their particular Fancies: Their Imagination is strongly affected, which occasions those surprising Alterations in the Countenance and Actions of the same Child, as the Notes or Tones of an Instrument are varied. As they grow up, and their Reason increases with their Years, they are directed more by their Judgment; and tho' Musick has an Influence upon the Passions, they are mov'd with more Regularity.

THE original Invention of Musical Instruments, I think, is ascribed to *Jubal*. They, without Doubt, took their first Rise from his Observations of the Notes of Birds, and the Aptness of Metals to send forth particular Sounds, with the Variations they were capable of receiving. It seems to be a great Instance of the Almighty's Goodness and Indulgence to Mankind, that he instructed them to find out so useful an Art so soon; in order that it might raise and refresh their Spirits, after the Fatigues of the Day, dispell all gloomy Thoughts, and diffuse an agreeable Calm over the Soul; and that it might, at proper Times, animate their Devotion, and inspire them with the greater Ardour and Zeal in their Worship of him. As we naturally desire to imitate what we admire, the first Ages of Mankind endeavour'd to imitate the melodious Harmony of the Birds, with which they found themselves so much delighted. Their first Musick was undoubtedly very harsh and rude; but as it has pass'd down from Age to Age, it has receiv'd continual Improvements, and by that Means is brought to its present Perfection.

WE find the Antients had a particular Regard for those who excell'd in this Art: They reckon'd it amongst the Accomplishments of their greatest Heroes; and we are told by Historians, that *Epaminondas* was almost as much esteem'd for his Skill in Musick, as his Knowledge in Military Affairs. They have transmitted to us the Names of his Masters, and thought them worthy of Immortality upon that Account. In short, they look'd upon Musick as a necessary Qualification for a Gentleman, and believ'd it contributed very much towards improving the Mind, and polishing the Manners.

THE *Greeks* tell us, that *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew the wild Beasts after them, made the Trees and Stones dance to the Tune of their Harps, and brought them together in such a Manner, as to form a regular Wall, and inclose a great City; which Story, according to the general Interpretation that has been put upon it, signifies, that they subdued the savage Dispositions of a barbarous People, who liv'd in Caves in the Woods and Desarts; and by representing to them, in their Songs, the Advantages of Society, persuaded them to build Cities, and form a Community. It is certain that there is no Temper so fierce and brutish, but what Musick, if properly apply'd, can civilize and soften: It is wonderfully adapted to suppress our turbulent Passions, and appease the Tumults and Disorders of the Mind. We read that several antient Heroes and Philosophers made use of their Lyres for this Purpose; so that when they found themselves likely to be carry'd away by any violent Transport, beyond the Bounds of Reason, they tuned their Instruments to proper Notes, which caus'd their Passions to subside by Degrees, and at Length left them in perfect Tranquility: By this Means they made Musick assisting to Morality, and at the same Time shew'd the World how they ought to use it. It is very well known that in several Kinds of Madness this is the only effectual Remedy.

AGAMEMNON, it seems, had a great Opinion of the Power of Musick; since, when he set Sail for the Siege of *Troy*, he thought himself perfectly secure of his Wife's Virtue, as he had left her a Musician, who, by playing in the *Derick Measure*, could suppress any inordinate

ordinate Desires, and confirm her Resolutions of Chastity; and indeed it is said, that *Ægisthus* could not corrupt her, notwithstanding all his Solicitations, 'till he had kill'd that Musician. Whether we have lost the *Dorick* Note, or whether we touch too much upon the *Lydian*, I do not know; but Musick seems to have a quite contrary Effect upon our Ladies, to what it had upon the *Grecian* Dames; insomuch that I have often been in Pain, when I have seen them dying away and languishing to soft Tunes, lest they should not be able to resist the Importunities of their Lovers; for I have heard a Connoisseur in the Art of debauching young Ladies, say, that it is the best Time in the World to push your Fortune with them when they are in those Circumstances. *Plato* was of Opinion, that it enervated and soften'd the Mind too much, and for that Reason banish'd it out of his Commonwealth; though I think it might be of great Service, if under proper Restrictions.

BUT Man is not only sensible of its Prevalence; even Beasts themselves are said to be affected with it, and to lose their Fierceness at the Hearing. It insinuates into their very Souls, disarms their Fury, and renders them quite different Creatures. Antient Writers have given us a great many Instances of this Kind; they tell us of *Musicians*, who, by their Art, could tame the most furious *Wolves* and *Tygers*. I have been very credibly informed, by a Person who has been in *America*, and actually made the Experiment, that the most venomous *Rattle Snake* will be so overcome and intoxicated, as it were, by soft Musick, as to stretch itself out at full Length upon the Ground, and continue, in all Appearance, without Life or Motion. What magick Power can there be in Musick, that produces Effects so wonderful, and charms both *Man* and *Beast*?

THERE are other Sounds which are apt to inflame the Blood, inspire Courage in the most fearful Dispositions, and even conquer Nature. Such Instruments are proper in War. An old Officer of my Acquaintance, who was in all the Wars in *Queen Anne's* Time, under the Duke of *Marlborough*, has often frankly confess'd to me, that he was naturally timorous, but that when the Drums beat and Trumpets sounded, it rais'd his Spirits

to such a Degree, that he even ardently wish'd to be engag'd with the Enemy, and, in the Heat of the Battle, could expose himself to the greatest Dangers. *Plutarch* says, that *Antigenidas's* playing upon the *Tibia* so inflam'd him, that he rose up in a Rage, and could not refrain from falling upon those who sat next him. *Timotheus* could move *Alexander's* Passions as he pleas'd, and drive him into the greatest Fury; but upon the Alteration of a Note could moderate it, and bring him to himself again. I am very glad, Mr. *Spectator*, for the Honour of my Country, that I have Occasion here to mention Mr. *Dryden's* Ode upon that Subject, which I look upon to be the finest that ever was written in any Language; and Mr. *Handel's* Composition has done Justice to the Poetry. I defy any one, who is attentive to the Performance of it, to fortify himself so well, as not to be mov'd with the same Passions, with which the *Hero* is transported.

YOUR Predecessor frequently lamented our Want of Taste; but if he had liv'd 'till this Time, I think he would have had no Reason to complain. We have at last perceiv'd our Folly in adapting agreeable Sounds to Nonsense, and with the greatest Labour adorning the greatest Trifles. Our most celebrated Masters have been lately employ'd in setting to *Musick* Parts of the Works of *Shakespeare* and *Milton*. These Compositions have met with a very welcome Reception from the World, which shews that we have not so far lost our good Sense and Judgment, but we can distinguish good Things from bad. We find we are much better pleas'd, when our Reason and Passions are both affected, when Sound and Sense go together.

ONE Design of Providence in giving *Musick* to Mankind, was certainly to comfort them under any of the little Troubles and Rubs they may meet with in Life.

*This Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down.*

When the Mind is burthen'd and oppress'd with Cares,  
*Musick* immediately gives it Relief. This is the *laborum  
dulce lenimen*, as *Horace* calls it; this is the sweetest  
Consolation

Consolation in all our Afflictions : this inclines and disposes us to Mirth and Jollity, and hereby we indulge a pleasing Forgetfulness of our Anxieties. We meet with a great many agreeable Passages in *Horace* and *Martial*, that shew us the Power of Musick in this Respect ; for the *Romans* thought no Entertainment compleat without it.

BUT the most proper Use that can be made of it, is to employ it in Acts of Piety and Devotion ; as it has a natural Tendency to heighten our Affections, and enlarge the Soul. In the first Book of *Homer's Iliad*, we find *Ulysses* and the *Greeks*, that were sent by *Agamemnon* to appease *Apollo*, singing to that *Deity* all the Day long.

THE *Antients* ordain'd, that upon any solemn Occasion, the Gods should be address'd in *Hymns*, and that the *Priests* should always be taught to play on some Instrument ; as most of the *Heathen Nations*, ' says the ' learned *Dr. Potter*, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, ' were possessed with a Belief, that the Gods were affected with the Charms of Musick in the same Manner ' as Men.' — God himself tells the *Jews*, in the tenth Chapter of *Numbers* — *Also in the Day of your Gladness, and in your solemn Days, and in the Beginnings of your Months, ye shall blow with the Trumpets over your Burnt-Offerings, and over the Sacrifices of your Peace-Offerings : That they may be to you for a Memorial before your God.* — In all Probability, the 136th Psalm of *Dawid*, in which he exhorts the People to give God Thanks for his particular Mercies towards them, was sung in publick, and the Voices of the *Singers* accompanied with a great Number of Musical Instruments. The first Part of each Verse was perform'd in *Recitative* ; but all the Instruments and Voices join'd together in a Chorus to express, *for his Mercy endureth for ever.*

THE *Angels*, it is said in Scripture, are employed without ceasing in celebrating the Praises of the Great Creator. Thus Musick, in a Place of publick Worship, exalts our Minds, raises our Ideas, and makes us anticipate the Joys of Heaven. It makes us look down with Contempt upon all the little Vanities of this World, and gives us a Notion of a much better. When I am in a Cathedral

*theatrical*, and hear the Service perform'd in a proper Manner, I am quite transported out of myself, At such a Time, it is with the greatest Wonder, as well as with the greatest Indignation, that I see a *Coxcomb* taking Snuff, or bowing to Ladies, regardless of the most enchanting Harmony, and the most important Duty of Life; and I think, Mr. *Spectator*, that you cannot be too frequent or severe in your Animadversions upon such Behaviour.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

PHIL. HARMONICUS.



From my own CHAMBERS.

*The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,  
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors :  
Our Understanding traces them in vain.*

Addison's Cato.

**I**T was the Complaint of *Alphonsus*, that God might have order'd many Things better in the Creation of the World than he has done; but the Answer of St. *Augustin* was as just as the Censure was prophane.—  
*If we complain of Defects in the Works of the Creation, it is because we do not understand them in their proper Spheres and Uses.* Though this Complaint of the Philosopher, and the Answer of the Divine, were concerning the System of the Creation, yet there are too many Persons, who, concerning the Accidents of Life, shew the discontented Temper of the first, and deserve the Reproof of the latter. As nothing is more foolish, nothing can be more unjust than the Dissatisfaction which is shewn at those Distributions which Providence has made : For  
it

it is not in the Power of Human Nature to know what would prove really beneficial or detrimental ; what would produce them a sincere Joy, or plunge them into the deepest Misery. There is an excellent Reflection which an antient Philosopher has made on this Subject ; *If all the Misfortunes of all the Men in the World were crowded together in one Heap, and then every Man out of this Heap were to take but an equal Share, he believ'd that every Man would rather resume his own, than, after a proportionable Rate, take what should then fall to him.*

THESE cursory Thoughts were occasioned by a Letter I have just now received and read, in which my Correspondent describes, in a very lively Manner, the Unhappiness he labours under, in having a near Relation of so dissatisfy'd a Temper, as to be often *censuring* the Disposition of *Providence* : The Letter is of too private a Nature to appear in Publick ; yet I shall comply with the earnest Request made in it, to shew, that though the *Determinations* of *Divine Providence* are past Human Comprehension, they are most just, and when most censured, are best ordered for our *Happiness* and *We'fare*.

ARGUMENTS and Examples on this Subject are almost infinite ; I shall therefore make use of a Parable which Dr. H. More has told in his *Divine Dialogues* : It may make a deeper Impression than the closest Reasoning, and, while it strikes the Fancy, convince the Judgment. The Story runs thus :

A CERTAIN *Ermite*, not well satisfy'd with the *Administration* of the World and its Affairs, and the divers Occurrences of *Divine Providence* in relation to it, resolv'd to quit his Cell, and travel Abroad to view the Course of Things, and make what Observations he could, whereby to form a Judgment of what disturb'd him. He had not gone above half a Day's Journey before he was overtaken by a young Stranger, who came up to him, and join'd Company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the *Ermite's* Affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a Companion. As their Journey lay the same Way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one House, wheresoever they came : They travell'd some few Days before the *Ermite* took Notice of any Thing that occur'd  
worthy

worthy his Observation : But at length he could not but be concern'd to see, that at a House where they were very kindly and generously entertain'd ; his Fellow-Traveller, with whom in this Time he had contracted an endearing Friendship, at his Departure stole a Gold Cup, and took it away with him. The *Ermite* was astonish'd, that his Friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of Theft and Ingratitude, where he had received such particular Obligations : He was, however, resolved to see what his Behaviour would be at other Places before he enquired into it. At Night they came to a House of as ill Accommodations as the other was good, and where the Owner was a Man of so morose and inhospitable a Temper, that they were a long Time deny'd Admittance, and when receiv'd were treated with the utmost Surlinefs and Brutality : Yet such was the different Carriage of the young Traveller to the morose Host, that in the Morning he rewarded his Inhumanity with his Gold Cup, which he left behind him, in one of the Windows. The *Ermite* was not less surpriz'd at this Sight than the former, and could not fathom the Myftery of so unequal a Procedure ; yet he still took no Notice either of one Action or the other. The next Night they by Agreement returned to the House from whence the Cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the Return for it was more shocking and astonishing ; for at their leaving the Place, the *Ermite* saw his Companion privately strangle a little Child as it lay in the Cradle, the only Child of the Family, and in whom all the temporal Happiness of both Father and Mother were center'd : Notwithstanding this last Action, he prevailed with himself to contain himself another Day, and at Night they came to a House of the best Entertainment they had met with yet, the Master of it doing every Thing, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their Stay pleasant : In the Morning, as the Way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful Servant, for whom he had the greatest Esteem for his Fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they travell'd for a while, 'till coming to a Bridge, which cross'd a deep and rapid Stream, the young Traveller, on a sudden, laid violent Hands on the Servant, and

and threw him over into the Water, and drowned him. Upon this, the *Ermite* could contain no longer, but charg'd his Companion with *Ingratitude, Theft* and *Murder*: He enlarg'd on the Heinousness of his Crimes in the barbarous Requitals he had made his Benefactors, and concluded, he was resolved to leave so vile and wicked a Companion, return to his *Cell*, and confine himself there for ever, rather than converse with Mankind, who committed such Crimes without Remorse of Conscience. —

But now behold as strange a Sight of another Kind! The *young Man*, smiling at the honest Zeal of the *Ermite*, putting off his mortal Disguise, appear'd to him in the *Form* and *Lustre* of an *Angel of God*, telling him he was sent to ease his Mind of the *Perplexity* and *Doubts* he had so long labour'd under, as to the *Divine Providence*. —

What you have seen, said he, seems *astonishing* and *unaccountable*; but, in Reality, nothing could be more *just* and *equitable*; which, for Want of your right *Understanding*, has been so great an Offence to you. To prove this, know that the first Man from whom the Cup was taken, had the best Compensation made for his Kindnesses, the Cup having occasion'd great Mischiefs while he had it: He is, indeed, courteous and hospitable, but has one great Failing, which tarnishes those good Deeds, that is, an Inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this Cup was brought out: Therefore, the best Office I could do was to remove this Temptation, that he might be brought to a better Government of himself. When I had taken away this Snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable Man, as a Means of his Destruction, that by it he might fall into Intemperance, Diseases, and even Death itself; for there is an *Enchantment* in this Cup, that whoever possesses it will be in Danger of being thus bewitched by it. — But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little *innocent Babe* in the *Cradle*, and in a Place where I had been so civilly entertain'd. Know then, that it was done in great *Mercy* to the *Parents*, and no real Hurt to the *Child*, who is now in Happiness in Heaven. This Gentleman and his Wife had hitherto liv'd in great Reputation for their *Piety, Justice, Sobriety* and other *Christian Virtues*: But above all, their Charity was eminent, di-

vers of their sick and indigent Neighbours owing their Subsistence, next under *God*, to their *Munificence*: But since the Birth of this Child, their Minds have degenerated into a Love of this World; they were no longer charitable, but their whole Thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves, and leave a great Fortune to this Infant and its Posterity: Hence I took this *momentary Life* from the Body of the *Child*, that the Souls of the Parents might live for ever: And I appeal to you, if this was not the greatest Act of Kindness and Friendship to them.—There remains one Action more to defend, my destroying the Servant of a Gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who profess'd a great Esteem for his Fidelity: But this was the most faithful Instance of Gratitude I could shew to one who had used me so kindly; for this Servant was in Fact a Rogue, and had enter'd into a Conspiracy to rob and kill his Master.——Now know, *that divine Providence is just, and the Ways of God are not as your Ways, nor his Thoughts as your Thoughts; for as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are his Ways higher than your Ways, and his Thoughts than your Thoughts.*—At these Words he vanished, leaving the good Man to meditate on what had passed, and the Reasons given for it; who, hereupon, transported with Joy and Amazement, lifted up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and gave Glory to God, who had deliver'd him from his Anxiety about the Ways of *Divine Providence*: Satisfy'd as to the Wisdom of God's Dealings, and those unseen Reasons for them, which surpass all human Conception, he return'd with Chearfulness to his Cell, and spent the Residue of his Life in Piety and Peace.

*Sisyphus*



*Sisyphus was the most arrant Sharper of his Time.*

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR,

Mr. SPCTATOR,

**A**S nothing is of more ill Consequence to Mankind in general than to have wrong Ideas impress'd on their Minds, it is the Duty of you publick Writers to eradicate any false Notions which you find to prevail. It is on this Occasion that I address you, to be a Moderator on an Argument which I had the other Evening with an Uncle, on whom I have great Dependance. You must know I have but just begun the World, as the common Expression is ; or, in other Words, I am just set up in Trade by my Uncle, who has rais'd a very considerable Fortune by it. The other Day he gave me Instructions, not only as to my Conduct in *Business*, but as to *Life* in general, when I was surprized at a Maxim he laid down, *That I should find it more for my Interest to have Cunning, than a mere common Prudence.* I did not then contradict him ; but after having fully consider'd it within myself, I thought it not only a false Argument, but false Policy, and the next Evening I told him my Sentiments. He plainly discover'd an Uneasiness at being contradicted, and very warmly said, ' You young ' Fellows of this Age think yourselves wonderous wise ; ' but have you *Wisdom* enough to get an *Estate* ? If I ' had not been *cunning*, and very *cunning* too, I should ' not have been worth one Quarter that I am.' I did not think proper, as he was angry, to enlarge any more on the Subject ; but humbly hope that you would, Mr. Stonecastle, say something on it, because he takes

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in your Paper, and pays, I assure you, not a little Deference to your Judgment : This would oblige

Your constant Reader,

W. FAIRDEAL.

I CANNOT but approve of my Correspondent's not embracing such a Doctrine for the Rule of his *Behaviour* in Life : for though there may be some *cunning Men* in Trade, who may have rais'd Fortunes by it, yet I should think it would have been more commendable to have grown wealthy by a prudential *Knowledge* and a fair generous Conduct. I know not what Idea Mr. *Fairdeal's* Uncle may have of *Cunning*, but in the general Acceptation of the Sense of it, a low tricking Craft is meant by it, which is, in Fact, the Art of Cheating. Some have, indeed, laid it down as an Instance of *Wisdom*, but it is only one of those Kind of Vices which border nearly on a Virtue, as *Profuseness* to *Generosity*, or *Parimony* to *Frugality*. There is a great Difference between a *wise Man* and a *cunning Man* ; the first has most *Honesty* ; and, besides that, has greater Abilities : The latter, indeed, may be Master of some *Trick* to deceive you ; but when he has once play'd it on a Person, it is much if he has a second Opportunity to repeat it ; whereas the honest prudent Man always is sure to receive the Benefit of his Wisdom from the Esteem it gains him in the World. There are, indeed, some who boast of their being *cunning Fellows* ; yet these must, on a little fair reflecting on their own Conduct, acknowledge, that *Honesty is the best Policy* : Nor do I know a more scandalous Term of Reproach for any Man's Character, than that of being a *cunning one*. — So far as to *Cunning in Trade*. — But there are several other Species of *Cunning*, which are almost innumerable, yet every one is founded on *Deceit*. There is one Kind practis'd at the *Gaming-Table*, where the *cunningest Man* is the *greatest Rascal* ; another Sort you may see at a *Lewee* ; where the *cunningest Man* is the *greatest Statesman*. I have heard of a *Politician*, who highly valued himself in being *cunning enough* to deceive People with false Promises and false Looks : And, no doubt, there is not a

Pick-

*Pick-pocket* about the Playhouses, but from filching Handkerchiefs and Watches, highly values himself for being a *cunning Fellow*.

MY Lord *Bacon* has very justly and judiciously made a Collection of some Instances of *Cunning*, which, as they are amusing as well as instructing, I shall take leave to transcribe from him.

IT is a Point of *Cunning* to wait upon him to whom you speak with your Eye, for there may be many wise Men who have secret Hearts and transparent Countenances; yet this should be done with a demure abasing of your Eyes, as the *Jesuits* practise.

ANOTHER is, that when you have any Thing to obtain of present Dispatch, you entertain and amuse the Party with whom you deal with some other Discourse, that he be not too much awake to make Objections. I knew a *Counsellor* and *Secretary* that never came to Queen *Elizabeth* with Bills to sign, but he would always put her into some Discourse of State, that she might the less mind the Bills. (A Piece of *Cunning* practis'd in Reigns since Queen *Elizabeth's*.)

IF a Man would effectually cross a Business, that he doubts another may handsomely and successfully move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself in such Sort as may foil it.

THE breaking off in the Midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a great Appetite in him with whom he confers to know more.

AND because it works better when any Thing seemeth to be gotten from you by Question, than if you offer it yourself, you may lay a Bait for a Question by shewing another Visage or Countenance than you were wont, to give Occasion to the Party to ask what the Matter is of the Change, as *Nehemiah* did — *And I had not before that Time been sad before the King.*

IN Things that a Man would not be seen in himself, it is a Point of *Cunning* to borrow the Name of the World, as to say, *the World says*—or, *there is a Speech abroad*.

I KNEW one, that when he wrote a Letter, he would put that which was most material in the *Postscript*, as if it had been a *By-Matter*.

I KNEW

I KNEW another, that when he came to have Speech, would pass over that he intended most, and go forth, and come back again and speak of it as a Thing he had almost forgot.

IT is a Point of *Cunning* to let fall those Words in a Man's own Name, which he would have another Man learn and use, and thereupon take Advantage: There were two Competitors for the Secretary's Place in Queen Elizabeth's Time, and yet kept good Quarter between themselves, and would confer one with the other about the Business, and one of them said, *That to be a Secretary in the Declination of a Monarchy, was a ticklish Thing, and that he did not affect it.* The other strait caught up those Words, and discours'd with divers of his Friends, that he had no Reason to desire to be a Secretary in the Declination of a Monarchy. The first Man took hold of it, and found Means that it should be told the Queen, who hearing of a Declination of Monarchy, took it so ill, that she would never after hear the other's Suit.

THERE is a *Cunning* which we in England call—the turning of the Cat in the Pan; which is, when that which a Man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and to say Truth, it is not easy when such a Matter pass'd between two, to make it appear from which of them it first mov'd and began.

IT is a Way that some Men have to glance and dart at others, by justifying themselves by Negatives, as to say, *This I did not.*

A SUDDEN, bold and unexpected Question doth many Times surprize a Man, and lay him open; like to him, that having chang'd his Name, and walking in St. Paul's, another suddenly came behind him and call'd him by his true Name, whereat he straitways look'd back.

AFTER my Lord has given these Instances of mean Craft or *Cunning*, he then thus remarks upon them:

BUT these small Wares in *Cunning* are infinite, and it were a good Deed to make a List of them; for nothing does more Hurt in a State, than that *cunning Men* pass for *wise*.

CERTAINLY some there are that know the Resorts and Falls of Business, that cannot sink into the

Main of it; like a House that has convenient Stairs and Entries, but never a fair Room. Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and as we say now, by *putting Tricks on them*, than on the Soundness of their own Proceedings: But Solomon saith, *Prudens advertit ad gressus suos, stultus divertit ad dolos* — *The wise Man follows his own Way, but the Fool turns to Cunning and Deceit.*

ON the Whole, I would desire my Correspondent's Uncle to explain what he means by *Cunning*, for perhaps he may intend no more by it than an *honest Policy*, which all Men in Business should have, and may be practis'd with Justice and Honour; but if he takes it in the common Sense, though he has been very *cunning* himself, I must be plain enough to tell him, that by advising his Nephew to be a very *cunning Fellow*, he *advises* him to be a very *bad one*.



Quale sit id quod amas, celeri circumspice mente.

*Or. de Remed. Amor.*

*Be very circumspect in the Settlement of your Affection.*

Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.

*Seneca*

*This Motto is explain'd verbatim in Page 197.*

*From my CHAMBERS.*

**T**HE Correspondent who sent the following Letter observ'd, in a little Preface to it, that a publick Writer was a like a Stage Coachman, and that he must set out on his Day, either with or without Company; but that he, like the Coachman, would rather have the Charges of the Day defrayed, than be at his own Expence: The Comparison, I must own, is in great Part just; and I am more pleas'd when I can furnish out a Paper with the Observations of my Correspondents than with my own. I shall this Day make Use of the Hint given me, and insert two Letters just as I receiv'd them.

*To*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

AS you are a kind of Chamber Council to the Female World, and have some Deference paid to the Judgment you give, I have sent you a short Case of an unhappy Lady, which, as it is a serious and a true one, I desire you would not lay aside among your Band-Boxes of old Papers.

LUCILIA was, about two Years ago, the reigning Toast of the *Eastern* Part of this City: She had indeed Beauty, and that Foible also which too commonly attends it; a vain Pride from her knowing that she had it: And what still contributed more to raise her Pride, was a Consciousness that she had *three thousand Pounds* in her own Disposal. When such Charms are center'd in one Woman, she could not be without Admirers. *Lucilia* was the Desire of the Men, and the Envy of the Women; but though several Matches, every Way prudent and agreeable, were propos'd, she refus'd them all with Contempt; her Pride made her less charming in the Eyes of the Men, and more intolerable in the Eyes of the Women: The most ardent Lover may with Regret bear a Denial, but not to be despis'd: A Woman may with a silent Envy behold the superior Beauty of another, but she will break out into Reflections when that Beauty produces an Air of Arrogancy and Pride. *Lucilia* had, from her Conduct, occasioned this publick Remark on her, That Pride might have a Fall. In these Circumstances she received the Addresses of a new Lover from the Court End of the Town: He had seen her in the *Mall*, and had a sudden Passion for her: He got introduced to her at a publick Entertainment in the City: He talk'd to her, danced with her, and gain'd Leave to make her a Visit: He came accordingly in a Chariot, with a gay Equipage; and as he was a handsome young Fellow in his Person, he met with a much better Reception than any other Admirer: In short, the Equipage, as much as the Man, charm'd *Lucilia*: On Enquiry, she was inform'd he was a Man of Fortune, and in ten Days Courtship she yielded. The Marriage was solemniz'd with

Pomp, and the Lady left the City for *Grosvenor-Street* : She rattled about in her Chariot, and gave herself all the *Airs* of a Woman of Quality. But all this was only a visionary Scene; as soon as her Husband was in Possession of her Fortune, an Execution came into the House, and seiz'd on Plate, Furniture, Chariot, Horses, and all the Paraphernalia (as the Laureat expresses it) of a Woman of Distinction. She soon found she had married a young Fellow who had run through a small Fortune in the Gaieties of high Life, and had no other Expedient than Marriage to keep him out of a Goal. To this Misfortune she had another added, which was, to find her Beauty was not a Charm prevalent enough to gain scarcely civil Usage from her Husband, who thought so little of her, that he employed the Remainder of her Money to buy a Commission, and without any Reluctance went on the late Expedition to the *West-Indies*. Reduced in so short a Time to such deplorable Circumstances, *Lucilia* was obliged to return Home to an Aunt for a Maintenance; but it is impossible to express the Torments she undergoes at the Reflections she makes on her Conduct. She inveighs against herself, and from the melancholy State she is in, would move Pity in those who once might have thought she could never have deserv'd it from them. That Bloom of Beauty, which at her Years would now be in its Perfection, is blasted and decayed; the Canker of Sorrow has destroyed it, and she is a mournful Example to other young Women of Beauty not to have too much Vanity or Pride on that Account: If my having given this Instance of Female Foibles should have any proper Effect on your fair and young Readers, it will answer the Intent of

*Your Humble Servant,*

EUDAMON.

THE unhappy Case of the young Gentlewoman needs no Aggravation, her Punishment is sufficient; yet this Remark occurs, that Persons the most elate in Prosperity, are the most dejected in Adversity. *Eudocia* brought her Husband *ten thousand Pounds*, and he made one of the  
greatest

greatest Figures in Trade in this City : — She was in a great Affluence of Fortune both at home and abroad ; yet good-natur'd in her Temper, and prudent in her Economy. It happen'd her Husband's Affairs took an unfortunate Turn, which as soon as she knew, she persuaded him to retrench his Expences, lay down his Coach, comforted him in his Trouble, kept up a pleasing Chearfulness, and performed all the Duties of a good Wife and a good Christian. After some severe Trials, she lost her Husband, and was left to bring up three Children with a very small Jointure. She met this Adversity with a Courage proper to struggle through it : She retain'd her Good-nature, was prudent, careful and resign'd, shewing a Spirit that was truly heroick, raising more Wonder and Esteem in her Adversity, than her most prosperous Estate. The Sentence of *Seneca*, which I have taken for my *Motto*, is an admirable Piece of Philosophy, *That the good Things which attend Prosperity, are to be wished, but the good Things that attend Adversity, are to be admired.* — The Virtue of Prosperity is *Temperance*, the Virtue of Adversity is *Fortitude* ; and my Lord *Bacon* observes, *Prosperity best discovers Vice, but Adversity best discovers Virtue.*

I SHALL illustrate this Observation with Part of a Scene of *Shakespear's* Play of *Richard the Second* : In his Prosperity he has drawn him, as he was, a weak, proud, and bad Prince ; but in his Adversity he is of as abject and contemptible a Spirit : Instead of acting with Resolution against the Rebellion broke out against him, he gives himself up to a Womanish Fear and frantick Despair :

‘ ————— Of Comfort no Man speak :

- ‘ Let's talk of Graves, of Worms and Epitaphs ;
- ‘ Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes
- ‘ Write Sorrow on the Bosom of the Earth.
- ‘ Let's chuse Executors, and talk of Wills ;
- ‘ — And yet not so — for what can we bequeath
- ‘ Save our deposed Bodies to the Ground ?
- ‘ — For Heav'n's Sake let us sit upon the Ground,
- ‘ And tell sad Stories of the Death of Kings ;
- ‘ How some have been depos'd, some slain in War,

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- ‘ Some haunted by the Ghosts they have dispossest’d,
- ‘ Some poison’d by their Wives, some sleeping kill’d,
- ‘ All murder’d.—For within the hollow Crown,
- ‘ That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
- ‘ Keeps *Death* his Court; and there the Antique sits,
- ‘ Scotting his State, and grinning at his Pomp,
- ‘ Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene
- ‘ To monarchize, be fear’d, and kill with Looks,
- ‘ Infusing him with self and vain Conceit,
- ‘ As if this Flesh, that walls about our Life,
- ‘ Were Brass impregnable : And humour’d thus,
- ‘ Comes at the last, and with a little Pin
- ‘ Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.—
- ‘ Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood
- ‘ With solemn Reverence : Throw away Respect,
- ‘ Tradition, Form and ceremonious Duty,
- ‘ For you have but mistook me all this Time :
- ‘ I live with Bread like you, feel Want,
- ‘ Taste Grief, need Friends : Subjected thus,
- ‘ How can you say to me I am a King ?

There is indeed some fine Philosophy in this Speech, but not of that Sort fit for a Monarch in his Circumstances : The Poet has therefore given a proper Answer to it, and to add more Weight, has put it into the Character of a Bishop to speak.

- ‘ My Lord, wise Men ne’er wail their present Woes ;
- ‘ But presently prevent the Ways to wail :
- ‘ To fear the Foe, since Fear oppresseth Strength,
- ‘ Gives in your Weakness Strength unto the Foe :
- ‘ Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to Fight ;
- ‘ And fight and die is Death destroying Death :
- ‘ Where fearing dying, pays Death servile Breath.

*To the* AUTHOR of *the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

**I**T was with great Pleasure that some Time ago I read in your Paper of the extraordinary Expences young married Men run into, and which from a bad Custom the Wives expect : I am a young married Man myself, and therefore

therefore recommended that Paper to my Wife, but she paid very little Regard to it: Several unnecessary, tho' fashionable, Expences she has been guilty of, and which I have not contradicted for *Peace* and *Quietness* Sake; for she is, I find, of a great Spirit, if contradicted. Now what I want your Opinion about is this: Mrs. *Fanciful*, a Mercer's Wife, who visits mine, goes to *Bath* next Season, and has given her such a Description of the Company, and the Pleasures of the Place, that she wants to go with her. Ever since she has a thousand *Ailments*, which nothing can cure but the *Bath*; but *Bath* it seems cannot cure her without having some new Laces, a new Mantua, a new Riding-Habit, and new I know not what. — These Charges, besides her Travelling Charges, Play Charges, and more Charges than I suppose I shall be made acquainted with, are too much for a Man who is but in his second Year of Trade. — What would you have me do in this Affair? She says it is absolutely necessary for her to drink the *Waters*, and it is absolutely necessary for me that she does not. — Shall I, in one Word, *pluck up a Spirit*, and deny her? An Answer would oblige,

*Your's,*

TIMOTHY MEEKHEART.

I WOULD have Mr. *Meekheart* *pluck up a Spirit*, yet not deny his Wife drinking the *Waters*; but to get her the best and freshest *Bath Water* that comes to *London*, and let her drink as much as she will at her own House.



Fælices ter & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec

Suprema citius solvat amor die.

*Hor. lib. 1. od. 13.*

*Thrice happy they in pure Delights,*

*Whom Love in mutual Bonds unites.*

*'Till Death dissolves their Nuptial Rites.*

}

*To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

S I R,

**T**HOUGH the Conduct of Parents in disposing of their Children in *Marriage* against their Inclination, has been the frequent Subject of your Papers, as well as those of your *Great Predecessor*; yet as the same Conduct is pursued, and Variety of Circumstances gives a Novelty to the Subject, I hope you will not think this Letter on it improper for your *Spectator*, as it contains a Relation founded on Truth through all the Incidents.

— I H A V E a Brother, a Tradesman in this City, in such Circumstances, that he can give his Daughter, who is his only Child, *fifteen hundred Pounds* to her Fortune, which I intended to make up *two thousand*: She was courted by Mr. *Ledger*, a young Man just set up in a very considerable Trade, and who bore an excellent Character for his Sobriety, Industry, and Knowledge in his Business: Her Father approv'd of this Match, and every Thing was agreed on; nor could any Marriage promise to be a more happy one, as the young People had settled a strong and mutual Affection between them.

— About six Weeks ago a *Gloucestershire* Lady, a distant Relation of my Brother's Wife, came to Town with her eldest Son, whom she was going to send on his *Travels*: From an Invitation they had receiv'd from my Brother, they resided in his House. The young 'Squire had never been at *London* before, nor indeed above ten Miles from his own Estate in his Life. He had been bred

bred up under the Tuition of his *Mamma*, and a pedantic *Grammarian*, who taught *Latin* in the Neighbourhood ; by which he had always had his Will in every Thing, nor was ever *thwarted* in his Humour : He is not therefore as learned, polite and accomplished, as some Gentlemen who have a less Fortune than his of *twelve hundred Pounds per Annum*, yet he has his Excellencies : He can break a *Setting Dog* to Admiration, will make a *May Fly* with any Man in the Kingdom, can hunt his *own Hounds*, dress his *own Horses*, drink his *own Ale*, keep Company with his *own Servants*, and write his *own Name*.

I AM very far from exaggerating his Character ; for, in Truth, I never saw a more awkward, boorish, positive, senseless Dolt : He has given me a Proof that such Characters as his *drawn in Comedies* are not what I always thought before, *beyond Nature* ; he is the very *Numps* in the *Accomplish'd Fools*, and 'Squire Richard in the *Journey to London*. However, as Gentlemen travel, he was to go into *Foreign Parts* to finish his Education, after he had got a little Smattering of *French in London* : A Master was got ; but the young 'Squire, after two or three Lessons, fairly declar'd to his *Mamma*, that he was too old to be taught his *A B C* again ; and, in short, he would learn none of your *outlandish Lingoes* ; so *Mamma* laid aside all Thoughts of his Travelling, and acquainted my Sister that she should now endeavour to settle him at Home, as soon as she could find a good *Match* for him. My Sister immediately inform'd her it would be very proper before he run into any of the Vices of the Town, and that she could mention an agreeable young Lady she had seen ; but then her *Fortune* would not perhaps be thought proportionable.—On Enquiry who the Lady was, and what her Fortune was, my Sister, with an Air of Gaiety, half in Jest and half in Earnest, told her it was her Daughter *Fanny*.—The Proposal was not ill receiv'd by the old Lady, who was very fond of *Fanny*, and was her Godmother : In short, the two Mothers made the Match, settled the Articles and Conditions : The 'Squire's *Mamma* was to receive herself a *thousand Pounds* of *Fanny's* Fortune, and make him marry *her* for Love, and *Fanny's* *Mamma* the other *thousand*.—Thus both their Children were agreed to be *sold*.—My Brother

was acquainted with it, readily agreed to it, and nothing now remain'd but for the young *'Squire to fall in Love* as soon as he would.

NATURE to the greatest Fool has given Passions, which will make him sensible of *Beauty*, and though the *'Squire* had not the most refin'd Sentiments of Love, he had Desires, as he more than once had shewn by romping with his Mother's Maids in the Country. When his *Mamma* had open'd the Scene, by saying Miss *Fanny* was *very pretty*, — With an Ideot Grin he answer'd, *So she was a very pretty handsome young Woman indeed.* —

This gave an Opportunity to ask how he should like her? — The Oaf replied, *Wonderfully well, if Miss lik'd him.* — The whole was now done : The *'Squire's Mamma* bid him court her for a *Wife*, and *Fanny's* order'd her to receive him as the *Person* she must have for her Husband : Her Father laid on her the same Command. She was left alone with the *'Squire* at appointed Times to receive his Addresses, which may rather be conceiv'd than describ'd ; Mr. *Ledger*, during this Time, at a Visit he paid, was told by my Sister to think no more of *Fanny* ; that her Mind was chang'd, and her Daughter's too, desiring him not to come to the House any more, for they should not be at home to him.

YOU must imagine the honest, well-designing Lover was alarm'd at such Treatment, but could obtain no Reason for it : He attributed it to several Causes, and, among others, to the Infidelity of his Mistress ; but it was not long before that was clear'd up by a Letter she sent him, acquainting him with the whole Proceedings, and her stedfast Resolution to keep that Faith which she had inviolably plighted to him. Mr. *Ledger*, on this wrote me Word of this Event, with my Niece's Letter inclos'd, urging me to come to Town, and use my Interest with my Brother not to let this Marriage proceed, but to give his Daughter where he had first promis'd and engag'd her. In the young Man's Address to me, there was such an honest Spirit, yet such a tender Passion, as spoke the generous Man and true Lover so affectingly, that I came to Town, found all Things settled for this new Match, and a great Joy in my Brother and Sister, with as much Grief in my Niece. Before I talk'd to the  
Father

Father or Mother, I had a Mind to hear *Fanny's* real Sentiments, which were the same as her Letter : With a Flood of Tears, she told me her Case was the most unhappy ; that she would never marry the 'Squire, be the Event what it would ; that her Father and Mother were resolv'd she should ; that she lov'd Mr. *Ledger*, as she believ'd he did her, yet she could not expect that he would marry her without any *Fortune*, as to be sure her Father would give her none if she disobeyed him. —

I comforted her, and promis'd to do all in my Power for her true Interest and Happiness : I accordingly after Dinner open'd the whole I knew of the Affair to my Brother and Sister, and urg'd all I could to prove that they were going to make their *Child unhappy for Life*, only for the Sake of marrying her to a *Booby* of Fortune, and that it was unjust and ungenerous to break off with Mr. *Ledger*. — My Sister immediately answer'd me, with great Warmth, ' That the Disposal of her Child was ' no Business of mine, and that it was come to a fine ' Pass if the Love Whims of a Girl were to be regarded ; ' that she should marry the 'Squire, and be obedient to ' her now ; and it was the 'Squire's Business to keep her ' obedient to him afterwards. — My Brother was wise enough to second her Resolution, and swore if his Daughter was obstinate enough to deny his Command, he would *turn her out of Doors*, leave her to *Beggary*, and never *own her again*. I cannot describe the Agony of Grief my Niece burst into on this Occasion ; drown'd in Tears, she fell at her Father's and Mother's Feet, and said and did all to move their Pity, protesting she had rather *die* than be sacrificed to a Person she *bated*. — Vain were all her Entreaties : She was bid to make herself easy, for that next Week was agreed on for her Marriage, and that it was not her *Tears* nor her *Uncle's Preaching* which should alter their Resolution. — In this State I left them, and immediately acquainted Mr. *Ledger* of every Circumstance, particularly *Fanny's* Determination not to be false to him, though she could never hope to have him, as her Father would give her no *Portion* for her *Disobedience*. — While I spoke, I observed the *young Man* change Colour, and that he was at once agitated with Pleasure and Pain : After a Pause of  
deep

deep Thought, Well, said he, I have but one Thing to do : I'll write to *Fanny*. You shall see the Letter, and her Answer must end the whole Affair : On this he took Pen, Ink and Paper, and wrote as follows :

*My Dear Fanny,*

**Y**OUR Uncle has acquainted me with your generous Attachment to those Vows which we once mutually made ; were those less regarded, I should attribute your Change to your Parents Compulsion, not your Inclination : The Circumstances you are in shock me, as you have Tempers to deal with not the most inclin'd to Pity or Reason. I have not, *Dear Fanny*, a less generous Love for you, and know this only Method of giving you an Instance of it ; that, as I think your Duty to your Parents is not to make yourself unhappy, I will, without any *Consideration of Fortune*, do all in my Power to make you happy, by making the Happiness of us both depend on that *Conjugal Affection* which we shall mutually shew to each other.

*Your's, as much as ever,*

W. LEDGER.

*P. S.* I desire your Answer by your Uncle.

AS to such generous Principles I could not but be an Assistant, I deliver'd my Niece the Letter, who return'd to her Closet and brought me this Answer :

*S I R,*

**T**HE Honour you behave with is inexpressibly agreeable : But I shall to the last Moment possible keep my Duty to my Father and Mother, in hopes their Temper may change : If it does not, I shall next *Tuesday* Morning make my Escape (which I have settled) to my Uncle's Lodging instead of going to Church with the 'Squire ; with my Uncle, you may conduct me to what Church you please, and by all *Love* and *Affection* I shall endeavour to return yours.

FANNY TRUEBEE,

AFTER

AFTER I read it, I agreed to act my Part of conducting to the Happiness of two young People who had such right Sentiments of it. ——— Every Thing proceeded as before, and the Day appointed for *Fanny's* Marriage with the 'Squire arriv'd, when she took an Opportunity, early in the Morning, to slip from her Father's House, and come to my Lodgings : Mr. *Ledger* waited there to receive her as his Bride, when we agreed to try first, if the Loss of their Daughter might not bring my Brother and Sister to Reason. ——— I went to them, but they were enrag'd at their Disappointment, and said, as I had induced her to run away, I might keep her, for they would look on her no longer as their Child. When some Days had been spent in a fruitless Application, I agreed that Mr. *Ledger* might marry my Niece when he would : A Day was appointed, and they were both made happy. ——— As on the Wedding Day I had intended to give *Fanny* 500 *l.* which Mr. *Ledger* did not know, nor had any Dependence on me at all, I made him a Present of a *Thousand Pounds* ; and as I have no Children, will leave him all I have, for being an *honest Man* and a *generous Lover*.

TIME may reconcile my Brother and Sister, especially when they find their Child is really made happy, without their Assistance ; for I would have them reflect with all other Parents who read this little Tale, to what desperate Resolutions young People may be forced when they are compelled to marry against their Inclinations : They run either into immediate Ruin, or drag out Life under the Misery of an unhappy Marriage, which they look on as a Curse entail'd on them by their Parents, instead of a Blessing, which was in their Power to have conferr'd. ——— I wish *all Parents* were in this Respect of the same Way of *thinking* with *him* who is *none*.

MICIO.

Quicquid



Quicquid agunt homines, nostri farrago libelli.

*Juvenal, Sat. 1.*

*What Mankind does shall this Collection fill.*

*From my CHAMBERS.*

**A**S in one of my late Papers an Allusion was made between a *Weekly Author* and a *Stage Coachman*, I shall again make use of it to introduce the following Letters; therefore as my Correspondents are my *Allegorical Passengers*. and my Stage for this Day is full, I have nothing to do but to put them into the Coach, and there leave them to divert one another as well as they can.

*To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.*

*Mr. STONECASTLE,*

**A**MAN who opposes his private Opinion against that of the Publick, has but a little Chance of making Converts to it; yet we have seen the general receiv'd *Notions* of Things controverted by a single Man, and prov'd to be long receiv'd *Errors*: Hence it is that I have the Hardiness to contradict a Point which has been long look'd upon as an infallible Truth. It has, Time immemorial, been thought that *Beauty*, or rather *Hand-someness*, in a Man, must arise from a just Symmetry in his Limbs, an erect Mein, and a pleasing Formation of the Features in his Face; that is, without having well-turn'd Legs, a strait Body and a good Face, he could not be a *pretty Fellow*.—Very hard indeed, was this to be the Case! for how many might be excluded that Class who had as much Ambition to be in it as me, and yet were in my Circumstances. — You shall know what they are.

— My Stature rises not to the Gigantic Form of a *Grenadier*, yet it is high enough to look down on a

*Lilliputian*;

*Lilliputian*; I measure full three Feet two Inches and three Quarters without my Shoes, and very near four Feet with them. My Legs indeed are made not to captivate a Lady's Eye with a neat Pair of White Stockings (not but I wear them) but they form a protended Circumflex over my Feet: My Body is *Gibbous, Protuberant* and *Reflex'd*; in more plain Terms, it represents the Letter Z; but then there is on the Top of it, what in Compliment the wisest Men are said to have, a *Long Head* and a *Great Head*: As for my Face, it is none of your *Smock Faces*: All I shall say of it is, that it is as handsome as *Heidegger's*.

NOW methinks I see you smile at my Pretensions to be a *pretty Fellow*; but why not, if I have every other Qualification, except personal ones, to be one? And I insist on it, that it is not so much the Person which constitutes the *pretty Fellow*, as a thousand other Accomplishments which must make up the Character. Should I have all the internal and external Characteristicks, but the Formation of Body, am not I a prettier Fellow than he who has scarce any but his Person? That I have these Qualifications remains to be prov'd.

IN the first Place, I have a good *Opinion* of myself, and though I don't think myself *handsome*, I am sure I am very *agreeable*: If I have some Defects of Body, they are made up by the Gifts of the Mind; for the Ladies say I am the wittiest, merriest, facetiouslest little Mortal they ever met with. — I am the *Life* and *Soul* of Conversation; and though I am not like Sir *John Falstaff* in Magnitude, I am in another Thing, as I am not only *witty myself*, but the *Cause of Wit in others*. — *Dress* is another *Constituent* of a *pretty Fellow*, and I dress to the Pink of the Mode: There is not a bold Stroke struck, but I strike into it as boldly as any of them all: The Brims of my Hat are equal to the fourth Part of my own Height. — My Dress indeed often attracts the Eyes of the Women, but that is what every *pretty Fellow* would do, but few can. — My *Mornings*, my *Noons*, my *Evenings*, my whole Time, are devoted to the Fair Sex; for what with writing, receiving and answering *Billet Doux*, circulating and hearing Scandal, Tea-drinking and Piquet, the *Mall* or *Vaux-Hall*, &c. &c. I have not a Moment to myself:

myself: I am in Love with every pretty Lady I see; nor do I think I ever saw any but would, if I had been constant enough in my Addresses, have prov'd kind: — But I am the most inconstant Varlet breathing; I cannot love above half an Hour for the Soul of me. — Miss *Bellamie*, the six thousand Pounds Fortune, at — (poor Girl! but I could not help it) was too sensible of my *roving Heart*, for it *broke her's*.

FROM this Account of myself, I appeal to you, Mr. *Spec.* if among the Class of *pretty Fellows* there may not be inroll'd the Name of

*Your Humble Servant,*

JACK DAPPER.

P. S. AMONG some Ladies I am call'd *Cupid*, but whether in Jest or Compliment I'll not say: *Cupid* was a little witty Rogue, and so—far, so good.

AS the *Woman* who has *kill'd* her *Man* is reckon'd a *Beauty*, so the *Man* who has *kill'd* his *Woman* should be esteem'd a *pretty Fellow*. Mr. *Dapper* having *broke a Heart*, I shall put him in my Class of *pretty Fellows*, and order him to be received and treated as such by his Acquaintance.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

MORALIZING Authors, who give an uncommon Turn to common Things, never want Matter for *Speculation*. We have seen Essays on the *Head* of a *Beau* and the *Heart* of a *Coquette*: Your Predecessor gave also an *entertaining Dissertation* on the *Eye*. In some of your Papers I have read a *Lucubration* on the *Government of the Face*; but I have often wonder'd that no one has taken under their speculative Consideration, perhaps the most useful Part of the human Body, the *Hand*. Were I skill'd enough in Surgery, I should be tempted

tempted to make an Anatomical Operation, and I don't know but many profound Secrets might be discover'd, which would give great Light into the Causes of human *Thoughts and Actions*; for I take it there are *Nerves*, or *Organs of Sensation* in the Hand, which have a strong Communication with, and operate upon the Brain. But without going out of my Depth in Anatomy, I will cursorily examine, whether there is not something of my Supposition grounded on Fact.

T H E R E is a Branch of Knowledge, call'd *Chiromancy*, or *Palmistry*, by which the Adepts in it pretend to tell Persons their Fortunes by the Lines of their Hands: This I look upon as absurd and ridiculous, and aver, that what Knowledge can be found from the Hand, is only to find what Effects it has on the Mind.

I T has lately been experimentally try'd all over the Kingdom, that let Men think as strongly as they will one Way, by a proper *Touch* in the *Palm*, or a particular *Squeeze* in the *Hand*, they have immediately thought the other; and the Sensation was so quick and *communicative*, that it not only operated on the Brain, but affected the *Tongue* to speak what Words the *Toucher* of the *Hand* commanded. The *greatest Adept* in this Kind of *Chiromancy* calls it the *Political Touch*; and will undertake, after having rightly *touch'd* some Hands, to communicate to them such a Power, that they shall have the same Effect on other Minds, as his had on theirs. —

As this is an *Arcanum of State*, I will not pretend to account for it. — But it is well known what Power a *Pressure* of the Hand has at *Westminster-Hall*. I have seen a *Sage* of the *Long Robe*, who could not open his Mouth, nor speak a Word, only by having two little Pieces of Metal of a yellow Colour *press'd* on the *Centre* of the *Palm*, immediately inspir'd to rise up with great Vehemence, open his Mouth as wide as he could distend it, and talk'd away for an Hour together without *Fear* or *Wit*. In *Physick* the very same Operation has somewhat different Effects; for the *Effluvia* of the *Metal*, by a communicative Quality, first contracts the Muscles of the Face into what they call the *wise Look*, then it acts for the Space of one Moment on the *Brain*, so re-communicating itself to the *Nerves* of the Hand, the Hand falls

falls a writing an unintelligible Scrawl, which is frequently as much as a *Life's worth*.—The *Ecclesiastical Hands* operate on the Mind by being us'd in another Manner; for they must have certain Things put into them, call'd *Presentations, Rectorships, Pluralities, Deanaries, Sees, Translations, Commendams, &c. &c. &c.* All these highly delight and comfort the Brain, the Heart, and the whole animal System: But it is observ'd, when these are put into *some Hands*, they occasion a *languid Indolence*; in others they excite two opposite *Phrenzies*, both of a Nature equally dangerous, call'd *Orthodoxy* and *Heterodoxy*: When this happens there are great Disputes about the Distemper, some saying *Heterodoxy* is *Orthodoxy*, and *Orthodoxy* is *Heterodoxy*.

TO leave *Political, Law, Physical, and Ecclesiastical Hands* to their own Operations, I shall only illustrate my Proposition by another Instance, and that is the *Lovers Hand*.

IN *Love* nothing is more expressive, or better communicates our own Thoughts, or affects others, than the *Hand*: Not even the *Eyes*. The *Hand* is the first Thing that speaks the Heart intelligibly: By the gentle Squeeze or light Pressure of the Finger, a bashful young Fellow can declare what his Tongue could not utter; and a modest young Woman may, by a small Touch, give him a Hint she knows what he means, with the utmost Decency. It is, I take it, from this sensitive Communication between the Hand and the Head, that the gallant Compliment arose of a Lover's Desire to kiss his Mistress's *fair Hands*, in order, to *kiss her Lips*: Nay, so surely is the Hand known to be very efficacious in Love Affairs, that the Learned in Chiromancy have dedicated one Part of it to the Goddess of Beauty, which they call *Mons Veneris*, or the *Mount of Venus*. To conclude, such Power some Fair Hands have on the Senses, that many have thought a *fine Hand* made a *fine Woman*.

I BELIEVE, Mr. *Stonecastle*, these Instances may be improv'd into a more regular and amusing Essay; if they should be a Hint for you to make a future Speculation on the Subject, all the Intent is answer'd of

Your constant Reader,

PHILOCHIRON.  
WHEN

WHEN I have consulted a young Anatomist of my Acquaintance, and he has given me two or three Lectures on the Hand, I shall be tempted to make use of this Hint.



Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,  
Expertus metuit.

*Hor. lib. 1. ep. 18.*

*Untry'd, how sweet a Court Attendance !*

*When try'd, how dreadful the Dependance !* Francis.

TO judge rightly of what may contribute to the Happiness or Unhappiness of Life, is one of the greatest Difficulties Mankind labour under : The Examples of others have little Effect on the Minds of Men, when they are prepossessed with a darling Passion which they want gratified ; nothing but their own Experience can convince them of self-evident Truths ; and what is most fatal, they are generally not convinced 'till it is too late. However, as it is the Duty of all, who set themselves up to be publick Lecturers, to lay before their Readers proper Lessons for the Conduct of Life, I shall again take under my Consideration a Subject which, though I have before treated on, leaves Scope enough for another Paper.

I HAVE several Times occasionally shewn the Folly and Inconveniencies for Persons in a middle Rank of Life to set up for fine Gentlemen and fine Ladies ; and observ'd, that the Scenes of universal Expende and Luxury, which grew in Fashion from this false Ambition, were the Cause of that Degeneracy in the Minds and Manners of the *English*, which the wise and sober Part of the Nation have so long complain'd of. As a Sequel to those Discourses, I shall in this observe another Infatuation, which not only affects the Tradesman, or Gentlemen of middling Fortune, but even Persons who have competent Estates ; I mean the Desire of cultivating a *Friendship* with the *Great*. — Though I term it *Friendship*, the Word, in its genuine Sense, means only a *fashionable Acquaintance*

acquaintance with a Person of *Quality*, or an allow'd Dependence on a Court Friend.

THE Motto at the Top of this Paper is an Observation of *Horace*, who was conversant in the politest Court in the World, and intimate with the best and greatest Men in it: He had no Occasion to complain of Disappointments from his Attendance on the Great; yet he lays it down as a certain Precept, *The Acquaintance of a powerful Friend is sweet to those who have not experienced it; he that has, dreads it.* — A great Poet of our own Nation, who knew what Courts and Courtiers were, makes even a stronger Invektive on the same Subject: Almost every one can repeat that fine Reflection of *Cowley*;

*Would I curse the Man I hate,  
Attendance and Dependence be his Fate.*

Yet how few pay any Regard to the Precept it would inculcate?

WITHOUT running into Satire on Court or Ministerial Attendance in this Place, I will take a Review of what Effects the prevalent Humour of gaining an Acquaintance with great Persons is attended with.

FROM a ridiculous and false Pride of seeming to be of some Consequence, or to have great Interest, and great Merit, there are People who think it a mighty Happiness that they can be seen in Company with those of a superior Rank in Life: To say, in a publick Place, *I din'd Yesterday with his Grace of \*\*\*\*\**; *To-morrow I am engag'd to my Lord \*\*\*\*\**, gives an Air of Importance to a Creature who fixes his whole Merit in having eat and drank at a Table with Men who were only distinguished from others by their Title and Equipage. For a Merchant's Wife, or a Gentlewoman just come out of the Country, to have continual Engagements at the Court-End of the Town, or to make one in a Party of Pleasure with some Ladies of Quality, conveys to them a peculiar Satisfaction, as they have an Opportunity to let their own Acquaintance know, that they keep the best Company in *England*. Of the first of these Characters was *Will. Lovetitle*, who, with a handsome Fortune of

*Eight*

*Eight Hundred Pounds a Year*, would keep Company with Persons of *Quality of Twelve or Sixteen Thousand*. Will. was always complaisantly received; because, let whatever expensive Proposal be made, he readily came into it, and spent equal to any Body, to entitle him to their Company. This Humour introduced him to the Intimacy of the first Personages of the Kingdom, who, though they knew he was running out his Fortune with them, had no more Regard for him than pitying him for a foolish Fellow, and letting him go on in his own Way. In a few Years his *Oaks* were first *fallen*, then his Estate *mortgaged*, and at last *sold*. Will. with the Residue of his Money, arising from the Sale, still kept the same Company as if his Estate was clear: When this became very low, and he had but a small Stock at his Bankers to draw for, he opened the State of his Affairs to his noble and intimate Friends, hoping, by their Interest, to get some genteel Place for Life. On Application he met with the same Reception from them all: They were all sorry for his Misfortune, but it was out of their Power to help him; and wonder'd he could possibly have been so imprudent in his Conduct, when he was the best Judge of his own Affairs. — In short, all he could obtain from his powerful Friends was, that one of them, for a *Hundred Guineas*, which was to be a Present to *Somebody*, got him a *Lieutenant's Commission* in a new *rais'd Regiment*, ordered to the *West-Indies*; where he went almost with a Hope to be knock'd on the Head for his past Folly.

M A D A M *Transfer* has the same Infatuation to *Ladies of Quality*, as poor *Lovetitle* had to the Men: Her Husband deals for more Thousands a Year than most Noblemen have as an Income; for this Reason she thinks she may spend in Proportion to her Husband's *Returns*, instead of his *Profits*; she is at present very intimate with Lady *Spadille*, Lady *Bubble*, the Hon. Mrs. *Chcat-wou'd*, and the gay Lady *Fanny Schimer*, who have not only taught her the highest *Gout* for Extravagance of every Kind, but have already got *Two Thousand Pounds* of her, which she has rais'd on her *Jewels* and *Jointure*, unknown to her Husband. — I would advise her to make a timely Retreat, lest she add to the Number of polite

lite *City Ladies*, who have ruin'd themselves and Families, from a ridiculous Ambition to talk of and be seen among Persons of Quality.

W H E N People of independent handsome Fortunes run into this Folly, they also have their Inferiors, who as idly court and imitate them: Hence Extravagance, Love of Gaieties, the Taste for modish Pleasures, are, in a Chain of Imitation, carry'd down to the lowest People, who would seem to have a Notion of what *High Life* is, by spending more than they can afford with those they call their Betters.

A F T E R all, I would not be understood that the respective Conditions of Mankind are to be restrain'd to their separate Estates, and have no Intercourse: The *Mechanick* may keep Company with the *Tradesman*, the *Tradesman* with the *Merchant* and *Gentleman*, they with the *Peer*; but then it must be in a Manner proper to their distinct Characters, without entering into a *servile Dependency*, or *vain Extravagance*. When *Freedom*, *good Sense*, and *good Manners*, are the Rules on which they act, Persons often find great Advantages from their Acquaintance with Persons in a superior Station of Life: But when such Acquaintance is merely a *flavish Attendance*, or *League of Vice and Folly*, instead of Generosity and Friendship, it then falls under the Censure which the Poet, who furnish'd me with my Theme, has given of it.

I C A N N O T persuade myself to leave this Subject without an Observation of another Nature. — I have often wonder'd the Acquaintance of a *Court Potentate* should be accounted so very great an Honour to some Gentlemen who have great *Estates* and great *Titles*; yet such there are, who, with the utmost Assiduity, cultivate such Favour as much as if they were solely dependent on it, and are at considerable Labour and Expence, from an hereditary State of Independency, to become *Slaves*.

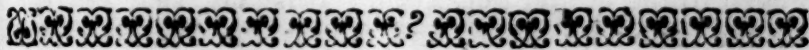
I C O U L D here add the miserable State of all *Levy-Hunters* in general: However gay they appear, their *Hopes*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, *Expectations* from *Promises* received, and *Disappointments* from having them broke, carry with them such a fatal Curse, that, with *Cowley*, no one could wish it to befall the Man, but whom one thoroughly *hated*.

ADVICE *to the* MAIDS. A SONG.

C H L O E once was very fair,  
A bewitching Eye she had,  
Neatly look'd her braided Hair,  
And her Cheeks would make you mad.  
On her Lips the *Graces* play'd,  
On her Breast was *Cupid* lay'd.

Many doating Lovers came,  
From *Sixteen* to *Twenty-one*;  
Each sigh'd out his mighty Flame,  
She forsooth, affected none;  
This was ugly, that not fine,  
This not wealthy, that lov'd Wine.

Th'other Day it was my Fate,  
By her Door to walk alone,  
No Coach stood before her Gate,  
But I heard her thus to moan;  
*Maidens, heed me when I say,*  
*Marry, marry, while you may.*



*From my* CHAMBERS.

Notwithstanding the following Letter may not seem diverting to my Female Readers, in Complaisance to a new Correspondent, who seems a merry honest Fellow, I must insert it

*To Esquire* STONECASTLE, the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Bibe, si sapis, bibe.

*Drink, if you are in your right Senses, drink.*

S I R,

*Bumper-Hall, Oct. 27.*

I AM surpriz'd, that as you write so much about Love, you never write about Drinking: I am sure the Subject is as copious, and as necessary to be discuss'd for the Good of Mankind, nay, and Womankind too: Besides

fides, you would do your amorous Readers some Service by giving some Lessons on the Bottle ; for nothing is a better Remedy for a Lover than a *Quantum sufficit* of Orthodox Claret.

WHEN I read of *Wine, which maketh glad the Heart of Man*, I, with Reverence, think of the second Father of Mankind, that good Patriarch *Noah*, who found out the valuable Juice of the Grape, and made the first Experiment of its Power himself. As to the Antediluvian Fathers, they were a Parcel of sad Dogs, and they met with an End worthy of their Lives ; for as they drank nothing but Water, they made their *Exit* in Water. I have heard it said, that if they had drank Wine, they would have been honefter Fellows, and so had saved the World from being drowned. However, let the Controversal Writers discuss that Point, which if they were to undertake, they might be as instructive and amusing as in their present political and scriptural Speculations.

IN the Pagan System of Religion there is a God of Drinking : The wise *Grecians*, who civilized and polished all this Part of the World, made him a Deity for teaching them the Joys of Drinking, which they improved to the utmost Perfection : It is said, that *Bacchus* was the same with *Noah*, and taught the Planting and Dressing of Vines. The sage Lord *Verulam*, in his *Wisdom of the Antients*, observes this on the Heathen God : ‘ The Invention of *Wine* is wittily ascribed unto him, every Affection being ingenious and skilful in what brings Nourishment unto it ; and indeed, of all Things known to Men, *Wine* is most Powerful and Efficacious to excite and kindle Passions, of what Kind soever, as being in a Manner common Nurse to them all.’ This grave Philosopher and I are both of the same Opinion ; and so were the wise Men of *Greece*, and the wise Men of every Nation on the Earth.

I WAS always of Opinion, since I could judge rationally of the *Greek* Poets, that the Inspiration they said they owed to *Hippocrene*, *Hellicon*, and *Aganippe*, was not from drinking Water at those Places ; but that they were the Names of several Vineyards about *Parnassus*, which yielded the best Wine in all *Greece*, Elevated with this, old *Homer* introduces his Gods and Goddesses carousing

Carousing over their Nectar ; by this, honest *Anacreon* wrote those charming Ditties which transport us at this Day. In short, the Reason why the *Greeks* excelled all other Poets is, because they drank better than all other Poets.

THAT the *Romans*, as well as *Grecians*, loved their Bottle, let the Odes of *Horace* testify : In the Evening, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, they drank their Mistresses Healths in as many Glasses as there were Letters in her Name, and there was an *Arbiter Bibendi*, a Judge of the Bottle, appointed to see every Person did his Lady Justice. This antient Method of Toasting has been imitated by the Moderns ; and I was once myself of a Club who toasted in this Manner : *Berynthia* and *Helionora* were always my Mistresses ; not that I knew a *Berynthia*, or *Helionora*, but mightily admired their Names.

BUT what need I run back to the Antients to prove the Excellence of good Drinking, since we may discover it by our Experience : The Advantages to Mankind are innumerable. Let *Chloe* be false, or *Delia* cruel ; have Recourse to the Bottle, and you despise the Jilt, and laugh at the Coquette. Does my Lord *Haughty* deny seeing you ? The second Bottle places you above the insolent Peer. Are you troubled with Bashfulness ? Drink a few Bumpers, and you gain Assurance enough to be impertinent with the Fair and the Great. Does your Modesty prevent your speaking your Thoughts gracefully ? *Wine* will make you as eloquent as *Cicero*. — Perhaps you won't believe me ; I'll tell you a Story I have read, to prove it.

THE famous Sir *Thomas Moor* was sent Ambassador to the Emperor by King *Henry* the Eighth. The Morning he was to have his Audience, knowing the Virtue of *Wine*, he order'd his Servant to give him a good large Glass of Sack ; and having drank that, call'd for another. The Servant, with officious Ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain : The Ambassador drank off the Second, and demanded a Third, which he likewise drank off : Insisting on a Fourth, he was over-persuaded by his Servant to let it alone ; so he went to his

Audience. But when he return'd home, he call'd for his Servant, and threaten'd him with his Cane: *You Rogue*, said he, *What Mischief have you done me? I spoke so to the Emperor on the Inspiration of those three Glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three Parts of the World. Now, you Dog, if I had drank the fourth Glass, I had been fit to govern all the World.*

WINE I take to be a great Assistant in Politicks, for many are the Schemes in State Affairs which are plann'd over a Bottle: There is not a Tavern in *England* but has the Affairs of *Europe* canvass'd in it every Evening: However, it does not follow, that he who drinks the best *Wine* is the best *Politician*; and I have known Men who reach not above *Port*, better vers'd in Politicks than the *Statesman* who drank *Champaign* and *Burgundy*. I doubt not but he who plann'd the *Ex—se Scheme*, and settled the *C—n—t—n*, had very good *Wine* in his Cellar: And if there have been, are, or shall be any Faults in a certain *Great Man's Ad—st—on*, they are owing to *himself*, and not to his *Wine*. — But, indeed, I have heard his favourite Liquor is *Porter*; whether that may not be too heavy and clogging to the Brain, I will leave to the College of *Physicians* to determine.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

PRITHEE let me ask you a Question: Are you not a sort of a *Milk-Sop*? for you very often write like one. I would advise you to drink more and write better; for a Man never thinks so well as when he is in a good Humour, and the Man who is out of Humour after his Bottle is a sad Dog indeed.

I HAD much more to say to you on this Subject, but the very Subject itself prevents me: I am just call'd down to some Friends, with whom I shall pass some merry Hours over a Dozen of excellent *Burgundy*, and forget the Follies of the World, for it is too ridiculous a Place to be serious in; but I am first, seriously and soberly,

Your Well-wisher,

TOM. MERRYMAN.

THE

THE following Copy of Verses I am desir'd to insert, on a young Gentleman in the Navy lying ill of the present Epidemical Fever; I have comply'd with the Request, as they are well adapted to the Subject; but must observe they were wrote much the same by Sir Henry Wotton a hundred Years ago.

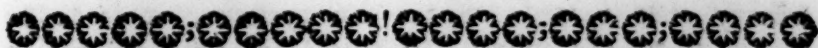
To a FRIEND in a FEVER.

UNTIMELY *Fever*, rude, insulting Guest,  
How did'st thou, with such unharmonious Heat,  
Dare to dis-tune his well-composed Rest,  
Whose Heart such just and noble Strokes did beat?

What if his Youth and Spirits well may bear  
More thick Assaults, and stronger Siege than this,  
We measure not his Courage, but our Fear,  
Not what ourselves, but what the Times may miss.

Had not that Blood, which thrice his Veins did yield,  
Been better treasur'd for some *Glorious Day*,  
At *Western Ind* to paint the Liquid Field,  
And with new Worlds his Master's Love to pay.

But let these Thoughts, *dear Youth*, repose a while,  
Tend only now thy Vigour to regain,  
And pardon these poor Rhymes, that would beguile,  
With my own Grief, some Portion of your Pain.



Hac fonte derivate clades  
In patriam populumq; fluxit. *Hor. lib. 3. od. 6.*

Hence the Contagion first began,  
Which reach'd our Blood, and stain'd our Land.

From my own CHAMBERS.

THOUGH I pay little Regard to the Study of Heraldry and Genealogy, I cannot but confess, that the following Account of the various Issue and Descendants of a Lady call'd *Fortune*, is so truly  
K 2 drawn

drawn up as to be amusing: The *Memoirs* of the *Misses* may be more enlarg'd in another Paper, this being rather a succinct Account of their Genealogy, than an historical one of their Actions.

M A D A M *Fortune* has ever been treated with great Distinction, courted by all Sorts of People, by some exalted into a more than mortal Character; it cannot therefore but be of some Consequence to know her Descendants and Issue.

H E R Sons have no other Family Title than that of *Fortunate* or *Unfortunate*; they meet with the same Chance as is usual in most Houses of the Great: Some are honour'd and laden with Wealth, while others lament the Iniquity of the Times, or the Partiality of their Parents. As to the young Ladies of the same Line, they are peculiarly distinguish'd, and furnish Materials for a more particular Account of them.

T H E Eldest was *Miss-Fortune*, so called from her Right of Primogeniture, being the first Fruits of her fond Parents Care: She finds Admission in most Families, both Gentle and Simple; and has made herself very conspicuous, on many Occasions, since the *South-Sea* Year. Were it not for this ominous Slut, so many of our Trading Ships had never touch'd *St. Sebastian's*.

T H E next of the Family that we have any Account of, is *Miss-Chief*, who had a considerable Hand in the Grand Rebellion; and notwithstanding the Ruin and Misery that spreads where she prevails, it is to be fear'd, there are many, to this Day, who delight in *Miss-Chief*.

M I S S - C H A N C E starts up next, a pert Hussy, who has spoil'd many a Pudding, and gave early Presage of the unlucky Turn of her Temper, by a sudden Spring in the Nurse's Lap, which occasion'd overturning the Caudle, design'd to regale the Gossips, after the good Work was over.

M I S S - N O M E R was another of the Sisters, that the World would scarce have been acquainted with, had she not slyly insinuated herself into a certain *Attorney's* Family, and sav'd him from Execution upon Body and Goods: She procur'd a Respite, 'till by Help of Friends,  
Matters

Matters were made easy ; and for this singular Service she hath lived ever since in tolerable Esteem and Credit.

*MIS S-CARRIAGE* came next into the World ; her Birth had like to have been the Death of her Mother, who came before her Time, which some say was occasioned by a Fright, others from the ill Usage of a Husband ; but however that was, the Consequence of this hasty Production hath prov'd fatal to some of the best and most ancient Families in the Kingdom : The Extinction of many Titles and great Names have not been without Reason imputed to the unkind Interposition of this *Miss-Carriage*.

HOWEVER, her Mother recover'd her wonted Strength, and made some Amends, by bringing Twins into the World, who were not improperly nam'd *Miss-Rule*, and *Miss-Led* ; the former a romping Slut, who turn'd out such a forward Termagant, as, before fifteen, to run from Boarding-School with an *Irish Fortune-Hunter*. We have nothing farther of this young Chit, but that she hath left a numerous Issue, who seem ripe for the same Fate, by an early Taste for Intrigue, Assemblies, Quadrille, and an utter Aversion to Admonition and Restraint. The other Twin-Sister, *Miss-Led*, hath done a deal of Harm to our *English* Youth ; nay, some will have it that she hath Influence in our *Grand Assemblies* and *Councils* ; for many a good Cause has been said to be lost because the Majority of the Members were *miss-led*.

*MIS S-MANAGE* was the next Birth, and came soon enough to confound the Devices of the Prim——r, and all his Agents, in several Elections : But innumerable are the Instances that they are all *Miss-Managers*.

THERE are but one or two more I shall take Notice of in this numerous Family. *Miss-Take* was born no Friend to the Church ; and not long since, as the publick Papers mention'd, had like to have vented her Spleen in a very unlucky Manner towards a West-Country Clergyman ; who charitably attending an Execution, *Jack Catch* being in Liquor, was very near turning him off the same Tree with the Malefactor : Such a fatal Catastrophe

to the poor Parson had been certainly owing to *Miss-Take*. She has undoubtedly been the Ruin of many a good Protestant, who have been burnt and cruelly massacred through a *Miss-taken Zeal*, the Child of this mischievous Parent.

IN the present Account I must not pass over *Miss-Shape*, who, within our Memory, made herself remarkable among the *Dutch Ladies*, though for no Excellency distinguish'd; but an enormous or distorted Size. In our Isle, indeed, she shines with a Glory Time itself will hardly efface; a Mind and Genius not to be parallel'd hath thrown on her an *Eclat* and Beauty which no Deformity can conceal, or prevent from gaining our Admiration and Love, I need not point where most rare Endowments have made *Miss-Shape* honourable.

*MISS-DEMEANOR* is the last of this Family I find Memorandums of; a very naughty young Lady, who eloped from her Husband, and played sad lewd Pranks, that were it not for the blind Indulgence of the old Beldam, *Fortune*, instead of triumphing in the Van of a R—y—l Cavalcade, we should see her handsomely disciplin'd, in the Arrear of a Cart, through the Metropolis of our Kingdom. *Ut res postulat, non ut R—jubet.*

I SHALL mention a short Detail of others of the same Blood; as, *Miss-Conduct*, *Miss Construe*, *Miss-Prison*, *Miss-Time*, *Miss-Represent*; — that we have no special Account of their Deeds and Behaviour in publick Life, I must impute to the sinister Management of the elder Sister of this ancient House, viz. *Miss-Fortune*, who has ever been industrious to eclipse the Glory of it, fearing her Sisters should outvie her. — If these Memoirs, of Personages so considerable, can be acceptable, it will be a Pleasure to

Your Reader and humble Servant,

A. B.

A M E-

A MEDITATION on Christmas-Day.

O Glorious Morning! wherein was born the Expectation of Nations, and wherein the long suspir'd Redeemer of the World did, as his Prophets had cry'd, rent the Heavens, and come down in the Vesture of Humanity. *Thou*, that by the Virtue of the Highest, wert conceiv'd in the Womb of an inviolate *Virgin*, of all Women the most blessed; and yet more blessed by being thy *Daughter*, and thy *Servant*, than thy *Mother*. — Stay, my Soul, before I go farther, and crave Leave of thy *Lord* to ask some Questions. — Why would'st thou be first made known to the meanest Condition of Men? Why were they sent to see their *Saviour*? not in some gorgeous Palace, but in the despicable Manger of a common Inn? — It was thy *Will*, which is the highest Reason, by thy low Beginning in the Flesh, to confound all Pride, and to teach the Glories of the Earth to blush: Yet, thus born, and thus homely receiv'd, behold a *new Star* descending to illustrate thy Obscurity, and to conduct the wise Men of the *East*, with their choicest Presents, to adore thee! O strange *Phænomenon*! did ever *Hipparchus*, or the great *Trismegistus*, or the greater *Moses*, contemplate before such a *Planet*, so irregular, and so excentrical? as if the Celestial Lights had forsaken their proper Motions and Position, to welcome the Lord of all Nations into the World!

AND now, in the Course of *thy* precious Life, What shall I first admire? All is *Depth*, all is *Wonder* and *Amazement*! Shall I first celebrate thy ever-blessed Name, for convincing the great Doctors of the Law, at twelve Years of thine Age, when thy Divine Essence began to blaze, which had lain before slumbering in the Vail of *thy* Manslood; or shall I pass from this Miracle of Knowledge to thy Miracles of *Charity*, in healing the Blind, the Lame, the Deaf, the Dumb! or shall I more insist upon the Acts of thy *Power*, in checking the *Winds*, in walking on the *Waves*, in raising the *Dead*, in ejecting the impure Spirits.

BUT even after thy glorious Assumption into the highest Heavens, one Thing remains, for the Comfort of

our Souls, above all the Miracles of *thy Goodness*, and of *thy Power* : that thou hast dispensed thy saving Doctrine unto curious Men, not by eloquent Sophistry and subtil Schoolmen, but by the simplest Instruments ; so as it must needs be thy Divine Truth, since it was impress'd by no human Means : For, give me Leave again, my dear Lord, to demand, in the Extasy and Admiration of thy blessed Vassals, Where is the *Wise* ? Where is the *Scribe* ? Where is the *Disputer* of this World ? How should we have known, how should we have apprehended *thy* eternal Generation, if thou had'st not been pleased to vouchsafe a silly *Fisherman* to lean on thy Breast, and to inspire him to tell us, from his Boat, *That in the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*

THEREFORE to *Thee*, thou incarnate Word, and Wisdom of the Father, thou only true *Messias*, in whom all Prophecies are accomplish'd, and in whom the Will of God, and the Desires of Men are fulfill'd ! Look down upon us, thy unworthy Creatures, from where thou sitest in thy Glory ; teach us thy *Love*, but such a *Love* as doth fear to offend thee ; teach us thy *Fear*, but such a *Fear* as first doth love thee ; and indue us with thy *Grace*, whilst, by thy Permission, we walk on this Globe, which thy blessed Feet have trodden, to solemnize this Day of thy *Nativity* ; not with wanton Jollities, but with Hymns of Joy, and Meditations of like Comfort.



— Pariter fugere sorores.

*Juv. Sat. 6.*

*And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew.* Dryden.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq*; AUTHOR of the  
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

**A**S soon as I saw the Genealogical List of *Misses* in your last, it gave me some Pleasure, as I am the Head of a Collateral Branch of that Family, and expected to have seen my Issue mention'd as well as myself ;

myself: for though you have placed me in the List of *Misses*, like some modern ones, I have a Progeny: As your Correspondent omitted so material a Point in the History he began, give me Leave to supply this Defect; nor will I in this act to you, as I do to others, but for once you shall find Truth and Sincerity in one who has more than once deceiv'd you; but is, on this Occasion,

*Your real humble Servant,*

MISS-LED.

*FORTUNE*, who took little Care of any of her Daughters, took none at all of *me*, and therefore I very early became liable to Ruin: When I was scarce Fourteen I had contracted an intimate Acquaintance with two Sisters of infamous Characters, call'd *Vice* and *Folly*: In short, they were no better than *Procuresses*, who had brought many a young Gentlewoman to Ruin and Misery. These Baggages first artfully insinuated to me, that what my Mother might bestow on me was very precarious, therefore I should take Care of myself: Then they paid me great Compliments on my *Wit* and *Beauty*, which were not, at my Age, to be conceal'd from the World, but to appear in it with full Lustre, and excite thousands of *Ardours*: These Things, with the Descriptions of *Balls*, *Assemblies*, *Theatres*, *Operas*, *Masquerades*, &c. &c. &c. quite turn'd my Brain, and I betray'd an eager Desire for the Enjoyment of them, but shew'd a Fear that I should not attain it. Immediately both the Ladies said I need have no Apprehension of that; for that there was a fine rich, young Gentleman at Court, who had fallen in Love with me, and would, on *certain Conditions*, let me live in all the Splendor of a Dutchess. I objected to the *Conditions*; but they urged such Reasons to prove that my Objections were not regarded in this Age, and introduced the Gentleman, whose Person I lik'd so well, that I at last consented to *live* with him as a *Mistress*, and have had by him the Issue which I shall describe. It may be necessary first to mention, that the Name of my Gallant was *Error*.

OUR eldest Daughter was *Miss-Begotten*, a Girl of great Spirits and Vivacity ; but had, at first, the Unhappiness to be reproach'd with Infamy, because I and her Father had not comply'd with a particular Custom : However, in Process of Time, she met with civilier Treatment, and was receiv'd very kindly into the Palaces of *Kings* and *Emperors* ; nay, it has been, through her Influence, that *Kings* and *Princes* have had their *Being* ; and were we even to trace our own Annals, we must confess her Power has been great : But in no Reign was she better receiv'd at Court than in the amorous *Æra* of *Charles the Second* ; what an Efficacy she had over that Prince's Heart, some *Demi-Royal Coats of Arms*, which we frequently see on Chariot Doors, can sufficiently declare. She is now receiv'd among the Great and Noble, with a Regard equal to any Body : It is only among Country Wenchies, or an odd Sort of People call'd *Virgins*, esteem'd a Shame to bring into Publick a *Miss-Begotten*.

THE next was her Father's Favourite, as she often occasion'd the most fatal *Errors* that could happen ; *Errors* greater than ruining private Families : *Errors* which were the Overthrow of Empires, and the Destruction of Kingdoms : This political Lady was *Miss-Advice*. — When she has any grand Scheme to execute, she gets to be retain'd by a very *evil* or very *blundering* M—st—r ; in either Case she is introduced into the *Cabinet*, the *Army*, the *Fleet*, and executes her Designs both at home and abroad. — Should *ill Treaties* be made, they are made by *Miss-Advice* ; should Forces be sent abroad at a *wrong Season*, or not properly supported when sent, Who is it owing to ? — *Miss-Advice*. — Should formidable *Fleets* sail and re-sail to no Purpose ; Must not *Miss-Advice* be the Occasion of it ? — But I hope she has no Efficacy in the *B—st* Councils, *Fleets* or *Armies* ; for if she has, there are a bold Set of Men who will call my Daughter, and all her Party of *Miss-Advisers*, to a strict Account.

MY third Daughter was rather Theologically than Politically inclin'd, and has occasion'd as warm Controversies in Religion as the other in the State : But what is very extraordinary, every *Seet* or *Opinion*, *Orthodox*

or Heterodox, *Jews, Turks, Infidels* and *modern Atheists*, instead of espousing her to their Party, have disclaim'd her to belong to them. The Disputes to which she belong'd have occasion'd bloody Wars, tyrannical Martyrdoms, and all the Evils which *Ignorance, Superstition* and *blind Zeal* could have introduced : It will now become obvious that I mean *Miss-Belief*. ——— To confess the Truth, the young Lady is of no Religion, yet is in great Reputation among our modern Wits ; because, in their Eyes, she seems, like other fashionable Beauties, more agreeable from the *black Spots* which appear upon her.

*Miss-Application* has had her Share in governing the Actions of human Kind ; and many immense Sums have been lost, and many great Genius's spoil'd by her Pretence to direct them. ——— Can any *Director* of a publick Company, or *Supra-Cargo* from the *Indies*, say I do not know *Miss-Application* ? ——— What could be said of the Monies issued from the T———ry, to carry some E——l——t——ns, if *Miss-Application* was not to point to the S——nk——g F——d ? ——— Is she not seen in H——W——, when he is a Pl——n——p——t——t——ry ? or 'Squire Dullman, when he attempts to be a Wit ? For the one would appear to more Advantage on a Mountebank Stage, and the other as a Country Grazier. But she sometimes descends from the higher Scenes of Life, and actuates our Secret Committees, Select Vestries, Courts of Assistants, and Companies Feasts. With Reverence be it spoken, I cannot but say she has a strong Influence in the Pulpit ; so strong a one, that when I hear the Words *Now to apply*, I am in as much Pain as Mr. Prior has describ'd he was on the same Occasion ; for, too often would it have been more Propriety to have said, *Now to Miss-Apply*.

THE two only Twins I had were *Miss-Count* and *Miss-Reckon* ; they were so like each other, that they could hardly be distinguish'd, the former only adapting herself to the Business of Men, as the last did to that of the Women. *Miss-Count* committed her Rogueries designedly, the other through Blunders. The first will often get unperceivedly at the Elbow of the Clerk of the Bank, or any Pay-Office, to prompt him to count short. It has been said she prompted a Prime Minister e'en now,

to count the Publick Money on a Gridiron ; all that fell through being his own, but all that remain'd on the Bars was his Master's and the Nation's. — As many Properties are ascribed to her as to *Mab* the Fairy ; she makes *Fortune-Hunters* dream they are to have such and such Ladies ; *Curates*, *fat Rectorships* ; *Rectors*, good *Deaneries* ; and *Deans*, good *Bishopricks*. *Miss-Reckon* occasions Trouble and Disappointment in the Female Sex. Sometimes she discovers the Shame of a Maiden, who has not kept a just Account ; at others, flatters them with the Expectation of a particular *Sweetheart*, who is on the Point of Marriage to another : This is call'd *Reckoning Chickens before they are hatch'd*. In one Thing she is very favourable to the Sex, and that is in the Account which she gives of their *Age*.

HERE must I mention an odd fantastical Girl, but the Humour and Air of her you may every Day see in all the publick Places : It is *Miss-Becoming*, who, by some Oddity in her Dress and Gait, quite disfigures a tolerable Face, and distorts her Limbs and Shape into the most disagreeable Form : This, she says, she does to be in the *Mode* ; therefore sometimes she *hobbles*, sometimes she *straddles* ; To-day a perfect *Frenchwoman*, To-morrow half *French* and half *English*, and, perhaps, the next a downright Slattern in a *Bed-Gown*. — I must confess I have *mis-led* many of my Countrywomen to follow her *Airs*, and from such Fantasticalness only, made them seem (my Daughter) *Miss-Becoming*.

MY other Daughters, who are all *Misses*, tho' somewhat ancient, are too well known to give a Description of ; as, *Miss-Trust*, *Miss-Deed*, &c. &c. — who have all similar Qualities to those already describ'd.

I am afraid, Mr. *Stonecastle*, I have broke my Word with you in giving you this History, and that your Readers may think that you have been too much engaged with

*Your Humble Servant,*

MISS-LED.

— Interdum



—Interdum respicit.—

Ov. Met.

*Now and then he looks back.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

**A**T this Season, when the Generality of People are indulging in Festivities, by closing the old Year with Mirth, and congratulating each other upon entering on a new, I am of so odd a Temper, that these Occurrences, instead of giving me any Jollity of Heart, fling me into very serious Speculations; for, on this *Verge of Time*, if we look into that which is *past*, we may not find such Cause of Joy for the Manner we have spent it; and if we carry our *Prospect* into the *future*, it will demand a serious Attention so to live in that as we may correct the former: It was to inculcate this Moral that the *Antients* depicted the God of the Year with *two Faces*; nor is it so absurd a Piece of Mythology, but I could wish the *Moderns* would follow it.

**A L L** this Introduction is to acquaint you, I have, the other Evening, made some Reflections on *Time*, from the strange Effects it has brought about in the small Space of twelve Months. Many Examples might be given of this in almost every Family; but in *private Life* every one can make their own Observations. The *Husband* can, at his Table, miss the dear *Wife*, who, the last Year, graced it among his Children, The *Wife* cannot forget that the Mirth of a Festival Evening was heighten'd by the Good-nature and Pleasantry of an endearing *Husband*: The *Child* may cry out, Where is my *Parent*? the *Parent*, Where is my *Child*? and no one but, Where is my *Friend* or *Acquaintance*?

**S U C H** Changes are naturally the Effect of *Time*: But I have, from reading the publick Account of the  
Changes

Changes which have lately happen'd among the *Emperors* and *Princes*, the new *Partition of Dominions*, and sudden *Revolutions of vast Kingdoms* : From these Occurrences, I say, I have formed a Speculation how far all Things have their *Beginnings*, their *Progressions* and their *Falls*.

T H E R E is the same Method in all Things in general : They come by slow Degrees to their utmost Heighth, there they stay for some short Space ; then decline with such Velocity, that Ruin overwhelms in a Moment what Time was long building up. Mr. *Dryden* very well describes this Effect in the Ruin of a Kingdom :

*Down, Down the Precipice of Time it goes,  
And sinks in Moments that in Ages rose.*

I T is the same in Human Nature ; Life may be destroyed in an Instant, but cannot be given without many Months Conception. Again : We, by Habits and Fashion, through a Series of Time, and fix'd Successions, arrive at our *Prime of Life* ; when again all is lost in the shortest Division of a Minute. *Plants, Birds, Fishes, Beasts, and Men*, all by due Gradations, grow up : So *Families, Provinces, States, and Empires* have the same Manner of rising by Degrees. For Instance, There were first *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Commonwealths*, then *Kingdoms, Monarchies, and Empires* : These Monarchies and Empires, which are the Summit of Dominion, as they rise they fall again ; some, indeed, more slowly than others. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, and the *Roman Empires*. The last carry'd worldly Glory to the greatest Heighth, and the Heighth of that Glory was in the Reign of *Augustus* : Peace blest'd the Universe ; Learning flourish'd in its fullest Splendor ; the whole World was under one Monarch ; and this was the *Fulness of Time* in which the *Saviour* of the *World* vouchsafed, by taking Human Nature on him, to descend into the World.——But then, how short a Time did this mighty Empire flourish ! *Tiberius*, the next Emperor, degenerated much ; his Successor, *Caligula*, more ; and so on, by a various Course, 'till it became embroil'd and dismember'd to an absolute Division.

OF the vast Empires I mention'd, some have remark'd their progressive Situation of Place, and that they succeeded to Power gradually. The *Assyrian* was nearest the *East*; the *Persian* a Degree farther off; the *Grecian* and *Roman* still more distant, following the Course of the Sun: On which an ingenious Author has observ'd, that these Empires seem'd as if, beginning in the Morning of the World, they would make a larger Day by declining towards the *West*, where the Sun goes down, after rising in the *East*: — But this is rather a Remark of Pleasantry than Philosophy. There have been some who have averr'd, that the Decay which hastens the final Ruin of all lesser Things, has also so far affected the World, that there is but a short Time to its Destruction: Nay, there have been such wise Calculations, as to fix the Time of the Conflagration. I remember to have met with several serious Dissertations, wrote in the last Century, *pro* and *con*, Whether the World was not to have its Period in the Year One thousand six hundred and fifty-six? The Argument why it should end that very Year was this; because the Flood destroyed the former World One thousand six hundred and fifty-six Years after the first destroying *Adam*; therefore the last World would be consum'd by Fire One thousand six hundred and fifty-six Years after the *Second-Saving Adam*, which is *Christ*. Tho' every one laughs at this Conjecture now, I don't doubt but that the Equality of Years in the Computation, and the Typical Remark on *Adam*, gain'd great Numbers of *Profelytes*, who were piously and heartily frighten'd during the whole Year Fifty-six. — That the World will at some Time undergo a Change, by its Dissolution, we believe as certain: But who dare fix a Certainty, where God hath left Mankind in Ignorance?

BUT from Changes by final Dissolutions, we may consider the Changes which, through the Mutability of Human Affairs, we see in common Life, and it will immediately occur, that some People live to see more Changes in themselves than they could expect could happen to their latest Offspring: Nor for this Mutability of Fortune can we blame Providence, but, on Thought, praise its Dispensation. If every one had Power to transmit the certain Possession of all his Acquisitions to his own Successors,  
there

here would be nothing left for the virtuous and noble Deeds of others to acquire ; which would betray the World to a dull Indolence, and discourage the generous Designs of spirituous Virtue, and honest Ambition. But as Things are, every Man thinks something may fall to his Share ; and since it must crown some one's Endeavours, he imagines, why not *his*. Thus, by the various Pursuits of Men, every Action comes to be done which is requisite for maintaining Human Society. Since then nothing here below is *certain*, a prudent Man would not purchase any Thing with too great Hazard, either of his present Peace of Mind or future Happiness : On the contrary, if he loses any Thing he wish'd to have had, he should comfort himself with this Reflection, That he knew the World was *changeable*, and that, as *God* can take away a less *Good*, so he can, if he please, confer on him a *greater*.—Such is my Opinion on looking back on my past Life, and such it is on the Prospect of my future.

EUSEBIUS.

I AM obliged to my Correspondent for this moral Lecture, which I have preferred to some Letters of a ludicrous Turn of Thought ; and I wish every one, at this Time of the Year, would make the same Kind of Reflections ; they would prevent many Misfortunes which ensue from ill Conduct of Life, and comfort those who labour under any which have happen'd through the unavoidable Mutability of Human Affairs. I particularly recommend this Practice to the Gentlewoman mention'd in the following Letter.

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq*;

S I R,

I HAVE a Wife whom I love affectionately ; nor can I contradict her, as I ought, in her Desires : This Influence over me has occasion'd many an aching Heart. Her chief ill Use she makes of this Power is *Card-Play*, which she is fond of, though she loses more than I chuse to mention ; within the *Twelve Days* only  
of

of last *Christmas*, she had from me *Thirty Guineas*; and all of them were sacrificed to her Idol *Whist*. Now, Sir, if you would advise her not to lose this *Christmas* above *Five*, you will do me great Service, as I have a great many Bills to answer.

*Your's,*

TONY MEAKLY.

P S. LAST *Christmas* was the first since we were marry'd, and if she goes on so, a few *New Years* and *Twelfth Days* may make me a *Bankrupt*.

A S poor Mr. *Meakly* has so little Authority, I must exert *mine*; I therefore peremptorily order, That Mr. *Meakly* does not let his Wife have more than *Five Guineas* for *Card-Money*; which I think much more than sufficient to be flung away at this Time by the politest Tradesman's Wife in *London*. — I take this Opportunity to recommend to the fortunate Ladies, who play merely for *Diversion*, that they would appropriate their Winnings to some Acts of *Charity*; which will make their Amusement give them a double *Pleasure*, I need not mention any particular Manner of applying it, there being at this *Season* too many of our Fellow Creatures feeling all the Severities of *Cold* and *Hunger*; while others, basking in *Luxury*, turn the innocent *Diversions* of it into extravagant Scenes of *Vice* and *Folly*.

—Providus



—————Providus urbes  
Et mores hominum inspexit.

*Hor. lib. 1. ep. 2.*

—————And with sagacious Ken  
Saw various Towns and Policies of Men.

Francis.

*From my own CHAMBERS.*

SUCH is the Force of *Curiosity*, that Men will undergo the greatest Fatigues, and expose themselves to the greatest Dangers for the Gratification of it. Nothing can escape this busy, daring Humour; it penetrates into the most hidden Secrets of Nature, and the Discoveries it has made have been of infinite Service to Mankind. *Curiosity* is continually employ'd in searching out new Matter for its own Satisfaction, gets acquainted with the most remote Inhabitants of the Earth, and travels from Pole to Pole. To this we owe the several Accounts that have been given us of the Genius, Temper, Manners and Policies of the *wild Arabs, Indians*, and other Nations, which are separated from the rest of Mankind, and live, as it were, in a World by themselves.

I MUST own that, as I have a great deal of *Curiosity* this way myself, I am wonderfully pleas'd with such Accounts as these; one large Shelf in my Study is entirely fill'd with them, to which I have Recourse when I am desirous of knowing what passies in those distant Countries. Thus, though I am not so curious as to go in Reality to *Grand Cairo*, as it seems my Predecessor did, yet, while I sit in my great Arm-Chair, I can travel thither, or to any other Part of the World, by the Help of Imagination, with great Ease, Pleasure and Improvement. I love to transport myself amongst a People who are govern'd and directed by Nature, to observe her different Workings in their Passions and Sentiments, and to trace those Passions and Sentiments till they break out and appear in Action. Their Minds are known by their Manners,

Manners, which are regulated only by the Instructions that Nature gives them; their blunt Simplicity shews them to be utter Strangers to that Politeness we value ourselves so much upon. When I make a Comparison in my own Mind between *Us* and *Them*, with Regard to the Manners of each, I confess I generally determine it, out of an honest Prejudice, perhaps, in Favour of ourselves. In such Examinations as these, wherein we ourselves are Parties concern'd, it is impossible to divest ourselves entirely of Prejudice; I am sensible we look upon every Thing that is our own with too favourable an Eye, and that we cannot see the Absurdity of those Things which long Use has made natural to us, I should, therefore, be glad to know, methinks, what would be their Opinion of us, were they to inspect our Manners and Customs; that so I might the better know which Side has the strongest Reason to support it. I have long lamented that my Predecessor did not deliver down to us the \* remaining Part of the Manuscript of that Serene Monarch *Sa Ga Yern Qua Rasb Tow*, one of the *Indian* Kings, who was here in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, since that might have given me some Light into this Matter. But I have, at last, luckily met with a Correspondent, who, it seems, has it in his Possession, and is so kind as to communicate some Part of it to me, with a Promise of the rest.

HE says in his Letter, that probably his *Indian Majesty* wrote down his Observations as he made them, since in the Original they have no Connection or Dependence upon one another; and concludes with assuring me that they are very faithfully translated. I shall take his Word for it, and present them to the Publick without any Alteration; and the more willingly, as it cannot be suppos'd that they are levell'd at any particular Person. If any one finds himself touch'd by these Remarks, and opens his Eyes to those Faults which Self-Love, perhaps, and the Prevalence of Custom have long made him blind to; let him not be ashamed to owe his Conversion to an *Indian*; let him obey the Voice of Nature and Reason. I hope my Female Readers will make proper Allowances for the

Author,

Author, and not be too much shock'd at his unpolite Manner of expressing himself, when he speaks any Thing with Relation to them. *Cleora*, I don't doubt, will give herself Abundance of Airs upon this Occasion, and frequently cry out, with a pretty Shriek, *Ab ! odious, abominable Savage ! hideous, hideous Indian, &c.* But I wish the dear Creature would reflect a little seriously, view herself in the Glafs he presents, and discover her own Likeness in the Picture he draws of *Affectation* : However she takes it, I shall comfort myself with the Thoughts of having done my Duty in pointing out the Passage which would be of Service to her, by shewing her to herself. ——— Our *American* Author thus proceeds : —

' The Customs of this Country are so very different from those of others, that I often fancy myself in another World. The very Order of Nature is almost inverted here ; Day and Night are not the same as they are with us ; the People (whether out of Ignorance or Perverseness, I cannot tell) confounding one with the other. Their Day generally begins at Noon, and ends at Midnight ; so that they seldom taste the Sweets of the Morning : Nay, I have been inform'd, that great Numbers in this Town have never seen the Sun rise. Those, indeed, who get their Livelihood by their Labour, are obliged to conform to Nature's Laws in this Respect ; but they do it with great Unwillingness, and are reckon'd miserable, by the better Sort, upon this Account.

' THERE is a very odd Mixture of *Wisdom* and *Folly* in this People. It is surprising to see by what curious Inventions, what ingenious Devices they get Riches, and what ridiculous Methods they take to squander them away again. They have two little Pieces of *Ivory*, about half an Inch thick, exactly square on all Sides, and each Side mark'd with black Specks, of a different Number ; these they shake in a Wooden Box, (being vastly pleas'd with the *Rattling*) and then throw them out upon a Table, and, as far as I can understand, he that has the good Fortune to throw the highest Number, wins the Money of the rest. It is impossible to express what Care, Anxiety, Grief, and  
 ' Rage

Rage appear in their Countenances by Turns, according  
 as they meet with good or bad Success. I am told they  
 will sit up whole Nights together, and frequently  
 ruin themselves at this Diversion, if it may be call'd  
 so, when it gives them so much Uneasiness, and tor-  
 tures them with so many violent Passions. It is won-  
 derful, that Men of so much Ingenuity and Under-  
 standing, in other Things, should take such Delight in  
 such a trifling senseless Amusement. We have been  
 very much troubled to account for this Inconsistency.  
 Our good Brother, *Ba Cee Quen Yaden*, King of the  
*Six Nations*, is of Opinion, that though they shew  
 themselves to be reasonable Creatures, and even discover  
 an exquisite Sense of Things, at some particular Sea-  
 sons, yet they do not enjoy their Reason long at a  
 Time, but have, every now and then, short Intervals  
 of Madness. For my Part, as I have observ'd that  
 Mothers give their Children little *Rattles* to please and  
 quiet them when they are froward, I am apt to believe  
 that those Children still retain their Inclination for  
 them, and cannot leave off the Use of them when they  
 are grown up Men.

The Person at whose House we lodg'd, carried us  
 with him, about Midnight, to another of their Diver-  
 sions: He led us into a large Room, illuminated with  
 a great Number of Candles; but we had no sooner en-  
 ter'd it, than we were seized with a mortal Fright:  
 We saw, on every Side of us, the most monstrous,  
 ghastly, horrible Figures that Imagination can form;  
 they immediately gather'd about us, which put us into  
 such a Pannick, that we should certainly have betaken  
 ourselves to our Heels, had we not heard them, on a  
 sudden, talking to one another, to our great Surprise,  
 with Voices like those of Men and Women. What  
 gave us the more Courage was, that we saw several of  
 our own Countrymen (as we thought by their Dress)  
 not in the least terrified at these deform'd Figures, but  
 walking amongst them with great Intrepidity. We  
 soon found, however, upon accosting them in our Lan-  
 guage, that they were not our Countrymen, but Cheats  
 and Counterfeits, that had assumed our Habit, and  
 would have passed upon the Company for us. We were  
 going

' going to lay Hands on them, in order to punish them  
 ' for their Villainy, when our Landlord stopp'd us, and  
 ' told us (as our Interpreter explain'd it) that they had  
 ' no ill Design in it, but only chose that Habit to dis-  
 ' guise their real Persons, as it was always customary  
 ' for those to do who frequented such Assemblies. I  
 ' then easily comprehended the Reasons for all those mon-  
 ' strous Appearances that startied me at first ; but I could  
 ' not imagine what End or Pleasure they could propose to  
 ' themselves from their meeting in this Manner; 'till ob-  
 ' serving their Behaviour more narrowly, I perceiv'd feve-  
 ' ral little amorous Toyings that pass'd between them, and  
 ' saw one of the pretended *Indians* make a Sign to a  
 ' Female, who followed him into a private Room. I  
 ' presently knew it to be a Place of Affignation for  
 ' Lovers, who, I suppose, come there at that Time of  
 ' Night, at once to gratify their Inclinations, keep one  
 ' another in Countenance, and to avoid the Notice of the  
 ' publick Magistrate.

' B U T among all these Entertainments, none has  
 ' given me so great an Insight into their Manners as the  
 ' following one: We were conducted into a huge House,  
 ' full of People, who, upon seeing us enter, immediately  
 ' rose up from their Seats, either to do us Honour, or  
 ' the better to satisfy their Curiosity by staring upon us.  
 ' Our Attention was wholly engag'd to the most exquisite  
 ' Musick that ever was heard, that in our Country not  
 ' being any Ways comparable to it; my Senses were  
 ' quite ravished with its Sweetness, and I should have  
 ' been very well pleas'd to have heard it all the Night;  
 ' but I found this was not all the People expected, by  
 ' their looking every now and then at a Curtain, which  
 ' hung a-cross a Floor, rais'd about Breast high from  
 ' the Ground. I had scarce made this Observation, when  
 ' the Musick ceas'd, the Curtain was drawn up, and dis-  
 ' cover'd the House to be much larger than I took it to  
 ' be; for there was a great Room beyond it, very richly  
 ' furnish'd; and what was most surprizing, that Room,  
 ' during the Entertainment, often vanish'd, and as often  
 ' made its Appearance again; nay, it would sometimes  
 ' disappear for a long Time together, and leave in its  
 ' Place Gardens, Meadows, Mountains, and even the Sea  
 ' itself.

‘ itself. There enter’d three Men, who talk’d together  
‘ for a little while, and then went out again ; presently  
‘ after came in two Women, who after a little Discourse,  
‘ went out in the same Manner : In short, several  
‘ Persons came in and went out, whose Countenances and  
‘ Actions seem’d to express a great many different  
‘ Passions. The People very often laugh’d heartily, and,  
‘ I suppose, there was a great deal of *Wit* in what  
‘ was said ; but as I could not understand it, I amus’d  
‘ myself with observing the Behaviour of the Company.  
‘ The Women, I took Notice, had been very careful of  
‘ their Dress, and had deck’d themselves out with all the  
‘ Ornaments of Gold and Jewels. Some of them look’d  
‘ so extremely handsome, that it would have been im-  
‘ possible for any Man to have defended his Heart against  
‘ them, if they had not foolishly destroyed the Force of  
‘ their own Charms, by a great many odd Gestures and  
‘ Grimaces ; every Feature in their pretty Faces was dis-  
‘ torted ; every Limb, every Finger seem’d to be under  
‘ a Constraint, and as if it was taught to move after a  
‘ particular Manner : Thus they took abundance of Pains  
‘ to spoil that remarkable Beauty which Nature had be-  
‘ stowed upon them ; though I believe their Design was  
‘ to set it off by those Means, and shew it to more Ad-  
‘ vantage : So that by endeavouring to please too much,  
‘ they did not please at all : Others appeared very modest,  
‘ reserv’d, and quite regardless of all the Glances the Men  
‘ cast at them ; but I was tempted to believe that their  
‘ Hearts did not correspond with their Countenances,  
‘ when they displayed a little Paper Engine, which  
‘ they made Use of to cool themselves with, and which  
‘ was painted with the Figures of Men and Women in  
‘ Arbours together, and other Things relating to *Love*.  
‘ Indeed one might perceive in all the Women, notwith-  
‘ standing their Endeavours to conceal and disguise their  
‘ Inclinations, that their chief Pleasure consisted in being  
‘ taken Notice of by the Men ; but those Men who  
‘ seem’d to be most in their Favour, were, in my Opi-  
‘ nion, the most unworthy of it ; they were the most  
‘ tawdry, conceited, ridiculous Animals I ever saw ;  
‘ they did every Thing in Imitation of the Women, to  
‘ whom they would recommend themselves ; they af-  
‘ fected

‘ fected a soft Smile, spoke in an effeminate Tone of  
 ‘ Voice, and mimick’d their Airs ; they shave their  
 ‘ Beards as close as they possibly can, and will not suf-  
 ‘ fer any Thing to be seen upon their Chins, if they can  
 ‘ help it : For one of them being inform’d by his  
 ‘ Friend (as I guess’d by his Whispering) that a single  
 ‘ Hair appear’d, took a little Instrument out of his Pock-  
 ‘ et, and plucked it out by the Root. These Fellows  
 ‘ had a great many comical Particularities in their Dress ;  
 ‘ they had too a great deal of borrow’d Hair upon their  
 ‘ Heads, and to it was tied a long black Tail, reaching  
 ‘ down to their Rumps ; which put me in Mind of that  
 ‘ facetious Inhabitant of our Country, the Monkey.—  
 ‘ These People are call’d *Beaus*, and are in great Esteem  
 ‘ by some Females call’d *Coquets*.’



*The Anthropophagi, and Men whose Heads  
 Do grow beneath their Shoulders—*

Shakespear.

*The remaining Part of the Observations of Sa Ga Yarn  
 Qua Rash Tow, begun in our last.*

**M**Y Correspondent, who sent me the Translation of  
 the *American Manuscript*, will, I hope, excuse  
 my so soon introducing this Part of it ; some particular  
 Reasons make it necessary : But he may be assured, all  
 proper Deference shall be paid to whatever he shall be so  
 kind as to transmit for the future.—After this Apo-  
 logy I need only remind my Readers, that his *American*  
 Majesty finish’d his last Reflection on the Behaviour of  
*Beaus* and *Coquets* at a *Theatre*. — The Manuscript  
 then goes on thus :

‘ THE next Place of publick Entertainment we were  
 ‘ carried to was exactly in Form like the last, but seem’d  
 ‘ somewhat more spacious : We were told this was esteem’d  
 ‘ their most elegant Amusement, because it was supported  
 ‘ by

by the prime Nobility and Gentry; the common People not resorting thither, the Expence being above their Pocket, and the Performance above their Taste. Here the Company was dispos'd in the same Manner as in the House which I just before describ'd, with this Difference, that no Woman sat in the Place they call the Pit. We waited much longer for Musick now than before: As I saw the Instruments all laid ready, I enquir'd the Reason, and the Interpreter told me, that they play'd no Musick 'till the Entertainment begun, because it entirely consisted of Musick. At last it began, and seem'd rather more exquisite than that we heard before, as there were a greater Number of Musicians and Variety of Instruments. The Curtain was drawn up, and discover'd a much more spacious Prospect than I had seen at the other House; but, like that, this House often chang'd; and we now seem'd to be in a Royal Palace, now in a Forest: Sometimes we saw all the Delights of Spring; sometimes all the chilling Horrors of Winter. There came before us two Men richly habited, with high Plumes of Feathers on their Heads, higher and more grand than that wore by *Te How Basb Ban Ka Kocbee*, King of the *Nine Nations*: Their Walk had Dignity, and their Appearance a Kind of Majesty: From hence I long'd to hear their rough, manly Voice, worthy their Mein and Figure; but how was I surpriz'd, to hear them squeak in Voices like young Girls! and my Astonishment was more rais'd, when, on Enquiry, I found they had no other! — In short, I was told they were an odd Species of Creatures, who had an outward human Form, but were not *Men*: They are not the Natives of this Island, but are imported from a foreign Country, which breeds this singing Species, at an incredible Expence; incredible indeed, when I say twenty thousand *Deer Skins* a Year, (more than the whole Revenue of *Te How Basb Ban Ka Kocbee*,) will not defray it! — When these People spoke they seem'd to sing; and when they sang, I know not what to compare it to; it was surprising! it was like the Notes of our Birds: But it would have been more pleasing had it been more natural. Though I was not so greatly delighted with it, I

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‘ observ’d the Audience in the most extravagant Raptures ;  
 ‘ I imagin’d it was at the Meaning of what was sung to  
 ‘ them, which I could not understand ; but I was after-  
 ‘ wards inform’d, that they no more understood the Lan-  
 ‘ guage than myself. — I conclude my Observations  
 ‘ on the *English* Entertainments, with this just Remark on  
 ‘ the *English* in general, That they have a strange Love  
 ‘ for Novelty, and will prefer whatever is *Foreign* to that  
 ‘ which is the Produce of their own Nation, even tho’  
 ‘ their own is much more valuable.

‘ THOUGH they cannot properly be called Places  
 ‘ of Entertainment, yet there are publick Places, called  
 ‘ *Coffee-houses*, which Men only frequent : To these they  
 ‘ resort on various Occasions ; some to do Business, some  
 ‘ because they have nothing to do. The Humours of  
 ‘ these Places are infinite ; there being as many different  
 ‘ Humours as there are Persons. The most particular  
 ‘ Set of Men are those called *Politicians* ; who come to  
 ‘ read certain Papers, and afterwards talk, commend, or  
 ‘ disapprove, arguing on the whole Subject with great  
 ‘ Zeal and seeming Sagacity : Every Coffee-house has a  
 ‘ Set of these People ; they settle the Affairs of powerful  
 ‘ and mighty Kings and Nations ; they examine the  
 ‘ Conduct of their Chiefs ; they say how they ought to  
 ‘ be govern’d at Home, and how govern others Abroad :  
 ‘ Their Knowledge extends beyond the mighty Ocean,  
 ‘ even beyond the Nation of *Tomo se Gee*, King of the  
 ‘ *Charokins* : But it often happens while they are set-  
 ‘ tling the Policy of Kings and the Affairs of Nations,  
 ‘ they are running to Ruin, by neglecting their own.  
 ‘ On the Whole, every *Coffee-house* seems a *Cabinet* of  
 ‘ *Statesmen*, and this Nation might be term’d the *Island*  
 ‘ of *Politicians*.

‘ THE Government of these People is, by them, said  
 ‘ to be entirely *Civil* ; bue *Sca Bal Bee Oski*, our War-  
 ‘ rior Chief, is of Opinion that it is partly *Military*,  
 ‘ from the vast Army which is kept on Foot when they  
 ‘ have no Wars with other Nations : And he said, If  
 ‘ such a Force did not give a Kingdom Laws, if it  
 ‘ should attempt it he could not see how it could be re-  
 ‘ sisted. — How far just *Oski*’s Observation may be, I  
 ‘ don’t know the People well enough to decide ; but if

‘ it

is not true, it is not impolitick; and I believe *Sca*  
*Bal Bee Oski*, at the Head of forty thousand Men,  
 would give our mighty Brother, King of the *Nine Na-*  
*tions*, what Laws he pleas'd.—But to return.—  
 The Government of this Kingdom, the Natives say, is  
 the best in the World; yet they are seldom pleas'd with  
 their Governors. Their *Legislature* is also said to *make*  
 the *best Laws*, and their *Magistrates* to *execute* them  
 the *worst* of any People under the Sun.—Strange!  
 that a People who know how to think so right, should  
 act so wrong.—If these People have some of the  
*best Laws*, it is not so very wonderful, since they  
 have such a Number as may surpass an *Indian's* Belief.  
 There is their *Statute Law*, their *Common Law*, their  
*Civil Law*, and—more Laws than I could recount  
 from Sun-rise to setting. The Natives don't know a  
 thousandth Part of them: Almost one Quarter of the  
 People get their Livelihood by letting them know what  
 the Law is, and take the Name of their Vocation from  
 this Employment: Yet these very *Men* of the *Law* dis-  
 agree with one another what *is* or what *is not* Law:  
 But however they disagree about it, they live by it,  
 and live the better the more they disagree; for let  
 which Party soever lose, they are sure to gain.—  
 I cannot but think our *Indian Law* is better than these  
 Peoples; ours is summary, and executed immediately;  
 we do Justice on the Spot. If an *Indian* steals another's  
 Rice, we hang the Thief on the first Tree we come to.  
 I remember to have heard my Uncle *Tow Row Quen*  
*Yaden*, King of the *Six Nations*, tell a Story, how some  
*British* People had a Settlement on one of his Rivers:  
 They long liv'd in all Peace and Quiet, trafficking  
 with our People with all Justice and Harmony. It so  
 happen'd, that a *Law-Man* at last came among them:  
 They did not long after enjoy their former Felicity;  
 there began Contention between Neighbour and Neigh-  
 bour; they quarrell'd about the Limits of their Plan-  
 tations, about their Rights of Inheritance, and the Bar-  
 gains they made. The *Indians* who dealt with them  
 were defrauded, and the *League* between our People and  
 the Whites were scandalously broke; insomuch that  
*Quen Yaden* brought down his Warriours upon them,

not to destroy his old Allies, but to enquire into the Cause of this Change. On Enquiry, he found this *Law-Man* had been the Occasion of all, by setting himself up for a Judge of the *Law*; and then fomenting Quarrels that he might become a Judge of them. Rice and Skins he frequently receiv'd to give wrong Judgment, not only against our *Indians*, but amongst his own People. On Proof of these Things *Quen Yaden* immediately order'd this *Man of Law* to be hang'd upon an adjacent Tree, and restor'd the People to their antient Peace and Felicity — *Was Quen Yaden, our most just Uncle, in this Country, he would cause a great Number of Executions.*

THE Commerce of this Country I find to be very great and extensive, not only with the neighbouring Nations, but beyond the *Great Sea*, even to the farthest Parts of the World; it is this which makes them so powerful a People, who have long been accounted *Masters of the Great Waters*. There are particular Persons who carry on this Business; for which Purpose there is a most magnificent Structure erected, in which they meet every Day: Here we saw People of almost all Nations, who beheld us with seeming Admiration; nor was ours less, when we were told these People dealt for more in one Day, than the Revenues of our Nations would amount to in a Year. — This I then took to be a Boast to raise the Character of the Nation; because I saw no Parcels of Goods, nor Bales of Merchandize offer'd to Sale, or carried away. I was afterwards more convinced of the Probability, when we saw the *Custom-house*, and the prodigious Number of Men employ'd in Shipping and Unshipping, in Loading and Unloading such immense Treasures as are almost incredible. — *This, the People say, is the Effect of Liberty: How careful ought they then to be to preserve so inestimable a Treasure!*

FROM this Meeting-Place of the Merchants we were conducted across the Street to an opposite Alley, which was fill'd with Men of busy anxious Countenances, with a kind of fierce Madness in their Eyes: They all made hideous Outcries to something or other, call'd *Stock*: This, we were inform'd, was the *Idol* of the

‘ the Place ; but that those noisy Devotees were false ones,  
‘ and, in Fact, were only *Bulls* and *Bears*.——*I did*  
‘ *not care for staying in so odd a Place, where savage*  
‘ *Brutes bore the Resemblance of a human Form.*’



*This makes dear Self in little Minds prevail,  
And I the little Hero of each Tale.*

YOUNG.

*From my CHAMBERS.*

HAVING lately receiv'd several Letters which were not long enough to compose a regular Essay, I shall this Week make a Miscellany of them, and leave my Correspondent-Readers to entertain one another. The first is on a Kind of Self-Vanity, which is too evident in most Conversations.

*To the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPEC,

THERE are People who are endow'd with Virtues which are so natural to them, that they shew no Sign they are themselves sensible that they possess them? They do the Duties of Life without Compulsion, and follow Virtue as it were by Instinct: They boast not of their good Qualities in Conversation, nor betray the least Knowledge of them:——There are, I say, such People, but alas! Mr. STONECASTLE, how few!——The Generality of Mankind, if in the least tolerably endow'd with Virtue, seem amaz'd at their being so, and publish to the World a good Action, as if it were a Prodigy which must fill every Body with Wonder that hears it.

IF Modesty is a necessary Virtue in those to whom Heaven has given great Talents, How shall we think of those insignificant Creatures, who shew a Pride beyond what the most deserving Man can claim?

THIS Pride you meet with every where ; for every where you meet with a Pack of Insignificants, who are always talking of themselves ; their Conversation is a Looking-Glass, which always presents you with their impertinent Figure ; They will give you a long History of all the Accidents that ever happen'd to them ; and however trifling, insignificant, or unaffecting the same was, they would have their Part in it appear considerable in your Eyes ; all is related that they have done, seen, heard of, or thought ; their Story is a Spring which is never to be dried up.—What is it to me with what *Æconomy* Mrs. *Notable* manages her Family ? She may be a good Housewife, but I am not better'd by it ; if she does buy at Market a Farthing a Pound cheaper than other Folks, it is not my Money she saves ; if she makes her Cloaths last longer than other People, what care I ?—I am not to buy her new.—Let Mr. *Traffick* descant three Hours on his driving a Bargain at *Change* ; let him point out the Advantages of the Commodities ; let him harangue on how much *per Cent.* he can gain by them ; let him din all this in your Ears for six Hours ; What then ?—You find he knows how to make a Bargain, but not an End of his Nonsense ; that he is a mighty shrewd Man at *Change*, but an impertinent Fellow every where else.—How wretchedly insipid is Self-Praise, even where there is some Merit, when it rebounds to the Place it comes from ! How tiresome and provoking when there is no Merit to give it a Sanction !

THIS last Reflection I had the other Day Spleen enough to vent among some tiresome Disturbers of Conversation.—Says a Person who had not long ended a Panegyrick upon her pretty Self,—Ay, 'tis true, some People are eternally giving you their own Characters, and bring every Thing home to themselves.—Your Observation is just, Madam, answers another Self-Commender ; I wish all Men would act like *me* ;—I never praise *myself*.—I have *Birth* and *Fortune*, but who ever hears me mention them ?—I spend genteely, but I don't make a Proclamation of it.—My Friends say I have Wit, but I have more Wit than to mention it.—If I have any good Qualities, let other People find them out ; —it is not modest for a Man's ownself to mention them.

them. — Say, now, Mr. SPECTATOR, was I not plagu'd enough for my sage Reflection?

I HAVE sent you this to inculcate this necessary Maxim of Behaviour among your Readers of both Sexes. — All Persons should pay such a Deference to their Hearers, as not to venture to set up their Merit as superior to all others; for the worst Subject of Discourse is ourselves.

*Your quondam Correspondent,*  
Temple, Feb. 16.

F. MANLY.

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THE next Letter, which was communicated to me in a Lady's Hand-writing, I leave the Ingenuity of my fair Readers to interpret.

*To \* \* \* \* \**

AS you have been pleas'd, very generously, to honour me with your Friendship, so I think myself oblig'd, in Return, to throw off all Disguise, and discover to you my real Circumstances, which I have done with all the Openness and Freedom imaginable. You would be surpriz'd at the Beginning of my Story, and be inclined to think the Whole a Banter; but you may depend upon it 'tis actually true; and, if need were, I can bring the Parson of the Parish to testify the same.

YOU must know then, that at this very Time I live in a poor, little, sorry House of Clay, that stands upon the Waste, as other Cottages do; and what is worst of all, am liable to be turn'd out at a Minute's Warning. It is a Sort of Copyhold Tenure, and the Custom of the Manor is this: — For the first thirty Years of my Life I am to pay no Rent, but only to do Suit and Service, and attend upon the Courts, which are kept once a Week, and sometimes oftner; for twenty Years after I am to pay a Rose every Year: And farther, after this, during the Remainder of my Life, I'm to pay a Tooth (which, you will say, is an odd Kind of an Acknowledgment) every two or three Years, or oftner, if it is demanded: And

when I have nothing left to pay, *Out* must be the Word; nor will it be long after this but my Person will be seiz'd.—I might have had my Tenure (such as it is) on much better Terms, if it had not been for a Fault of my Great Grandfather: He and his Wife, over-persuaded by an ill Neighbour, in a wrong Affair, about a Tree which they thought they had a Right to, did something contrary to their Tenure, and forfeited their original Grants and Privileges—to my Sorrow, I am sure.—But, however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my House in tolerable Repair. My Kitchen is a comical little roundish Sort of a Room, something of the Figure of an Oven; but though this be the best thatch'd Part of my whole House, it is apt to rain in, which causes some Inconvenience, yet it answers well enough the Business it was design'd for, and that's enough. My Garrets, (or rather Cocklofts) indeed, are very pleasant, but they are Rooms few People regard now a-days, unless to lay Lumber in: However, I make a Shift to rub on; and when Rent-Day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can. Whenever I am turn'd out of my Lodge, or whatever you please to call it, it descends upon low-spirited, creeping Families. You may guess who I mean, tho' I name no Names, when I say they are remarkable for nothing but having been instrumental in advancing the Reputation of an Apothecary formerly of *Ab-Church*, but who has for some Years residèd among them.—But let all this be as it will, I shall not trouble my Head much about it.—I have one snug Apartment which I reserve for my choicest Friends, that lies on the left Side of my House; it is very warm, where you will always be a welcome Guest; and depend upon a Lodging as long as the Edifice is in the Tenure and Occupation of

*Your humble Servant,*

ALLEGORICA.

*To*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

PRAY insert the following Imitation of one of Sir  
*John Suckling's* Songs, and oblige

Yours,

R. L.

To all LOVERS.

A BALLAD.

LOVER, if in all thy Love  
Ever was one wav'ring Thought;  
Though the Fair should cruel prove,  
If once you wish you were not caught.

*Lover, to thy Cost, know this,  
That as yet thou lov'st amiss;  
And to love with Passion true,  
Try again, and love anew.*

When the Maid you love appears,  
If with Awe you're not struck Dumb;  
Striving to conceal your Fears,  
If not twice the same Words come,

*And Confusion show;—know this,  
That as yet thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love with Passion true,  
Try again, and love anew.*

All that she can do or speak,  
If you can't as Charms admit,  
All Defects for Graces take,  
Fondly thinking Nonsense Wit;

*Lover, to thy Cost, know this,  
That as yet thou lov'st amiss,  
And to love with Passion true,  
Try again, and love anew.*

L S

By

By all this, if you should find,  
 You as yet have not lov'd true,  
 And again, with wav'ring Mind,  
 Dost begin to love anew.

*Lover, to thy Cost, know this,  
 That you still wou'd love amiss,  
 And to love with Passion true,  
 You again must love anew.*



*To* Mr. STONECASTLE.

Sapere aude.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 2.*

*Dare to be wise.*

S I R,

**T**HE Concern I have for a particular Friend has occasion'd this Letter; the Contents of it may be of publick Service, which is sufficient Apology to tell you, that nothing has given me so much Concern a great while as the Behaviour of EUGENIO: He has Sense, Wit, and a hundred good Qualities; but they are all obscur'd and render'd useles to himself and the World, by a certain Weakness and Impotence of Mind. Though he can discourse and reason upon any Subject as well as most Men, yet he has not Power to exert that Reason, and make it appear in *Action*: He can lay down excellent Rules for his own Conduct in Life, but wants Resolution to put them in *Practice*. In short, he can talk like a wise Man, and acts like a mad one. Your Readers, perhaps, may imagine that I am going to give them the Character of a young Rake, who is hurried into a thousand Extravagancies by strong Passions and violent Appetites; but the Person I am speaking of has no such unruly Passions; he has a natural Love for *Virtue*, and is vicious contrary to his Inclination. The Misfortune is, EUGENIO is too sensible of Ridicule, and cannot bear the least Reproach upon account of his Virtue or Piety, though from the most worthless of Mankind. He has, unlike other young Fellows,

Fellows, too mean an Opinion of his own Understanding, and, consequently, pays too great a Deference to that of others. I have for some Time made it my Business to observe upon him, and study his Distemper; and I find these to be the Causes from whence proceed all his Irregularities: He follows the Multitude, and is carried down the Stream of Vice, not having Courage to resist the Torrent, to follow the good Disposition of his own Mind, and to be singularly virtuous. If at any Time he reflects within himself upon the Folly of such a Way of Life, and shews an Inclination to reform, his Companions, as they know his weak Side, can easily put him out of Countenance, by laughing at his unfashionable Notions, and by that Means bring him to what they please: They have him so entirely in their Power, that I am afraid all my Advice, and Endeavours to rescue him out of their Hands, will signify nothing. Alas! they have almost rooted out those generous Principles which his good Father so carefully implanted in him, and which formerly gave Hopes of his being one Day an Honour to his Family. He is now taught to be scoffingly witty upon the wise Maxims he used to revere, and to give himself up to a general loose Conduct, without any Regard even to the common Rules of Decency. He drinks, swears, fights, wenches, and is disobedient to the Laws of God, his King and Country, merely to comply with the Humours of a few wicked, rascally Fellows, and be reckon'd by them a Man of Spirit. An unhappy Ambition to distinguish himself according to their Notions of Merit, has destroy'd that Modesty, once so remarkably becoming in him, and made him impudent, pèrt and insolent. He comes into a publick Place, cocks his Hat, and stares full in Peoples Faces; makes ill-natur'd Observations upon the whole Company, and says Things aloud that must shock any Man of Sobriety, who has a Sense of Religion. I remember the Time when he used to be complaisant to me, and respect me as his Father's Friend; but he now takes the Liberty to sneer at me as I pass by, and ridicule my Dress and Figure. What shall I do with him?—I hope he is not irreclaimable:—If he is not—I have thought of a Method how to manage him, and open his Eyes to his  
own

own Imprudence. As it is almost impossible to know SOPHRONIA without loving her, I intend to introduce him into her Company, and don't doubt but she will soon make a Reformation in him. I will acquaint my Readers what Effect her Conversation has upon him.

IN the mean time it is a melancholy Thing to consider how many promising Youths I have seen corrupted in the same Manner as EUGENIO, by those Monsters of Iniquity, who make it their Business to seduce them: These Men use a great many Artifices to accomplish their Designs, and take care to get perfectly well acquainted with the Disposition of the Person whom they intend to practise upon: They besiege like wary Generals, being very diligent in seeking out the weakest Part of the Town; and when they have once inform'd themselves in this Particular, they generally meet with Success in the Assault. As there is always in an ingenuous Mind a modest Diffidence of itself, they take the Advantage of that to banter a Man out of any Sentiments of Honour he might have entertain'd, and persuade him to regard it only as an empty Name. If he speaks of any thing relating to Religion with Seriousness and Respect, he is rallied unmercifully, and cannot long stand out against so much Wit and Satire:

*All higher Knowledge in their Presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in Discourse with them  
Loses its Power, and like Folly shews.*

When they have gone thus far, they look upon him as their own; and, by drowning his Senses in a continual Round of Debaucheries, lead him into what villainous Schemes, and to what Degrees of Wickedness they think fit.

SINCE then so many Traps are laid to ensnare our Youth, it is absolutely necessary, before they come abroad into the World, that their Virtue should be well grounded, and accompanied with a good Resolution; that they should be taught to set a just Value upon themselves, and to be ashamed of nothing but what is really shameful. *Epictetus* has given much the same Advice to his Disciples. *If, says he, you have a Desire to make any Pro-*  
*ficiency*

iciency in Philosophy, you must first of all be thoroughly convinced of the Excellence of my Rules, and resolve to observe them upon all Occasions. You must expect to be laugh'd at and derided by the Vulgar; but regard not their Opinion of you; think only how you may act agreeably to the Dictates of your own Reason and Conscience. Be good and wise, that is sufficient; desire not the Applauses of the Multitude. But this is too hard a Lesson for most People. As Man is made for Society, he naturally endeavours to be agreeable to those with whom he converses; and as the Generality of Mankind are more inclin'd to Vice than Virtue, he will comply with their Taste rather than lose their Favour. From this Principle most of the Extravagancies that we often see Men of the best Sense guilty of, may be accounted for; from hence too proceeds that Variety of Folly which appears in the Actions of the more unthinking Part of the World. These poor Creatures are betray'd into Faults merely through Want of Thought; whereas those are oblig'd to do Violence to themselves, and put a Stop to their own Reflections, in order to commit them: What a mean, abject Spirit is this! to lower our Understandings, and subject them to the Caprices of the senseless and stupidly vicious! to suppress our Reason for fear of their Censure, and not dare to be wise, because it is not their Will or Interest that we should be so! Can an *Englishman*, a Lover of Liberty in other Respects, thus submit to have his very Mind enslav'd? It is owing, in a great Measure, to this Cowardice, that Vice has so prevail'd among us in all Ages: Vice would soon give Way, had Virtue the Courage to shew herself in her native Beauty. We have a remarkable Instance of this in antient History.

BEFORE *Socrates* appear'd publicly at *Athens* as a Philosopher, the *Athenians*, a gay, lively People, entirely given up to their Pleasures, could not bear the Restraints of Philosophy, and employ'd all their Wit in ridiculing the Professors of it, which discourag'd a great many from attempting it; but he, not in the least disconcerted by their Railleries and Insults, persisted in his good Designs, and so influenced them by his admirable Life and Conversation, as to inspire them with a Desire  
of

of imitating him, and make them passionately fond of what they had before despised.

THERE is now in my Eye a Gentleman, who, I dare say, will do a great deal of Good by his Example, and cause a considerable Change in the Behaviour of several young Fellows in the Town. I observe, with much Pleasure, that they begin to mimick him already in little Accomplishments, which I hope will bring them by Degrees to relish his greater Excellencies. His Manners are so agreeable, his Virtue fits so easy upon him, and he knows so well how to defend it, that I may apply to him what *Indiana* in the *Conscious Lovers* says of her Admirer: *The Fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil will but make themselves more ridiculous.*

W. L.

*To the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPEC,

I HAVE been very lately pleas'd to find you have taken on you another Province, I mean that of being an Intelligencer, and giving us different News, and in a different Manner from that we see in the publick Papers. If you, like your Predecessor, are an Adept in the occult Sciences, you may employ some secret Intelligencers which will furnish you with Variety of Articles: However, I must give you this Hint, that I would not have them all turn on Politicks, but the Actions and Business of the Gallant and Literary World, as well as those of Statesmen and Politicians.—I have sent an Article as a Hint, and am

*Yours,*

L.

I am obliged to this Correspondent, and have made the following Use of his Hint.

*From*

From Lady BETTY MODISH's Tea-Table.

IT is my Custom, after I have follow'd my Studies pretty close, to make a Visit, by Way of Relaxation, to such of my Friends and Acquaintance, of both Sexes, as I judge most convenient. I thought it proper this Afternoon, to wait upon Lady BETTY MODISH, who does me the Honour to admit me at any Time, and uses me with particular Civility. As she keeps a great deal of Company, I frequently pick up Matter of Speculation there, and have To-day met with a Character which extremely pleas'd me. Upon entering the Room I saw a Circle of very well-dress'd Gentlemen and Ladies, and, after the usual Forms of Salutation, sat down amongst them. The Conversation ran upon different Things, and was for some time of that Kind which is not improperly call'd *insipid*. The Men, however, took all Opportunities to display their Parts, and ingratiate themselves with the Ladies, by several little Witticisms and Compliments. This was the State of Affairs when Sir JOHN EVERGREEN came in: He is about Sixty, but has none of that Moroseness and Austerity generally seen in Persons of that Age; on the contrary, he has all the good Humour and Gaiety of Five and Twenty, temper'd with a Prudence which is drawn from Experience, and which renders him more engaging: He enlivens the Conversation wherever he goes; all the young People are fond of being with him; his Presence gives them no Uneasiness or Constraint; they may express themselves with all imaginable Freedom before him, let them only confine their Discourse within the Bounds of good Manners. They respect and love him as a wise Friend, and think themselves happy if they can gain his Esteem. Lady BETTY receiv'd him with a Smile, and I could perceive in the Faces of every one in the Room, that they spoke the Truth, when they told him they were glad to see him. Indeed it was no Wonder; for he talk'd with so much good Sense, good Nature and Chearfulness, that I own I never pass'd any Time more to my Satisfaction. He did not, as most other old Fellows do, wrinkle up his Forehead, put on an Air of great Wisdom, and  
reproach

reproach us with our Faults, or trouble us with his Advice upon every Occasion ; he did not look with a senseless Severity upon the common Diversions of Life, nor censure us for following them, because he himself was unfit for them ; he did not always insist upon serious Subjects ; but knew how to adapt his Discourse to our Inclinations, and made us more pleased with him, by making us more pleased with ourselves. Three Hours passed away the most delightfully that could be ; and I am now more convinced than ever, That if Age is not agreeable to Youth, it is entirely the Fault of the former.



Infani sapiens nomen feret, Æquus iniqui  
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.

*Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 6.*

*Ev'n Virtue, when pursued with Warmth extreme,  
Turns into Vice, and stains the Sage's Fame.*

*To the* AUTHOR of *the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

**I** HAVE been lately engaged in a Controversy on a Point, which, though I have defended with all the Arguments I was Master of, I have not in the least made any Impression on the rigid old Gentleman with whom I contested. You must know I am a young Fellow of a volatile Genius, and love Gaiety and Diversions, so far as they are *rational* and *innocent*. I live with an Uncle, on whom I have a great Dependence, who is rigidly severe in his Notions of enjoying Life ; and esteems all the juvenile or common Recreations of Mankind, as the Practice of *Vice* and *Folly*. Without giving myself too partial a Character, I only desire that tolerable Moderation in Pleasure, which is a Relaxation to Human Nature, and can neither impeach my *Morals* in the *Choice* of it, or *Prudence* in the *Pursuit* of it. To see two or three Plays in a Season, I cannot esteem either  
scandalous

scandalous or sinful; I think I may go once or twice in a Summer to *Vaux-Hall*, or *Ranelagh-House*, without being reputed a Libertine; or drink a Bottle of Ale in the Fields, and not be characteriz'd a Spendthrift.— But my Uncle is of Opinion, that our greatest and only Pleasure in this World is, by preparing for another, to deny all Pleasure in it; and that a sufficient Relaxation from *worldly Business* is reading *Devotional Tracts*, and singing *Hymns*. I have ventur'd, and with Truth, to affirm, that *Religion* laid no such Restraint on Mankind; but that worldly Pleasures were *lawful*, and that God ordain'd them for *Human Use*:—I strengthen'd this by urging that we might, with the young Man in *Eccles. xi. 9.* *Rejoice in our Youth, and let our Hearts cheer us in the Days of our Youth*:—That is, cheer ourselves with all Things, which *Prudence* and *Moderation* may warrant. Pleasure, falsely call'd so, that brings *Detriment* or *Sorrow*, was ridiculed even by *Epicurus*. It is the Use and Idea of Reason to direct us whether we err or not in our Pleasures. It is no Sin to be *Honestly Rich*, my Uncle himself will allow; nor is it a Vice chastely to enjoy the Rites of Marriage: Yet, to defraud a Man, or unlawfully to deflower a Woman, are Sins and Vices of the most enormous Kind.

Mr. *Spectator*, my Uncle reads your Papers, and when they are on Morality or religious Subjects, greatly approves of them: I should be glad if, to this State of my Case, you would subjoin your Opinion; it would be a Favour to

Not far from  
Bow-Church.

Yours,  
TIM. CLEARACCOUNT.

TEMPERANCE, *Solernes* and *Chastity*, are the *Virtues* which are recommended to Mankind to restrain them from an immoderate and unlawful Pursuit of Pleasures; all beyond these are *Vices*. The Sense of the three Words, in Fact, is included in the first: *Temperance* prevents all Irregularities of Nature, and marks out that *Mediocrity* which a Man may enjoy, and not exceed: It includes the Enjoyment of Pleasures in Moderation when you are enjoying them; and a moderate Desire of

of them when you are not. In regard to Pleasure, there are Extreams, which are equally culpable, both in the pursuing and avoiding it; between an *Epicure* and an *Anchorite*. What we call a *Man of Pleasure* is a Voluptuary, who, from an immoderate and untam'd Desire, seeks after all Sensualities promiscuously, which he terms Pleasures; and never considers whether they are honest or lawful. The Contrast Character of an *Anchorite*, is a gloomy, splenetick, morose, *Self-Denier*, who delights in nothing that bears the Appearance of Sociality, not even in those legitimate Recreations allow'd by God and Nature.

IF my Friend, Mr. *Clearaccount*, exceeds not the Character he has given of himself, after his Uncle has read this long Definition of Pleasure, I cannot see why he might not allow his Nephew those lawful Recreations he has mention'd in his Letter: Many Examples have shewn how fatal it is to confine Youth by too rigid Severity from lawful Pleasures: The Consequence is; as soon as their Curb is off, they rush headlong into all Extreams, to make up for the Time they account they have lost, and at once become Libertines and Debauchees; who, by a moderate Allowance of Pleasures, natural to Youth, had become useful to the Republick, and an Honour to their Country: I need urge nothing farther than to say, that this was the *real Rock* on which that *great Genius*, the late Duke of *Wharton* split, and was lost.

AS my next Correspondent writes on a Subject I never before receiv'd, I shall take his Letter under immediate Consideration.

To Mr. STONECASTLE.

S I R,

I HAVE a little Tale to tell you, in which there is a Circumstance, that I shall be desirous to hear your Judgment of.

A RELATION of mine in the Army, on being commanded to *Flanders*, went to take Leave of the Parents  
of

of a young Lady, to whom he has, for a long Time, made his Addresses. He had been so well receiv'd, both by them and the Lady, that their Marriage was fix'd, when Orders were given for the Regiment he was in to go Abroad: This prevented the old Gentlefolks from giving their Consent that the Marriage might be consummated before he embark'd, though their Daughter made no Objection to it. When, the other Day, he came to take his Farewel, there happen'd to be some Company present, among whom I was one: On his coming into the Room, instead of that sprightly Air with which he used to enter any Place, there appeared a melancholy Gloom in his Countenance, which he did all he could to conceal. Whenever he turn'd his Eyes on the young Lady, you might discover that tender, silent Sorrow, which has greater Elegance than Words can express; nor did she betray less Concern and Confusion: On his getting up to go, his Father-in-Law that was to have been, led him into another Room, and he was follow'd by his Wife, who led his Daughter:— This was certainly proper, as there must be an affecting Parting between two Persons, who were near becoming the most dear to one another.—After some Space of Time we heard the Captain go down Stairs, and immediately the old Gentleman return'd to us.—After a short Pause,— ‘ Well, cry'd he, I never thought the Captain lov'd her so much.—Poor Souls!—Such an Interview I never saw in my Life:—Such loving, such tender Things he said, that poor *Kitty* could no longer refrain, but burst out into Tears; and when the poor Captain took his *last Adieu*, I saw the Tears start from *his* Eyes, and he could not speak: In this Manner they parted, perhaps for *ever*.—I pity them both, but there is no Remedy.’

THIS is the little History I promis'd; the Circumstance I mention'd is concerning the Captain's *putting Finger in Eye*, as *Jack Smart* calls it, who took an Opportunity to ridicule the Captain's shedding a Tear, as beneath the Character of a *Soldier*, and rather fit for a *Court-Page*, or a *School-Boy*: I was of a contrary Opinion. We have agreed that *Yours* shall decide *Ours*.

Yours, A. B.  
MR.

MR. *Jack Smart* may think himself as witty as he pleases, but there was nothing in the Captain's Behaviour but what was becoming an honest and brave Man. It is, indeed, more common for the Passions of the Female Sex to be most violent, and on any *Grief* they shew it sooner by weeping than the Men; who, though they feel as tenderly, correct their Passion by Reason. There are, however, some Circumstances where a Man's Tears are becoming, and shew a generous Soul; but it is on Incidents where the Soul receives such a Shock that forces *Reason* to give Way to *Nature*.—The Circumstances the Captain was in, are sufficient Warrant for his being mov'd; nor does his being a *Soldier* change him from being a *Man*.

I REMEMBER to have seen an Instance of a *Soldier's* weeping, which is somewhat particular. A few Years ago one of the *Grenadiers*, who was posted on the Stage at *Drury Lane Theatre*, was particularly observ'd, by the Spectators, for the Attention he gave to the Play, and the Motions and Looks by which he betray'd how deeply he was affected by it. The Play was *Venice Preserv'd*; where the Passions are tenderly and nobly actuated. In the Distresses of *Belvidera* the Fellow seemed melted into Pity. In the Scenes between *Jaffir* and *Peere*, there was an elevated Concern and Attention in his Looks: At several Speeches he seem'd agoniz'd, by distorting his Body; and tho' the Audience several Times laughed at him, he remain'd with fix'd Attention to the Scene: But in the last, where one Friend stabs the other on the Scaffold, he could bear no longer, but pull'd out his Handkerchief and wip'd his Eyes.—The Spectators were so affected with the Fellow's simple, honest Heart, that they applauded him with a loud Clap.—But when a noble Duke (then at the Head of the Army) who was behind the Scenes, heard of it, he sent for him, and gave him a Guinea, telling the Gentlemen round him—*He was sure he was an honest and brave Fellow*.

SIR *Richard Steele* has, in his Preface to the *Conscious Lovers*, taken Notice of a *General Officer's* weeping, in a front Box, at the Scene between *Indiana* and her Father; on which Occasion he relates Mr. *Wilkes's* just Observation

ervation on it.—*That he was certain he would fight ne'er the worse for that.*



To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Valeant qui inter nos discidium volunt. *Ter. And.*

*Farewel to those who would sow Dissention betwixt us.*

Mr. STONECASTLE,

HERE is nothing that the Fair Sex wish for more, and often there is nothing that they have greater Reason to repent of, than *Beauty*. They place all their Happiness in the Charms of a fine *Face*; though those Charms are frequently the Fountains of all their Misery. It is certain, indeed, that *Beauty* was never design'd by Providence as a *Curse* to those who should possess it, but rather as a *Blessing*: It is therefore owing either to those very Persons whom it adorns, or to the ill Usage it often receives from *Men*, that we meet with so many Fair Ones whose whole Trouble and Misery proceed from that one Source. I may, perhaps, another Time, consider how far it is owing to the *Fair Sex themselves*, that this their greatest Ornament often proves their greatest Misfortune, but shall at present confine myself to the Consideration of its being frequently fatal to a Lady to appear agreeable, from the ill Treatment her *Beauty* receives from *our Sex*. And here I have a spacious Field before me; but I should have had a much narrower Compass had I taken the other Side of the Question, and should have been at a Loss to have found out Instances where *Beauty* was treated in such a Manner by the *Men*, as made it redound to the Happiness of the Fair One who possess'd it. The most remarkable Example of this Kind is that which we find recorded of *Phryne*, with which, as perhaps your *English Readers* may not be acquainted, I will transcribe for their Entertainment.

‘ PHRYNE,

‘ *PHRYNE* was a famous Courtezan of *Athens*, of  
 ‘ so exquisite a Form, and perfect Beauty, that all the  
 ‘ Statuaries and Painters of *Greece* drew all their Pic-  
 ‘ tures, and carv’d all their Images of *Venus* from her.  
 ‘ But though in *Athens*, and several other Parts of *Greece*,  
 ‘ a criminal Correspondence between the two Sexes was  
 ‘ looked upon as the greatest Offence, and met with the  
 ‘ severest Punishment; yet this did not deter that wanton  
 ‘ Beauty from giving a Loose to her Passions; and at  
 ‘ length her Amour with *Hyperides*, one of the celebra-  
 ‘ ted Orators of *Greece*, grew so notorious, that the Ma-  
 ‘ gistrates were obliged to take Notice of it. She was  
 ‘ accus’d, and brought to her Trial, at which, her Gal-  
 ‘ lant, *Hyperides*, was present, and defended her with all  
 ‘ the Warmth of a Lover, and Eloquence of an Orator.  
 ‘ His Oration was as beautiful and engaging as the Sub-  
 ‘ ject on which it was made; but yet his *Rhetorick* had no  
 ‘ Power over her severe Judges; which he perceiving,  
 ‘ gently drew away the Handkerchief from the Bosom  
 ‘ of his Mistress; its snowy Whiteness was an irresistible  
 ‘ Argument in her Favour, and she was immediately  
 ‘ acquitted.’

*BEAUTY* had then a Power to subdue Age, and  
 soften Justice; now the Charms of a lovely Creature tend  
 only to her *Ruin*. A graceful Person, instead of win-  
 ning our *Affections*, inflames the *Passions*; and nothing  
 will gratify them but the Sacrifice of its Charms. It is  
 a necessary Accomplishment in our modern Youth, to be  
 the Destroyers of the Fair Sex, and no one can be look’d  
 upon as a *fine Gentleman* who has not ruin’d some Virgin  
 that had the ill Fortune to appear agreeable in his Eyes.  
 Hence it is that the Town is infested with such Swarms  
 of *unhappy Women* as are oblig’d to procure themselves a  
 shameful Livelihood by a Continuance in that Guilt,  
 into which, had they fortunately been born with *fewer*  
*Charms*, they had never been deluded. But this *modish*  
*Vice*, which, like a contagious Distemper, has spread it-  
 self ’till it is become almost Epidemical, is too trite a  
 Subject to employ my Pen, and too universally prevalent  
 to be remedied by any Thing that I can say. You, Mr.  
*Spectator*, can never lash it too often, nor too severely:  
 But I must content myself with condemning it, without  
 vainly

vainly endeavouring to eradicate it. Yet, as perhaps you, and some of your Readers may be pleas'd with a Character diametrically opposite to all our *modernly gallant* young Gentlemen, I will, in as few Words as I am able, give you a Sketch of a Person, whose Picture, was I to draw it at full Length, might serve as a Model, *romantic* as it may seem, for all our Youth to follow.

*EUDOSIUS* is a young Gentleman, in every Respect accomplish'd either to shine in a Court, or enjoy, what he more affects, the Sweets of Solitude. During his Father's Life-time it was his Fortune to become acquainted with a neighbouring Gentleman, who, from Places and Preferment, had a very plentiful Income, but liv'd in such a Manner as disabled him from making any Provision for an only Daughter, who was blest with all the Excellencies both of Mind and Person, which have often separately distinguish'd many of her Sex, but scarce ever before all met in one. *Eudofius* could not look upon her without Admiration, but the Disparity of their Fortunes prevented his wishing for her as a *Wife*; and *his*, no less than *her*, *Virtue*, forbid him to hope for her as a *Mistress*: If therefore he was so far Master of himself to prevent his *Admiration* from growing into *Love*, he could not nevertheless help its being ting'd with *Pity*, when he consider'd what a Condition of Life she must probably fall into, should her Father die without having retrench'd his Expences, in order to leave her wherewithal to support herself handsomely. It happen'd according to his Fears; he died, and left behind him little more than was sufficient to defray the Expence of his Funeral, and pay the Debts he had contracted. It is impossible to express the Misery that this Misfortune brought upon the incomparable *Clarinda*. She who had liv'd in the highest *Elegance*, was now at a Loss for Necessaries, had no Friend to apply to in her Exigencies; but was oblig'd to sell her Jewels one by one, in order to procure herself Sustenance. Her lovely Eyes were now continually drown'd in Tears, and her beauteous Bosom hove with Sighs for her sad Misfortunes. Though naturally modest and meek, she could not bear, after the different Life she had formerly enjoy'd, to ask for *Charity*, and yet would gladly have accepted of it had it been in a proper Manner given.

given. All her Admirers had forsaken her Decline of Fortune, and she had nothing to rely upon but the Mercy of *Providence*. She was sitting one Day, as usual, ruminating on her Misery, when she was surpriz'd with the following Note :

MADAM,

‘ I AM under the greatest Concern at your Misfortunes, and should not have suffered them to torment you so long, could I have found a proper Method of alleviating them; and perhaps this, which I at last take, may not appear entirely unexceptionable to you. But I flatter myself you will lay aside all Scruples, when I assure you, upon the Word and Honour of a Gentleman, that my only Motive is to procure your Happiness; and I shall be so far from expecting the least Return or Favour for what I do, that if you do me the Honour to accept of the enclos'd Note for *Five hundred Pounds*, you will really lay an Obligation upon,

MADAM,

‘ *Your most obedient, humble Servant,*

‘ EUDOSIUS.

CLARINDA, immediately upon reading this, flew in a Transport of *Gratitude* to the generous Man, fell at his Feet, and with Tears, for she could not find a Vent for her Words, thank'd him in the tenderest Manner for the infinite Service he had done her. It is hard to say which felt most *Confusion* at this Interview, the *Benefactor*, or the Person *oblig'd*. Let it suffice, however, that in the End he assur'd her that this should not be the last of his Favours; but that he would always treat her, if she would give him Leave, as his own Sister. She, in the most expressive Terms, profess'd the greatest *Gratitude* and *Respect* for him, who had been a *Guardian Angel* to her; and with a full Confidence in his Honour, committed herself entirely to his *Protection*. Eudofius soon after took a genteel House for her, furnish'd it in a neat and elegant Manner, and supplied her with all the Necessaries

Necessaries and Conveniencies of Life. She now enjoys her Ease, and passes her Time agreeably in reflecting on her good Fortune, which gave her such a generous Benefactor in the disinterested *Eudofius*. And because he frequently favours her with his Company, she employs her leisure Time in endeavouring to qualify herself for his Conversation; and, as he is perfectly accomplished in every Part of polite Literature, she has made herself absolute Mistress of that Part of it which can properly come within a Woman's Sphere; so that it is the elegantest Entertainment to hear these two excellent Persons converse on some *English* or *French* Author with the most refined Taste, and, in the most polite Manner, whilst each pays a Deference to the other's Judgment, and each receives new Pleasure and Instruction from the other's Sentiments. *Eudofius* behaving in this genteel and inoffensive Manner, never parts from the lovely *Clarinda*, but he draws Tears of tender *Gratitude* into her Eyes, and Prayers and Blessings from her Tongue. On his Part, when he leaves her, after an Afternoon spent in the most modest and agreeable Manner, how must his God-like Heart exult with the Thought of having been the Protector and Preserver of so deserving an Object! Can the *Libertine* feel a Sensation equal to this? Can the most exquisite Pleasures of the Sense compare with this pure, this heavenly Satisfaction of the Mind? *This* is a Transport Angels themselves might be capable of tasting: *Those*, such as Brutes can equally enjoy. The Vicious may, perhaps, sometimes feel a momentary Rapture, which, like Lightning, may flash bright for a Minute, but instantly vanishes, and, like that too, *blasts* where it strikes: *This* is a settled Sunshine to the Soul, pure and serene; makes it glow with the most generous Ardour, and dilates it with Sensations too refined for the Breast of a loose abandon'd Person to conceive. Happy, generous, god-like *Eudofius*! Would the rest of our Youth employ their Thoughts like thee to protect *Virtue* and *Innocence*, in some Fair one, by keeping her above the Power of Temptation, instead of using all their Arts to destroy them, *Beauty* would then be a Happiness to that Sex, and *Riches* to ours. As they are now too often Provokers to *Vice*, they would then be the Instruments of exercising our

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*Virtues*, they would then bring us a certain Pleasure; whereas now they generally procure us Trouble: For I defy any *fashionable Libertine*, or *kept Mistress*, in the Height of their Splendor, to say they taste a *Happiness* equal to that which warms the Breasts of the virtuous *Eudofius* and chaste *Clarinda*.

AS your Writings, Mr. *Spectator*, speak you a Lover of *Virtue*, and this Letter, with all its Faults, was designed to promote it, I don't doubt but you will receive it with Pleasure, from,

S I R,

Oxford,  
Aug. 9, 1742.

Your constant Admirer,

And most humble Servant,

D. H.



From my CHAMBERS.

THE following Essay comes from a young Gentleman of Oxford, who has given a very well-tim'd Lecture to the gay young People of the present Age: Some Reflections I shall make upon it will more properly arise to my Readers after they have read it.

*Senectutem ut adipiscantur omnes optant, eandem accusant adeptam.*  
Cic. de Senec.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SOME few Weeks before my Father died, (whose Memory I shall always honour) as we were sitting together, we accidentally fell into a Discourse, in which he thoroughly convinced me, that nothing but a Youth spent in *Virtue* can produce *Happiness* in Old Age.

THERE

THERE is nothing (said he) Men wish for so much as to live to be *old*; and yet there is nothing gives Rise to more *Complaints* than *Old Age*. If it is not in itself eligible, how foolish do we act in praying for it! If it is, how ungrateful are we to murmur at it! I myself have no Inclination to find Fault with my long Life, as many have done; nor am I sorry that I have *lived*, since I have lived in such a Manner as not to have been *born in vain*: And as I am not sorry that I have lived to this Time; so neither am I unwilling to live still longer: For all those Infirmities and Weaknesses which are by most esteemed the *Evils* of *Old Age*, appear to me either to proceed from a gradual *Décay* of *Nature*, (and such are very supportable in themselves) or to be occasion'd by our own *Follies* or *Vices*; and these, indeed, are very troublesome. To *murmur* at the *first*, would be accusing the Laws of Providence; to *repine* at the *last*, which we must own to be just, as we brought them upon ourselves, is as preposterous as wicked: But as it is often through our own Faults that we are miserable when *old*; so likewise is it, I am confident, in our own Power to procure an happy *Old Age*; and this is only to be attained by a *Youth* spent in the Exercise of *Virtue*: To such a one *Old Age* will either have no Evils, or very inconsiderable ones. The Thought of having liv'd *well* will assuage all his Pains, will be a sure *Asylum* in all his Sufferings, and will afford him more *Ease* and *Pleasure* to his *Mind*, than the most vexatious Distemper can *Trouble* or *Pain* to his *Body*. Therefore, as nothing should deter us from being *Vicious* more than the Fear of that dreadful *Reflection* which will attend us through our own *Lives*; so nothing appears to me to be a greater *Incentive* to *Virtue* than the Thought of the Pleasure we shall take in our *Old Age*, from the Consciousness of a Life well spent: The convincing you of this is what I am aiming at by my present Discourse; I do not know how to do it more effectually than by calling to your Mind two old Gentlemen of your Acquaintance. DEMEA is for ever peevish, morose, and out of Humour: MICIO, easy, good-natur'd, and always in Temper. Gout and Stone torment the Body of DEMEA; and Reflection on his past Actions, and Remorse for his former Follies, prey

upon his Mind ; so that he is for ever overwhelmed with Pain and Misery. No *Pain* or *Distemper* discompose the Body of *Micio* ; a Consciousness of his past good Actions, and the *Pleasure* that he reaps from the Recollection of his former Life, smooths his Mind, and warms his Bosom with a continual Happiness. Indeed there are very few Evils, that touch those who are advanced in Years, but may be prevented by the wisely tempering our *Pleasures* when young. *Exercise* and *Temperance* can preserve the Strength of our Bodies and Vigour of our Minds to *Old Age* ; of which Indolence and Debauchery can rob even our Youth : For I make no Doubt but the Mind, no less than the Body, must suffer from an immoderate Use of *Pleasure*. To evince this, fancy any one in the most exquisite sensual Transport ; whilst he is enjoying it, Has he any Use of his Mind ? Are not his *Reason* and *Thought* quite lost ? Whilst, therefore, we are giving the Reigns to our loose Appetites, we are destroying the noble Faculties of the Mind. If then you would preserve your *Reason* sound, and your Mind in all its Vigour, live temperately whilst you are young, and, take the Word of an experienced Person, you will reap the Fruit of it when old.——But this Love of Tattling, which I must allow to be one of the Foibles of *Old Age*, has made me, I am afraid, deviate a little from my Subject : For it is not only the having all the FACULTIES of the Mind undamaged, that can constitute a Happiness in *Old Age* ; but, unless to these we add the *Reflection* (as I said before) of a Life well spent, the former, instead of promoting your Happiness, will only make you more sensible of your Misery. I don't know how it is ; but I have always thought the Pleasure that attends the performing a good *Action*, is alone a sufficient Reward for doing it. I never gave a Farthing to what I thought an Object of Charity, but, I am sure, I received as much Satisfaction in bestowing, as the Person could do in receiving it ; and, if ever I reflected on it afterwards, it was a Renewal of my Pleasure. How happy then must that *Old Age* be, which can employ itself in the *Recollection* of good Actions ! 'Tis this preserves our Chearfulness to the last, and makes us agreeable *Company* to People younger than ourselves. And as I love a Youth in whom  
there

there is something grave and elderly ; so I no less approve of and *old Man* who still retains something *sprightly* and *juvenile* ; this is only to be procured from having rightly employ'd our *Youth*. From whence it appears, that Virtue is no less conducive to our *living happily* in this World, than it is in the next ; and the having constantly followed her Dictates, makes us, in spite of *Old Age*, happy in *Ourselves*, esteemed and revered by others : For it is not *grey Hairs*, or *Wrinkles* can challenge *Authority*, but a long Series of laudable and virtuous Actions. In paying a proper Deference to one who has by those Means deserv'd it, all Nations should emulate the *Lacedemonians*. But he, indeed, who, after a Life well employ'd, falls into any *unjustifiable Foibles* or *fly Peculiarities*, and, like a lazy Writer, fails in the *last Act* ; such a one forfeits all the Esteem he had been gathering, and, like a foolish Gamester, loses at one Throw what he had been Years in procuring. But even the *Foibles* of *Old Age* usually proceed from the Follies of Youth ; from those Fountains flow all the Miseries so much complained of. I hope, by this Time, *my Son*, you are convinced that nothing can secure to you a sure Happiness hereafter, but the exercising yourself in Virtue whilst young. This is a Truth that every one must, sooner or later, acknowledge. This Monsieur DES BARREAUX, who in his Youth had been one of the gayest of the gay Nation of *France*, was thoroughly sensible of : He would often say, That, after a *Life* spent in *Gaiety*, nothing could make an *Old Age* supportable but a sincere *Penitence* : it was *that* alone which afforded him some glimmering Comfort. But he expresses his Thoughts much better than I can do in that noble *French Epigram* which he compos'd some Days before his Death : If I can recollect it, I will repeat you a *Translation* of it. The Original is in one of Mr. ADDISON's *Spectators*.

- ‘ Whilst all thy Judgments, *Mighty God*, are right,
- ‘ You joy to pardon, and in Grace delight.
- ‘ But so much I have sinn'd, that should I gain
- ‘ Thy Grace, thy Justice must receive a Stain.
- ‘ Yea, O my God ! my Crimes have soar'd so high,
- ‘ Thou can'st but chuse what Punishment t'apply.

- Thy Interest forbids thee to forgive ;
- And e'en thy *Mercy* says, I must not live.
- Fulfil then, O my *God* ! thy glorious Will,
- Frown on the *Tears* these sorrowing Eyes distill :
- Strike me, and let thy *Thunder* speak thy Pow'r,
- Thy *Vengeance*, even dying, I'll adore.
- But on what Place can't thou thy *Thunder* throw,
- On which the Blood of *Jesus* did not flow ?

With these Lines my Father ended his Lecture ; which, if it may be thought any way agreeable, or instructive, you will oblige me by communicating it to the Publick.

*Oxford.*

*Your constant Reader,*

D. H.

AS a Supplement to my Correspondent's Letter, I shall give a Translation of some miscellaneous Thoughts on *Youth* and *Age*, from the great Lord BACON, which are esteemed as fine as any of that noble Author's.

- A young Man may be old in Hours, if he hath lost
- no Time ; but that happeneth rarely. Youth generally
- is like our *first Thoughts*, quick and sprightly, not so
- wise and prudent as our *second* ; is fitter to invent than
- to judge ; fitter for Execution than for Counsel ; and
- fitter for new Projects than for settled Business : For
- the Experience of *Age*, in Things that fall within the
- Compass of it, directeth them ; but in new Things,
- abuseth them. The Errors of *young Men* are the Ruin
- of Business ; but the Errors of *aged Men* amount but to
- this ; That more might have been done, or sooner.
- *Young Men*, in the Conduct and Management of Actions,
- embrace more than they can hold, fly to the End
- without Consideration of the Means and Degrees, pursue
- some few Principles which they have chanced upon
- absurdly ; which draws unknown Inconveniencies.
- *Men of Age* object too much, consult too long, adventure
- too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive Business
- home to the full Period ; but content themselves
- with a Mediocrity of Success. Certainly it is good to
- compound Employments of both ; for that it will be
- good for the present, because the Virtues of either *Age*
- may

‘ may correct the Defects of both ; and good for Succession, that *young Men* may be Learners, while Men in *Age* are Actors. And lastly, good for political Reasons ; because Authority followeth *old Men*, and Favour and Popularity *Youth*.’

THESE general Observations, by Lord BACON, may very easily be illustrated by Examples which we daily see in *private Life* : Every Sentence is a Theme sufficient for an Essay, and I shall take an Opportunity of making Use of some of them in a Manner which shall not be merely *instructive*, but *entertaining*.



To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

YOUR Predecessor, with great Humour, suppos'd a vast Number of living, moving, breathing Animals, called *Men* and *Women*, were, according to Reason and Justice, actually dead : That Vein of Ridicule had so good an Effect, that it revived great Numbers of her Majesty's liege Subjects. Now, Sir, I think there are Multitudes of my Fellow Subjects *blind*, who daily walk the Streets with their Eyes open ; and who stand in Need of other Kind of Oculists than Dr. T—Y—L—R.

—This is a Hint which you may farther improve.

—I am going to advance a strange Doctrine, *That in Blindness, as in Madness, there is a Pleasure which the sharp-sighted People do not enjoy in one Case, any more than the very sensible in the other.*

BOCCALINI tells a Story, that an *Italian*, named *Peranda*, having lost his Sight some Years before his Death, an eminent Physician undertook to restore it again. In the Morning the Oculist came to make the Operation. When *Peranda* was placed in his Chair, he ask'd the Doctor if all was ready : The Doctor replied, his Instruments were all prepared. *Those*, says *Peranda*,

*may procure the Sight, but will they the Comforts of Seeing? Pray, how goes the World? Does it bear the same View of Scenery?—Yes, says the Doctor, the very same it had before you was blind.—Nay then, says Peranda, I will not give a Penny to recover my Eyes, which, without Grievance, I lost. I had rather still be blind, than see the vile Enormities of the Age, which a generous Man disdains to cast his Eyes upon.*

FROM this Story some Observations naturally arise in relation to *Moral Blindness*.

AS there are several Methods of retreating from the World, the Happiness or Unhappiness of those Retreats depend upon the Dispositions and Inclinations of Men; yet they are all artificial Ways of putting the Eyes out. When a Courtier retreats from Power, he goes down into the Country, not to avoid seeing Knaves he left behind in the Palace, but that he cannot bear not to see himself the principal Knave in Company.

WHEN a Man of distinguish'd Sense and Honesty, bless'd with a publick Spirit, appears on the Theatre of Life, it is not for the Pleasure he takes therein. I have been often in Pain for the Violences and Constraints put upon his Nature; and when he withdraws, it is either from Despair of doing Good, or a Passion to indulge that *artificial Blindness*.

A WISE Man *sees* the World with a different View from the rest of Mankind; their Pleasures are Incumbrances to his Genius; their Scopes and Views widely distant; he endeavours to keep Company with Men who ride faster than he can; and, be he ever so young, an old decrepid Fellow will outstrip him in the Race.

BUT though *Peranda* still remained blind, to have compleated his Happiness he should have added Oblivion; that would have made it more perfect; for when our Eyes are closed upon all the pleasing and entertaining Objects of Nature, the *Contemplation* is more deep, our Passions more strong, and, consequently, our Grief more violent. It is sure that *Time* and *Blindness* will never cure some melancholy Reflections.

TO give *Happiness*, that is, Peace and Rest of Mind, I believe there is no other Method than Religion;  
which

which turns all our Passions and Affections towards Heaven.

IF, Mr. STONECASTLE, I have been too serious, the Hint which I gave at the Beginning of my Letter will give you an Opportunity for some humorous Remarks, which is more your Talent than that of.

*Your humble Servant,*

TIM. HINTWELL.

I SHALL not fail to make Use of Mr. *Timothy's* Hint, as I think there is a copious Theme laid open for correcting some reigning Follies and Vices.—The next Letter is of so odd a Cast of Humour that I must insert it for its Whimsicalness.

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To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE have been Philosophers who strenuously held the Transmigration of Souls: The Pythagorean System has furnish'd several Occasions for the Wits to exercise their Genius: Mr. *Congreve* has, in a *Prologue to Love for Love*, with great Humour, suppos'd a Side-Box Beau transmigrated into an Ass: Mr. *Cibber*, jun. as well as *Joe Haynes*, of facetious Memory, spoke Panegyrical Epilogues on that renown'd Animal, and recommended his Genius to the Audience, by comparing it with theirs. *Plautus* wrote a whole Comedy on *Asses*, supposed to be called so by the Commentators, because the chief Characters were Fools.

VERY grave Authors have asserted, that the Transmigration of a Man into an Ass, is no very unnatural Digression, and that the Form of one may dwell and take up with the Soul of the other.

AS for my Part, I have seen many of the *Asinine* Species crowd about Courts; which have sometimes mov'd my Laughter, sometimes my Contempt: It is observable, that these Brethren in Species have a great Affection for

one another; and though others distinguish their Qualities, they know nothing of them themselves. Every Ass, at the *Drawing-Room*, looks upon his Brother as an accomplished Courtier, who dresses *jauntie*. Without running through Professions, an Ass of each is a dull, plodding, insignificant Animal; and when I ever see them advanced before Men of Sense, and are perfectly satisfied with their own Abilities, and have not the least Apprehension their Follies are discover'd, I can scarce refrain from bursting out with Laughter at the Ridiculousness of the Creature.

HENCE I conclude, there may be a Mixture in Transmigration of Souls, and that the Genius's of two Animals be center'd in one Body; and therefore, this may seem a whimsical Description of a certain Species of Mortals.

THERE is a Creature like a Man, which has all the Airs of a Monkey, and the Soul of an Ass. This odd Production, the Sport of Nature, is to be seen in the Palaces of Princes, in Theatres, in Assemblies, and all publick Places: You see in it a great *Fluttering* and *Vivacity* externally, with a lumpish Dulness within. These have no Fear of speaking like a *Fool*, nor any Shame for being pointed at for a *Knave*; to be roasted in the Senate, or pointed at in the Streets: The Soul stirs not in the Breast; mov'd with no Passion, the Animal proceeds in an equal, calm, and undisturb'd Pace.

I CALL, therefore, all Creatures, insensible of their own Imperfections, Asses; and if they are treated with Ridicule and Contempt, they have no Reason to complain.

THE Naturalists define an Ass to be a Creature with very few Ideas, and very few Passions: This makes them wilful, obstinate, positive and dull.

SO with Men; a little Sense, with some predominant, idle Passion, makes an *Ass*: But if the Defect of Sense is filled up, and another Passion prevails, it compleats the *Knave*. With one or other of these the greatest Part of the World is perplex'd; therefore one is covetous, another ambitious, a third envious; this accounts for the Variety we every Day see. If a Man loves *Glory*, and has little or no Sense of *Honour*, he will float upon the Ruins of his

his Country ; Ruins that bury every *Man* of Honour in their Rubbish ; for generally the vicious Passions get uppermost and extinguish the rest.

BUT, instead of the Tragical, let us consider the Species of Comical *Affes* : There is a prodigious Number of this last Kind in every publick Place ; and, from having their Ears dock'd, are called *Smarts*. However they would conceal their Species, they may be easily distinguished by the *treble Squeaks* in their *Bray*, which they do to imitate *Singing*. Mr. *Beard* or Mr. *Lowe* cannot have a new Song but these *Afinines* open their Jaws and bray in every Company they come into ; and what is worse, when they once begin there is no putting a Stop to it. There is another Set, who are as fond of capering on their Hind Legs : These I would have the Ladies avoid ; for however tame innocent Animals they may seem, they are of a dangerous Nature. There are some young Jacks appear about Town, who seem imported from *France* ; these are remarkable for their vast *Hats*, and the terrible *Cock* they wear them with, and the little dark *Night-Cap Wigs* underneath ; sometimes they undergo strange *Metamorphoses* in a few Hours ; in the Morning you see them as before describ'd ; in the Evening they have powder'd Wigs with large black Bags and a Bunch of Ribands under their Throat, their Waistcoats richly laced ; but then they appear only in the Side-Boxes, and display their Persons from behind the Scenes at the Playhouses. There is a little Breed which resembles these ; they differ, one wears his Waistcoat richly trimm'd, while the other can arrive no higher than a narrow Gold Binding ; these last Sort are chiefly to be met with at Attornies Desks, and behind Counters ; they distinguish also Bailiffs ; Thief-catchers, Money-droppers, &c. &c. — But as the Legislature is going to take away these Trappings, they must find out some other *Afinine Sign* to be known by.

I HAD once a Design of compiling a Compleat Body of *Assmanship*, as there is one of *Horsemanship* ; in which many curious Anecdotes would have been describ'd : I intended to have added all their Diseases and Cures ; but alas ! Merit in these Days meets with no Encouragement ; I could get no Subscribers, and was fairly told I was an *Ass* myself for such a Project.

HOW.

HOWEVER, I may occasionally send you some select Extracts, by which you will find, although I may be an *Ass*, I am no *Knave*.

ASINARIUS.



*To the* AUTHOR of *the* SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

**I**N your late Remarks on the growing Luxury of the present Age you have mention'd several Instances of the Depravity of modern Taste, but have either forgot, or neglected, to consider what naturally occurs on such a Subject, our publick Shews and Spectacles. As a Supplement to these Lectures, I have sent some thoughts, which, as they are not unjust, may not be unentertaining.

IN all Governments, Shews, or Spectacles, have not only been permitted, but authorized : In a Political Sense they were necessary, as they employ'd the Time of many People, which, for want of such Diversions, might be busy'd in mischievous Combinations against the State. But besides this Political Contrivance, they were of Use to relax the Minds of the People after the Fatigue of Business and Labour. In well order'd States they were of still farther Emolument ; for they instructed the People, and improved their Morals and Understanding.

THERE is another Thing, which I think highly necessary as to all publick Spectacles ; which is, that in a free Country they should be exhibited at as moderate a Price as Decency and Elegancy will allow ; because they should be so contrived, that the People in general, those of a middle and lower Rank, should partake of the Diversions in common with People of the best Fashion. By a different Rangement, the common People and Persons of Quality see the same Amusement, without infringing

on

on the Dignity of one, or the Liberties of the other ; and the People acquire a Politeness by an Imitation of Persons superior to them.

THEATRICAL Representations, for these Reasons, are the best adapted, both to divert and improve ; and nothing could equal the *British* Stage, had our Poets keep nearer to the Rules of good Manners, than some of them have done. If Virtue and good Sense were by Men of Learning and Genius inculcated, they would find Success equal to the loose unmeaning Farces which are often exhibited. No Entertainment can be invented equally amusing, or near so instructive, as a good Play. The false Excuse of Authors, that the People must have something to set them in a Roar, or they will not be pleas'd, is neither any Authority or Policy for them to debase Sense or human Nature. Whenever that elegant Masque of COMUS is perform'd, there is not a Person in the Upper Gallery but is attentive and delighted ; the fine Lessons of Morality which run through it, are heard and understood by them, though convey'd in an allegorical Imagery. I am certain, let the Poet write morally chaste, the Audience will never, for that Reason, disapprove of his Performance.

AFTER Plays, the natural Diversion of *Englishmen*, let us take a View of Operas. — Operas are esteem'd, throughout *Europe*, an elegant Entertainment : It can't be deny'd but, according to their Plan, they in themselves are so : But then, this Reflection must accompany the Concession ; that, in the *Italian* Form which we have them, they are not suited to the rough Genius of *Britons* : The Expence to support them is extravagant, and they exclude the common People entirely. It is not without a great Degree of Pleasure that I can inform my Countrymen, that *Italiana* Eunuchs, who have rais'd for many Years such heavy Contributions on the Gentry, have lost their wonted Efficacy ; and this Year is believ'd to be the last of *Italian* Operas ; — for some Years at least. This puts me in mind of a little elegant Sonnet of Mr. *Ambrose Phillips's*, on *Cuzzoni's* going from *England*, which concludes ;

Breathing

*Breathing Mischief, Vocal Spell,  
To these Islands bid farewell ;  
Leave us, as we ought to be,  
Leave the Britons, Rough and Free.*

THERE are other Spectacles which the common People have, which are not so elegant as to have any large Number of Persons of Distinction for Spectators, yet are of pullick Service, and tend to good Purposes. To instance the Procession of a *Lord Mayor's Shew*, may be smil'd at by some deep Criticks : However, I am of Opinion, that the Processions of this Nature inspire in Youth an Ambition of attaining to such Honours, which Industry only can acquire : They convey, besides, Ideas of Liberty, and put them in mind they are becoming *Freemen* of the greatest *Emporium* in *Europe*. An honest Apprentice, who, on seeing my *Lord Mayor's Shew*, reflects with himself, that it is not impossible for him to attain such Honours, and that industrious Men have become as great Men, though he may never be an *Alderman*, bids very fairly for being a *Common-Council-Man* : Through every Rank of Life Men are ambitious to arrive at Honours which come within their respective Views and Knowledge.

THERE was an annual Spectacle which is now entirely ceased ; I mean, the Burning the Pope and the Devil on the fifth of *November* : This Religious and Political Ceremony has been of great Use among the Multitude, and made many a good Protestant fix'd to his Principles in the most dangerous Times : Many an honest Fellow, who could neither write nor read, has been made averse to being a *Papist*, by seeing the Pope and the Devil go Cheek by Jole to the Stake.

THERE are some other annual Spectacles which I wish were as innocent and as instructive as the last, which have been introduced in general Use but within this Century, and are now growing Evils ; Evils of such Consequence, that the Legislative Power ought to be exercis'd to put a Stop to them : Masquerades are the Spectacles I hint at : These, under the Names of *Balls*, are becoming a Nuisance : It is not sufficient to have three or four of these

these mask'd Assemblies in the *Hay-market*, at Twenty-five Shillings a Ticket ; but at several Parts of the Town these Meetings are advertis'd to be held at so small a Price as Half a Guinea. If a Stop is not put to this, all the Evening Amusements of the Young and Gay will center in the elegant and instructive Humours of a *Hop*.

MASQUERADES were brought into Fashion by the Duke d'*Aumont*, the *French* Embassador to Queen *Anne*. Without entering into Secret History and Politicks, his Business was to seduce the People of *England* by specious Appearances, to undermine the Virtue and Freedom of the Nation, by such Schemes of Luxury and wrong Maxims of Policy, as went under the Denomination of Diversion ; to enslave them, by taking off their Attention to Affairs of the last Consequence.

AS there will be several of these Assemblies this Season, I will pass some Remarks on them, which I hope will restrain your Female Readers from venturing themselves at them.

IN those Countries where Jealousy prevails among the Male Layty, and Restriction of Marriage among the Priests ; where every Woman is lock'd up, and where there is no Commerce between the Sexes, but by Disguise and Artifice, I am not at a Loss to account for their publick Masquerading and Carnivals : The Women are glad of a little Freedom, which they too often improve into Licentiousness. But in *Great Britain*, Thanks to our natural Freedom, the Ladies are under no such base Durance ; they converse freely ; the *English* Openness of Heart gives no Room for the Suspicions of a Woman's Misconduct : There must be Cause, and great Cause, to make a good-natur'd sensible Man jealous. Therefore I cannot apprehend what Reason there can be why so many People, at so great an Expence, should go squeaking to one another in a feign'd unnatural Tone, when they might have an Opportunity to appear and speak in their proper Persons. — If there are any evil private Reasons for such a Medley Intercourse, all Governments should put a Stop to the Fashion. — If there are not, Why are the Diversions to be so concealed ? — The being swelter'd in an odd Mask, is a Joke you know nothing of, except you have the Benefit of a Looking-Glass ;

Glass; a whimsical Habit is the same, and a Squeak makes up the Whole of the Wit.—— Besides, it most commonly happens, that supposing Wit, and a great deal may be spoke under fictitious Characters, yet it hardly ever happens that any of these *Larvæ* ever speak in the Character they appear in: They stalk about like Mutes, and are awkward Imitators of the Sprightliness of the *Italian* Signiors and Signioras.

THE Inconveniencies in this great Metropolis of having this Custom become popular, are self-evident: Non-sensie must become general; but I am afraid *Honour*, *Innocence* and *Virtue* will suffer.

THE Ladies of *Old Rome* did not *subscribe* large Sums for such Anticks: They *subscrib'd* with the Spirit of free-born Women for the Honour of their Country; they *subscrib'd* their Bracelets and Jewels, not for a few Hour's Buffoonry, but to supply the Exigencies of State; and subscrib'd *freely* and *unask'd*.

TO conclude, I earnestly entreat all Parents and Guardians to take the utmost Care their Children and Wards are not on any Pretence suffer'd to go to the *Mimick Assemblies* of what, at best, are very bad. Husbands are to act as they *will*, or as they *dare*: But I hope no single Ladies will venture their *Reputation*, and forfeit their *Character* for the Sake of Dancing two Hours at a *Hop*, under the Denomination of a *Ball*.

I am, S I R,

Your constant Reader,

J. MANLY.

From



From my CHAMBERS, Lincoln's-Inn.

ACCORDING to the general Opinion of the People, *Marriages in Lent*, if they are not Heterodoxical, they are, at least, indecent: Therefore on *Easter Sunday* they come in again, as the Almanacks express it, and are usher'd in by a *Dance of the Sun*. This Notion has so much prevail'd, that, from Custom, there are more *Marriages after Easter*, than at any other Time of the Year. At such a Crisis of Time the following Letter comes very opportunely, and I recommend it to all new-married and unmarried Persons, to consider the *Moral* of it seriously; which, if follow'd, will contribute to the Happiness of both Sexes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS I lay musing upon my Couch, after a hard Day's Hunting, I found myself inclinable to slumber, and, giving way to the Drowsiness, my Fancy brought to my Mind the following Scene: I was scarce asleep when I thought I heard somewhere near me, the Voices of two Persons talking. What one utter'd seem'd to be spoke with a great deal of Vehemence and Earnestness; in the other's Voice I perceived that *Softness* peculiar to the Fair Sex; and by over-hearing a few particular Words, such as *Vows of Truth*, eternal *Constancy*, &c. on one Hand, and on the other some *Love-for m'd Doubts*, and *tender Fears*, I found it to be a Lover with his Mistress: I look'd round me, and saw them sitting fondly in a Window that looked out upon the most agreeable Prospect imaginable: But what struck my Eyes most was the particular *Beauty* of their Persons, Ornaments of their Dress, and Splendidness of their Retinue. There was visible in the Face and Air of the Lover, (as I thought) *Love*, *Sincerity*, and *Honour*; his Garments shone

shone with *Gold* and *Jewels*, and on his Right-Hand stood a Person on whose Breast was hieroglyphically painted, *Good-Nature*, *Love*, and *Happiness*: He held a Torch in his Hand, which burnt with a steady Flame, and seem'd to want much of being consum'd; such a serene Pleasure shone in his Face as made me scarce observe a Wrinkle or two in his Forehead: I could not help perceiving, however, that that Part of his Face sometimes swell'd and shooted in an extraordinary Manner, the Meaning of which I could not then, nor can now, tell. This Person I, at first Sight, pronounced to be *Hymen*. On his Left stood a Person of the most alluring Mein and winning Air you can conceive; there was something so gracefully negligent in his Dress, so unaffectedly charming, that I was in no Doubt to give him the Name of *Truth*. Besides these Personages there was an infinite Number of *smiling Loves* and *wanton Cupids* attending on the Lover; some writing over him Love Verses, some dancing, others singing, but all gay and sprightly. I could not help envying this *happy Man* the Success he must necessarily meet with; and as the Person he was with was one of the most amiable I had ever seen, I thought them the most perfect *Pair* that ever was known. She had all the Charms in her Person Imagination can conceive. Her Dress was the most becoming imaginable. *Venus* stood on one Side of her, offering her her *Cestus*, and *Modesty* on the other, smoothing her Cloaths. There were a hundred *little Loves* that seem'd to take a Pleasure in dwelling upon her Lips, raising a Colour in her Cheeks, and wantoning in her Eyes. One I observ'd flying about from one to the other, and whatever the Lover spoke, he with a peculiar Sweetness convey'd to her Ear. Another sat upon her Lips, and gave fresh Charms to all she spoke. I was every Moment in Expectation of Things being brought to a Conclusion between this beautiful Pair, when I observ'd, by their *stolen Looks* and *imperfect Sentences*, that they were under some *Restraint*, as it is with People when they are in Company before whom they don't care to speak their Minds freely. I could not conceive, as I was *unseen myself*, which of the Company could possibly be disagreeable, when I perceiv'd the *Youth*, every now and then,

turning

turning about and frowning upon *Hymen*, who, impatient of waiting so long, was frequently offering him his Torch, which he at last pressed him so much to accept of, that the Youth in a Rage blew it out, and turn'd him out of the Room. I observed at the same Time a little *Dispute* between *Venus* and *Modesty*, who were waiting as Hand-Maids upon the young Lady. *Modesty* would fain have pinned her *Handkerchief*, whilst *Venus*, who knew the Charms of a lovely *Bosom*, insisted on its being *laid aside*. The Lady was to decide, when she look'd down upon her *Neck*, and gave it in favour of *Venus*. *Modesty* upon this blush'd, cast down her Eyes, and retir'd.

THEY now lay aside all Restraint ; the Youth grew more *pressing*, the Lady more *complying* ; for she having now Nobody near her but *Venus*, who was secretly in the *Lover's* Interest, was persuaded by her to comply with *all he* desir'd. But now the Curtain dropp'd, and I lost Sight of them ; when presently I heard *Venus* laugh, the *Cupids* all singing a Victory, and all around me Shouts of *Joy* and *Pleasure*. As I was reflecting upon the Scene, *Hymen* came to me, his *Torch* was *reverted*, and he seem'd to have Tears in his Eyes : He shook his Head, and said, sighing, — Alas ! Is all my Care then come to this ? Poor unfortunate Lady, what Scenes of Misery must you pass through ! But Complaints are useless, said he ; I came to *you* because I saw you particularly pleas'd with the *glendid Appearance* of the Couple that were just now before your Eyes, and am surpriz'd you would be so impos'd upon. But to convince you of your Mistake, I will make them appear again. — Here they are — You thought you saw in his Face, *Love*, *Sincerity* and *Honour* : But alas ! the Youth had then a *Mask* on : His Face is now an Indication of his Mind. Don't you now plainly discern *Lust*, *Artifice* and *Villainy* ? His Garments, which you took to be *Gold* and *Jewels*, are nothing but *Tinsel* and *false Stones*. The Person who stood on his Left-hand, and whom you took to be *Truth*, is *Falshood*, who, on these Occasions, always puts on his *Dress*. These *Cupids*, which you saw attending him, spring from the *stolen Joys* of *Mars* and *Venus*. They and the *true Lovers* are never in  
Com-

Company together. You now see by what Means he made himself agreeable to the Lady, whom he will quickly abandon to *Shame* and *Misery*. But *he* must not think to enjoy his Crime unpunish'd : The Time will come when he will dearly repent his Villainy. Go on, poor Wretch, triumph in thy Wickedness ; alas ! it is but a short-liv'd Pleasure for the Anguish you must endure. But the *poor Lady*, though a little accessary to her own *Ruin*, is really to be pitied ; had she kept *Modesty* by her, and not suffer'd me to be put out of the Room, she would never have come to the Misfortunes she must now quickly feel. I hope, from what you have seen, you will draw Reflections that may be of Service to you in your future Life, and will, at length, be persuaded, that the *Love* alone, which is supported by *Modesty*, and address'd to *Hymen*, can taste a lasting Happiness.——He was going on after this Manner, when I saw *Venus* and the *Lover*, having now forsaken their fair Charge, enter the Room. *Venus*, with whom I thought I had formerly been acquainted, came up to me smiling, and, in an engaging Manner, ask'd me if I did not envy the *happy Lover* I had just now seen ; and told me, if I would put myself under her Protection, she would be as obliging to me. The little *Loves*, at the same Time, offer'd me their Bows, and promis'd to be always at my *Service*. Here I had an Opportunity of observing what before escap'd me. *Ovid*, speaking of the Arrows of *Cupid*, says,

---

*Amorem*

*Quod facit auratum est, & cuspidē, fulget acuta,  
Quod fugat obtusum est, & habet sub arundine plumbum.*

*Those shine with Golden Points which raise Desire ;  
They're blunt and cloy'd with Lead that Scorn inspire.*

BUT the Darts of these *Cupids*, who, as I said before, were the Offspring of *Mars* and *Venus*, had first those golden Points which *Ovid* gives to those that kindle *Love* ; but beyond the *Gold* was placed *Lead*, that those have which raise *Scorn* ; so that wherever the *Gold* first pierced, the *Lead* afterwards touch'd. With these came *Laughter*, *Pleasure*, and *Transport*. I was so charm'd  
with

with their *graceful Appearance*, that I readily gave *Venus* my Hand, when *Hymen* caught hold of me, and begg'd of me to consider what I did before I ruin'd myself. But, said he, *Example* may have more *Power* with you than *Precept*; for which Reason I will only call to your Eyes the Couple you just now saw. He had scarce spoke, when I heard a dismal *Groan*, and turning round saw a Face I could just discern to bear some Resemblance to the *Youth* I had before seen. He sat in an *Elbow Chair*, wrapp'd up in Flannel; on one Side of him stood *Sickness* and *Pain*; and on the other, *Remorse* and *Despair*, each alternately tormenting him. I was shock'd at the Sight, and turning away my Eyes to avoid such a dismal *Spectacle*, I saw on the other Side a young Lady lying on her Death Bed, unattended by her Friends and Relations, but surrounded with *Grief*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, and *Repentance*. *Grief* would not suffer her to take any Rest, but *Repentance* gave her a Cordial, which seemed to do her immediate Good; but *Shame* and *Infamy* would not permit her to live.——*Hymen* told me these were the Rewards of those which forsook him, then bid me take my *Choice*: Upon which I immediately put myself under *his Protection*. *Venus* then frowning on me, withdrew with her Graces and gay Attendance.——*Hymen* then, I thought, took me by the Hand, and, after having walk'd a little Way, brought me to a delightful Garden. Whilst I was admiring the Beauties that rose around me in this Paradise, I saw, at a small Distance, a charming Grotto, in which sat reading a Lady of the most exquisite Beauty I had ever seen; there were three Handmaids waiting behind her, which I found to be the *three Graces*: *Chastity* stood on one Side of her, with down-cast Eyes, and *Good-Nature* on the other, smiling; these are always accompany'd with *Happiness*; and a *Cupid* far more beautiful than any I had yet seen, stood with a *Golden Arrow*, waiting for her Directions. One of the *Graces* was continually adorning her Person, but seem'd to be taken no Notice of by her, whilst she was wholly regarding the other two, who made proper Observations to her on what she read. She laid down her Book, when she saw *Hymen* approaching her, who presented me to her. I was struck with such an Awe and Veneration, as made me pay

pay my Compliments with an aukward Bashfulness I was before a Stranger to ; she saw my Confusion, and, with a *good-natur'd* Smile, seem'd to pity and encourage me. *Hymen* then address'd himself to me after this Manner :  
 • You see what Reward I have prepared for you, for pre-  
 • ferring *me* to that wanton Train we just parted from.  
 • I have prevail'd with this Lady to receive *you* from *my*  
 • Hands, and if you always keep in your Mind the *good*  
 • Office I have done you, and never suffer yourself to be  
 • led away by those *idle Loves* you have now forlook,  
 • you will enjoy one continual *Spring of Happiness*, nor  
 • will *Care* or *Trouble* ever dare to intrude upon you.'

TRANSPORTED with the Prospect of Bliss I was going to enjoy, I was about to return my Thanks in the most expressive Manner, when *Venus* came smiling up to the Lady, and took her by the Hand in order to present her to me. *Hymen* did the same by me ; and just as he was going to join my Hand with the heavenly *Clarindu's*, I started, and awoke.—After I had conquer'd my first Concern, at finding all my *Hopes of Pleasure* but a *Dream*, the reflecting on it gave me a good deal of *Entertainment* ; if you think it can afford any to your Readers, be pleas'd to favour it with a Place in your Paper, and you'll much oblige,

Mr. Spectator,

Your most humble Servant,

D. H.

*To the SPECTATOR.*

SIR,

- I HOPE you will pardon this Presumption, to ac-
- quaint your *High and Mighty Spectatorship*, that I
- was lately myself an humble *Spectator* in a Northern
- Assembly of Persons, distinguished by the Stile and
- Title of *modern Beaux and Belles*.

• TO

‘ TO my great Surprize and Concern, instead of the  
‘ *speaking Eye*, the *genteel Motion*, the *honest Freedom*, and  
‘ *sweet Elegance* of Dress, which the *British Fair* have  
‘ been admired for, I saw myself encompass’d with a  
‘ Multitude of *awkward uncouth Figures*.

‘ WHAT with the frightful *Tetes*, *frizzled Curls*,  
‘ and *hateful Affectation*, spread over the whole Counte-  
‘ nance, and Director of every Motion, I could resemble  
‘ them to nothing so justly, as to *Owls* in a Surprize.

‘ AS for the *Delicate* and *Petit Maitres*, they must ex-  
‘ cuse me, if I say their monstrous *Jim Bags*, spreading  
‘ like a Pair of *Windmill Sails*, and *Jerkin Pendants*,  
‘ from as light and airy *Noddles*, with their odd *Screws*  
‘ and *Motions* of Body, made them appear, in my Eyes,  
‘ as the veriest \* *Monkeys* that ever had seen the World.

‘ GOOD Sir, summon up your *Art* and *Eloquence* ;  
‘ pluck a Quill from a *Cherub*, call in *Grace*, *Learning*,  
‘ and *Nature*, if possible, to convince the *fair Forms*, whom  
‘ Nature has made sufficiently agreeable, that they render  
‘ themselves *distasteful* and *hideous*, by a labour’d Study  
‘ to copy an *ill-judg’d* and *exotick Taste*.

‘ REMONSTRATE that nothing can make them  
‘ so irresistibly *lovely*, as a sincere and open Air, *easy*  
‘ without *Affectation*, free without *Vice* or *Design*.

‘ THE *beauteous Females* once reform’d, we should  
‘ no longer behold their *just Admirers* in the Garb and  
‘ Manner of an *Italian Fiddler*, or tripping like an arrant  
‘ *Miss Molly*.

‘ YOU must not think you have publish’d enough on  
‘ this Subject, ’till our *Assemblies* may be proclaimed  
‘ Meetings of Creatures, who appear govern’d by *Reason*,  
‘ and not vain Pretenders ; where *good Sense*, a *Propriety*  
‘ of Dress and Behaviour, visibly presides, and every ju-  
‘ dicious and human Beholder is charm’d at seeing a *shin-*  
‘ *ing Circle* in their best Cloaths and best Humours,  
‘ without the Shock of such *Squeaks*, *Figures*, and Move-  
‘ ments, as bespeak the childish Scenery of *Puppets*.

‘ I COULD not be silent, but hope you will speak  
‘ more efficaciously and home to the Purpose, to oblige  
‘ the *Rational*, and expose the *Ape* of its own form-  
‘ ing,

'ing, in *either Sex*, at whatever Age, and in every *British* Assembly.

'Yours, &c.

'AMBROSE LOVEMERIT.'

I HOPE Mr. Lovemerit's *Narrative* and *Remarks* will have their proper Effect, without my being obliged to mark out some *Particulars*, of both Sexes, who make themselves more than ordinary *ridiculous*. But let them take Warning soon; for I am afraid the *Contagion* of this *Vanity* will spread farther, unless instantly *suppressed*.



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